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THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

JULY, 1857.

ART. I.—*Cathedra Petri: A Political History of the Great Latin Patriarchate.* By THOMAS GREENWOOD, M. A., Cam. and Dur., F.R.S.L., Barrister-at-Law. London: C. J. Stewart, King William Street, Strand.

THE author's object in the above work is to give an historical account of the rise and development of the Papacy: of that idea which, based on and springing from the words of our blessed Lord to S. Peter, has, by degrees, become consolidated into the dogma, that the latter is the one original Bishop and governor of the whole Church, and her final standard of appeal; that her unity depends exclusively on him; and, consequently, that out of her communion there is no known salvation. The time discussed in the present volume, is from the birth of our Lord to the close of the fifth century. Mr. Greenwood has narrated, with great care and very elaborately, every ecclesiastical event of importance during that period which in any way bears on the subject. There is an air of thorough sincerity in his pages, and often a candour even hurtful to his own cause; but our present task would be easier and far more agreeable, were his statements in all cases such as we could admit, and his opinions those which we could thoroughly adopt, and to which we could heartily assent.

The first question to be settled, of course, is whether the words of our Lord referred to above, really bear the exclusive meaning and application which modern Romanism gives to them. If so, to establish Rome as the centre of all union through S. Peter, it must evidently, in the second place, be decided that he really lived and died as Bishop in particular of the Church in that city; and, lastly, that he had Bishops, successors in his office, to whom as such, his own powers and prerogatives descended. Mr. Greenwood treats these points in order.

On the subject of S. Peter's power and position in the Church, Mr. Greenwood takes the same view as Andrewes,

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Bramhall, Bull, Barrow, and others of our greater divines, with more than one of the continentals, particularly of the Gallicans in the seventeenth century. While he admits that S. Peter had a personal superiority over the other Apostles, on the score of his greater zeal and energy, he proves that the address to S. Peter in S. John xxi. 15—17, does not contain that exclusive commission to him, as the ruler and governor of the whole Church, for which the ultramontanists contend; since the same powers were also bestowed on the other apostles, as related in S. Matthew xviii. 18, S. John xx. 20—23. The exact practical meaning of the force of our Lord's words, as far as they were addressed peculiarly to S. Peter, must be determined, he says, 'by those who were the personal witnesses of these addresses; 'who must be presumed to have best understood his words: 'who must have seen his gestures and felt his emphasis at the 'time of uttering them:' and he shows that they were not acted on by the rest of the Apostles, as if they understood them in the Romanistic sense, or conceived themselves to be under the control of S. Peter as a superior. He conceives that in the words of our Lord, in S. Luke xxii. 24—30:

'The question of the mastery or primacy among the disciples in their special character of ministers of Christ is expressly raised; and the existence of any such power is *primâ facie* as expressly negatived as words could convey it. Upon the whole bearing, therefore, of these declarations we conclude that, as ministers of the Gospel, our Lord meant that no single member of the Apostolic College should, either in His earthly or in His heavenly kingdom, enjoy any pre-eminence of rank or power over the rest.'—P. 11.

And this conclusion he conceives to be strengthened; first, by S. Paul's rebuke to S. Peter; secondly, by his emphatic denial to the Galatians, that the other Apostles gave him any authority as an Apostle; thirdly, by his declaration that his apostolic gifts were from no man, but from God alone; and, lastly, by the fact that in the Apostolic Council at Jerusalem, S. Peter took no such especial place as he would have done had he possessed any precedency or extraordinary authority.

What, then, is the meaning of the promise made, and the gift which S. Matthew states to have been given to S. Peter on so remarkable an occasion, and in so solemn a manner; 'and I 'say also unto thee, that thou art Peter; and upon this rock I 'will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it?'—S. Matthew xvi. 18. Mr. Greenwood shall here speak for himself:—

'In the *exclusive* addresses of our Lord to Peter which we have had occasion to consider, that Apostle is described as, in some undefined sense, the *rock* or *foundation* upon which the Church of Christ was to be erected. The term "foundation" is, however, used by the sacred writers in a variety

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of senses. We may therefore ask: which of these significations corresponds best with the facts recorded of him and his ministry? Sometimes the term is used to signify a spring or source. Again, Christ Himself is described as the Rock or Foundation. Then, again, it is applied to one who has made a good or successful beginning in the work of the Gospel; or it is used to designate persons of distinguished merit in the establishment of the Church. In the two latter applications of the metaphor there can be no doubt that Peter was evidently a "foundation" of the Church. At his first appearance as a public minister of the Gospel, he converted 3000 persons in one day; and immediately after that signal triumph a Christian Church was, as it were, born into the world. The same apostle may, perhaps with some propriety, be regarded as the beginner of a Church among the Gentiles, by the conversion of the Centurion Cornelius, his family and friends; and to the merit, if we may so speak, of this transaction, he himself lays claim publicly, and without contradiction before the Council assembled at Jerusalem.

'In the sense, therefore, of a beginner, or first builder of the Gospel edifice, Peter, his faith and his labours together, were in exact conformity with the standard of merit set up by Christ himself, the foundation or rock upon which the Church was built; and for this task he was especially qualified by the strength of his faith, the ardour of his zeal, and the natural activity of his character. He, therefore, took the lead in the great work in hand; and the post was assigned to him with gratitude and reverence by his colleagues and fellow-labourers.

'It may, perhaps, be contended that these acts of St. Peter were in fact the acts of a chief and leader; and that inasmuch as they were done in the face of the whole Church, and with the full concurrence and approbation of the Apostolic College, they raise some presumption of an acknowledgment of a leadership or primacy in him; and *that* in such a way as to connect their conduct in this respect with the words of Christ, 'Thou art Peter; and upon this Rock will I found my Church,' &c., and thus to furnish such a practical exposition as would suffice to invest him with the character of an acknowledged chief or primate.'—P. 15.

He continues with the following comparison of the relative labours of S. Peter and S. Paul, and their results as bearing on the question at issue, in which, although he has said more than due reverence for S. Peter and that divine inspiration of which he was the subject can approve, the main substance of his remarks remains.

'On the other hand, it will be observed, that although St. Peter took the lead in the first construction of a Church, he did not insist upon that lead afterwards. When St. Paul stepped in, another "master-builder" appeared upon the scene—a man of equal energy and greater steadiness of purpose—one whose convictions were equally strong, and whose learning and powers of address were incalculably greater.[1] When, therefore, Paul claimed his exclusive mission for the conversion of the Gentiles, Peter put forward no claim to interfere with that branch of the work in hand, on the score of his own initiative act in the same cause. Again, neither in the extant works of any of the apostles, nor in those of St. Peter himself, is any claim to such a primacy alleged on his behalf. It is not probable that if

[1] This, at least, is opposed to what S. Paul tells us of himself: 'His bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible.'—2 Cor. x. 10.

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such a claim had been known to, and admitted by the apostles, it should thus have remained unnoticed. This neglect could not have arisen from want of occasions, during his and their lifetime, for bringing it forward and affirming it. We cannot presume that—acting as they did, under the direction of the Holy Spirit—they would, if it had been known to them, have wilfully disregarded, or sinfully suppressed it. Perhaps still less should we be justified in supposing, that if the apostle Peter himself had been conscious of so great a trust reposed in him, and so high a duty cast upon him by his Lord, he would have shrunk either from the assertion of the one, or the performance of the other.'—Pp. 16, 17.

With regard to the second question, of S. Peter's personal residence in Rome, we decidedly differ from our author. Mr. Greenwood is among the few who hold that S. Peter never was at Rome at all. Consistently with this view, he rejects the opinion of those who conclude from Eusebius that the Babylon where he wrote his first epistle was Rome; and, like Salmasius, Dupin, and a few others, he contends for the original Babylon of Mesopotamia.[1]

'In the age of the apostle Peter, the Babylonian settlement of the Dispersion was probably the most important colony of the nation. The mission of that apostle was to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," a designation especially applied by Christ to the Jews of the Dispersion, denoting their final severance from the land of promise. Conf. Gal. ii. 6—9. It is reasonable to believe that, with this special mission on his mind, his attention would be turned principally to this most appropriate field of labour; and when we find the same apostle afterwards dating a letter to his converts of the immediately adjoining provinces from that city *by name*, it would be difficult to persuade us that it was written from a city between two and three thousand miles off, where he had little business connected with his peculiar mission, and where, in fact, his colleague Paul was labouring with so much assiduity and success.'—P. 243.

But these reasons seem historically insufficient. We know that in the age of Strabo, Babylon was already much deserted; ἐρημία μεγάλη ἐστιν ἡ μεγάλη πόλις.[2] In the reign of C. Caligula, happened the defeat and death of Anileus, the Jewish governor of Babylon, and the consequent ill treatment of the Jews by the Babylonians which drove them to Seleucia. There they were almost exterminated in a massacre; the few who escaped fleeing to Ctesiphon. But Ctesiphon being near Seleucia, and the Jews still fearing the Seleucians, they finally

[1] To these Mr. Greenwood adds Valesius (p. 245), but in this he is in error.—Valesius, as might be expected, is express on the other side—his words are 'Sunt qui in dictâ Petri Epistolâ, Babylonis nomine non Romam sed Babylonem ipsam, quæ caput fuit Assyriorum, designari contendunt. *Verum hi omnium veterum Patrum testimoniis refelluntur*, &c.; and he proceeds to argue out at length that it could have been no other place but Rome. *Annot. in Euseb. Hist.* II. xv. Nor is Peter de Marca as decided on the question as Mr. Greenwood thinks; he concludes with the words 'utcunque se res habet;' though no doubt he does, of the two, prefer the opinion above ascribed to him.

[2] Pearson's Opusc. Ed. Churton, II., Diss. I. cap. viii.

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betook themselves to the cities of Neerda and Nisibis.[1] It seems clear, therefore, that there could have been no sufficient number of Jews at Babylon, in the time of S. Peter, to induce him to go thither. We agree with Bishop Pearson, that there were probably at that time more Jews at Rome than in Babylon: 'for the account of Josephus seems to imply,' as the Bishop says, 'that all the Jews then of those parts dwelt not in Babylon, but either in Ctesiphon or in Neerda and Nisibis.'

We think, with Bishop Pearson, that the Babylon in question was the Babylon in Egypt, near Heliopolis, of which the names of the Bishops are found appended to the acts of the Councils of Constantinople, Ephesus, and Chalcedon. That this is so, is rendered more probable by the mention in the first epistle of S. Mark, who, we know, certainly visited Egypt, and founded the Church in Alexandria. Bishop Pearson supposes him, after his rejection by S. Paul, to have gone straight to S. Peter at Antioch, and with him to have travelled into Egypt, and there, *after* that apostle's death, to have written his gospel. But it may be objected to this, that Eusebius states, both in his *Chronicon* and in his *History*, that S. Mark was martyred in the 8th of Nero, *before* S. Peter. But as the Alexandrian Chronicle puts it in the year 67, the 13th of Nero, and Tillemont, among the moderns, not without cogent reasons, in 68, the best date, on the whole, perhaps, of S. Peter's death, we cannot depend implicitly on the account of Eusebius, which not only has the above authority against it, but is, besides, inconsistent with other events of the history.

But Mr. Greenwood conceives the internal evidence of S. Peter's first epistle to be against such a view.

'If,' he says,' 'the genuineness of the second epistle of Peter be taken for granted (though it be admitted that up to the middle of the fourth century doubts were still entertained upon that point—(*Euseb.* lib. iii. c. 3,)—that apostle, when he wrote it, anticipated not only his speedy martyrdom, but foretold the manner of it, "even as the Lord had showed him." (2 Pet. i. 14.) This Epistle contains, moreover, an intimation that it was intended for the use of the same persons, and that it was written from the same place, as the first Epistle. (2 Pet. iii. 1.) If, therefore, Peter did not die in the Mesopotamian Babylon, he must have quitted it very shortly after he wrote this second epistle; and in the short interval between the writing of that epistle and his own death, he must have travelled to Rome to honour that city by his martyrdom.'

We answer, that if for the 'Mesopotamian' Babylon he reads 'Egyptian,' there is no reason why this order of events may not have held. What precise space of time the words ταχινή ἐστιν ἡ ἀπόθεσις may have embraced we cannot say. Mr. Greenwood would, we think, make the author's death follow the

[1] Josephus, Antiq., book xviii. chapter 9.

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writing of that letter more speedily than there is any necessity for; and he thinks both events happened in the same place, Babylon of Mesopotamia. But there is no reason why S. Peter may not have written his first epistle in Babylon of Egypt, and soon after have travelled to Rome; there have written the other, and suffered in the persecution of Nero, as history relates. It is true that S. Peter addresses his second epistle to the same class of persons to which he had written the first: the circumcision dispersed throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia: but there is nothing in this epistle to prove that it was written immediately after the first, or from the same place.

However this may be, it is certain that S. Peter is personally connected with Rome by the explicit declarations of the fathers from S. Ignatius and S. Irenæus inclusive, and by the universal tradition of the Church. This, Bishop Pearson and Cave have proved almost to demonstration. Mr. Greenwood, too, is quite aware of the number of witnesses on this side of the question, for he has dedicated nearly a chapter and a half to their consideration; but with a strange want of appreciation of the weight of their evidence—unanswerable in the case of some, and overwhelming in the whole—he sums up, and finally decides against them.

We know that at the outset there are great difficulties in the chronological part of the question; yet, as these difficulties can extend but over a few years, twelve at the most, (*i. e.* from A.D. 54 to 66, our date of his martyrdom); and as they are, in part at least, the result of our ignorance of S. Peter's life and acts, they are, if any evidence at all, a merely negative one; and as such, few, we presume, will think them sufficient to set aside the positive testimony of so many independent witnesses, from almost the very time of S. Peter himself.

One of the arguments on which Mr. Greenwood relies for the support of his opinion, is contained in the following passage, which we insert as we find it, with every wish to do justice to himself and his statements:—

'It is manifest that Peter was not at Rome when Paul, very shortly before his own death, wrote his second epistle to Timothy; for it is inconceivable that, if he had been there at that moment, the latter should have omitted all notice of so eminent a colleague, not only in the body of the letter, where he mentions several of his fellow-labourers by name, but also in the salutations he sends to his disciples from their common friends at Rome. (2 Tim. iv. 21; Conf. Macknight on the Epistles, iv. 153). But Peter and Paul are said both to have suffered about the same time; neither is it improbable that they did; yet we think it extremely doubtful that they suffered in the same place. And when we take into the account that Peter's mission was to "those of the circumcision," as Paul's was "to those of the uncircumcision," it is most natural to suppose that both bore

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their testimony where it was most likely to conduce to the providential purpose—the conversion, to wit, of Gentiles by Paul, and of Jews by Peter.' —P. 244.

And then—

'We cannot, therefore, help thinking it far more probable that St. Peter suffered in the Mesopotamian capital than that he travelled at the latest period of his life to Rome to partake the honour of martyrdom with his colleague St. Paul.'—P. 245.

It might be true that S. Peter was not at Rome when S. Paul wrote that letter to S. Timothy, and apparently such was actually the case: if so, the Romish tradition that he was bishop of that city for twenty-five years is greatly endangered, if not quite destroyed. But Mr. Greenwood seems to conclude that S. Paul's death followed almost immediately on that letter being written. On the contrary, that S. Paul had no such expectation when he wrote it, is clear, or he would not have sent to Ephesus for S. Timothy to come to him: and there seems no reason why S. Peter may not have arrived during the interval which must have elapsed between the despatch of S. Paul's letter and the arrival of S. Timothy.

Eusebius in his *Chronicon* says that S. Peter came to Rome in the 3d of C. Caligula [A.D. 39,] (which is too early, and is clearly a mistake), founded the Church there, and remained Bishop of the city twenty years: but, in his *History*, he puts this visit a few years later; about the 2nd of Claudius [A.D. 42]; and states that its specific object was the detection and punishment of Simon Magus. The Alexandrian Chronicle puts it still later; in the 7th of Claudius A.D. 47, but the statement of Eusebius, with the account in the *Chronicon* of his martyrdom in the 13th year of Nero, has given ground for some Romish writers to maintain that he was Bishop of Rome for twenty-five years: but they have been unable to answer the objection that, in A.D. 42, S. Peter had not left Judæa; for he was in that country during the whole of Herod Agrippa's reign, which did not terminate till the 4th of Claudius, A.D. 44; nor have they given any satisfactory solution of the difficulties arising from the fact, that when S. Paul wrote to the Romans, in A.D. 53, no apostle had then visited them—for he says expressly that he would build on no man's foundation; and that in the letters written by him during his first visit to the city (60 to 62), Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, and Philemon, not only is there no mention made of S. Peter, but in Colossians iv. 10, 11, he expressly confines the number of his συνέργοι to 'Aristarchus, Marcus, and Jesus surnamed Justus.' There is, however, one fact which may be thought in some degree to support their view. Eusebius says, from S. Clement Alex. (and it is generally received), that S. Mark wrote his Gospel at the request of

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S. Peter's converts at Rome, and that S. Peter gave to it his approbation; and in his *Chronicon* he puts S. Mark's arrival at Alexandria in the 1st (2d) of Claudius [A.D. 41—42.] This could easily have happened had S. Peter, as he had before stated, visited Rome in A.D. 39; but this, we have seen, is impossible, and indeed the whole series of dates given by Eusebius in his *Chronicon* for the acts of S. Peter and S. Mark, though self-consistent, are clearly too early. Valesius follows the Alexandrian Chronicle which puts S. Peter's visit to Rome in the 7th of Claudius [A.D. 47], and he makes S. Mark to have arrived at Alexandria in the 9th [A.D. 49.] We still think that S. Paul's Epistle to the Romans proves this date to be too early, but if Eusebius's account, in itself, of the composition of S. Mark's Gospel be true, which may easily be the case (the impossible *date* which he assigns to it alone being rejected), S. Peter must, of course, have gone to Rome some time before his martyrdom, and most probably after S. Paul's first visit there; and as he was not in the city when S. Paul wrote his second epistle to S. Timothy, he may have left it again in a short time. Accordingly it has been held by some of both sides that S. Peter visited Rome more than once; at an earlier period (whether in the year 44, as Eusebius says; or 47, according to the Alexandrian Chronicle; or, as we think, not much either before or after A.D. 62), and again when he returned to suffer martyrdom with S. Paul in the year 66. That S. Peter came to Rome in pursuit of Simon Magus, rests chiefly on the original authority of Arnobius, the Clementines, and the Apostolic Constitutions: and if we could be sure that Eusebius had taken his account from them, the whole tradition would probably be thought of little value. But that he visited the city during the reign of Nero, and was martyred there with S. Paul, was the tradition of the whole Church. The *time* of his arrival thither we would place, as we have said, after the second epistle to Timothy was written.

Mr. Greenwood says that 'there is no evidence for S. Peter's 'presence in Rome, in direct and positive terms, by any extant 'Christian writer of the first three centuries.' We cannot understand these words by the side of the ample list of authorities he has subsequently given for this very thing. Bishop Pearson, in his posthumous work 'Dissertationes,' &c., published among his *Opuscula* by Archdeacon Churton from Dodwell; and Cave in his life of S. Peter, have also treated largely of this question. Among their list of authors are the names of S. Ignatius, Papias, S. Dionysius of Corinth, S. Irenæus, Tertullian, Caius, Origen, S. Cyprian, and others.

We cannot in our limited space discuss the whole of this

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cloud of witnesses, but we will say a few words on some of the most important amongst them. Those whom we shall cite lived at a time when these facts must have been universally known; they represent different branches of the Church, in each of which existed the same tradition on the circumstance; and the works of each were composed independently of the others. Their testimony therefore, would, by the laws of evidence, barring any reasonable suspicion of forgery or corruption, be deemed conclusive.

S. Ignatius, in his epistle to the Romans—in a passage, by the way, the genuineness of which is disputed by none—says, 'Not as Peter and Paul *διατασσόμαι ὑμας*. They were apos-'tles, I am condemned; they were free, I am even now a slave.' Mr. Greenwood translates the passage as follows: 'I am not, 'as Peter and Paul were, your teacher; for they were apostles, 'I am a condemned man; they were free-born men, but I am a 'slave even to this time' (page 24); and he observes on it that it may be merely an allusion to S. Peter's general epistle, directed originally to the circumcision of Asia, but by that time brought also to Rome. His mistake lies in the meaning he has given to the word *διατασσόμαι*. It means much more than this rendering would ascribe to it. It means, as used in Holy Scripture, to set in order as by a personal agency and presence—conf. S. Mat. xi. 1, 1 Cor. ix. 14, and especially xi. 34, *τὰ δὲ λοιπὰ ὡς ἂν ἔλθω διατάξομαι*. And the antithesis between the Apostles as free men, and S. Ignatius as a captive, would be wholly lost if there had been no free presence of S. Peter in Rome to contrast with, and give point and meaning to, the captivity of S. Ignatius. The two things would not have been capable of comparison. Properly rendered, we consider the passage conclusive of the belief at least of S. Ignatius (who could not have been mistaken in the matter of fact) that S. Peter had been in Rome; and we think our readers will desert Mr. Greenwood, and agree with Bishop Pearson, who asks, 'What can be clearer from these 'words than that the most holy martyr held the opinion that S. 'Peter, not less than S. Paul, preached at Rome and suffered 'there?' 'Assuredly,' he continues, 'S. Chrysostom seems to 'have had this passage in view when he said of Rome, "Peter 'and Paul, and after them he (S. Ignatius), were all offered as 'sacrifices there."' (Opusc. Dissertat. I, cap. vii. sec. 2.)

Our next testimony shall be that of Papias. He was at latest a contemporary of the followers of the Apostles; and he has left it on record that S. Peter wrote his first epistle at Rome (Euseb. ii. 15). Mr. Greenwood, indeed, objects to him that he was, as Eusebius describes him, a man of but slight intelligence; but surely this very thing would render it impossible that he could

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have related such a plain matter of fact, if it had not been the universal belief of the time.

Eusebius has preserved an extract of S. Dionysius of Corinth to the same effect as the above. S. Dionysius, in addressing the Romans, says, 'By means of this admonition you have mixed 'together that plantation of the Romans and Corinthians which 'was effected by Peter and Paul: for both of these (apostles) 'have planted us also in our (city of) Corinth, and taught us in 'like manner; in like manner also, having taught in Italy as well, '[ὁμόσε διδάξαντες,] in the same place, they suffered martyrdom, 'about the same time.' Bishop Pearson translates the words 'ὁμόσε διδάξαντες *audacter docentes*, and he refers to Suidas for that meaning of the word ὁμόσε; 'sic ὁμόσε,' he says, 'exponit Suidas,' ἐξ ἐναντίας, σφοδρῶς, θρασέως; but Suidas also allows, and indeed prefers the sense we have given above, as appearing to us, on the whole, in better harmony with the context. He says, ὁμόσε, ὁμοῦ εἰς τὸν αὐτον τόπον, ἢ ἐξ ἐναντίας, κ.τ.λ. 'Nihil hic igitur,' says Bishop Pearson, 'huic Dionysii testimonio objici potest, quod non facile refellitur.'[1] Mr. Greenwood, on the contrary, thinks that—

'It would be no easy matter to determine whether the "teaching" mentioned in this passage was oral or by writing. Paul had instructed the Romans in both modes; and it may be said of Peter that he had taught all the churches by his written addresses. Still the mention of Corinth and Rome, as the joint plantation of both apostles, would, in the ordinary sense of the words, imply a joint or several presence of both in the churches they are said to have *founded*. But the terms used by Dionysius are extremely vague; and it is to be noticed that this is the first and only intimation of a participation of Peter in the planting of the Church of Corinth we meet with in ecclesiastical history,—that Church being otherwise universally regarded as the sole foundation of the Apostle Paul. If it should be doubted whether Peter had any personal share in the planting of the Church of Corinth, there would also be the same reason to question his presence in Italy as the personal associate of Paul in that country.'—P. 30.

Exactly: and we may bear in mind Bishop Pearson's words *e converso*, 'If Peter were at Corinth, who will deny that he 'was also at some time in Rome? But it is most certain that 'Peter, not less than Paul, was at Corinth, and that before S. 'Paul wrote his first epistle to the Corinthians; for thus says 'the Apostle: "Now this I say, that every one of you saith, I 'am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas (1 Cor. i. 12)."' (Pearson, Diss. I. cap. vii. sec. 3.)

In the same chapter as that in which Eusebius gives the above extract from S. Dionysius, and immediately preceding it, he brings others from Tertullian and Caius. The former relates the martyrdom of S. Peter and S. Paul at Rome by Nero, as a

[1] Dis. I. cap. vii. § iii.

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tradition (all it could be to him); but a tradition confirmed, adds Eusebius, by their title still remaining in the cemeteries of the city. In his *De Baptismo* he compares the baptism of John in Jordan with that of S. Peter in the Tiber (chap. iv).

Caius, himself a presbyter of the Roman Church, was born about the beginning of the third century, in the pontificate of Zephyrinus. He says much the same as Tertullian, viz., that the trophies of both the Apostles were remaining in Rome in his time, and that both suffered martyrdom together. The authority of Papias, Tertullian, S. Dionysius, and Caius, appear quite sufficient to have caused Eusebius himself to believe, as he assuredly did, that S. Peter had been at Rome.

Our last authority shall be S. Irenæus. It must not be forgotten that he had been the disciple of S. Polycarp, and was sent from the martyrs expectant of Lyons to Rome, with letters to the Bishop, Eleutherus, about the year 177, and, therefore, that he could not have escaped the knowledge of the tradition of that Church as to her founder. His great work was written about the year 180,[1] and consequently, after he had been to Rome. In the third chapter of the third book, which treats of 'The 'Traditions of the Apostles, or of the Successors of the Bishops 'by the Apostles in the Churches,' having said that he could enumerate those who had been named Bishops by the Apostles and their successors even to his own time, he confines himself on account of the length of such a work, to the successors of the most ancient and the universally known Church; the Church founded and constituted by the two most glorious Apostles, Peter and Paul at Rome. 'That Church,' he continues, 'which 'has her tradition from the Apostles, and her faith announced to 'men through a succession of Bishops, reaching even to us. 'These blessed Apostles, when they founded and built up this 'Church, committed to Linus the service of its episcopate.' (Grabe pp. 200—202.) The Greek of the latter passage has fortunately been preserved by Eusebius.

Mr. Greenwood, it is true, thinks that S. Irenæus does not suppose a personal presence of the Apostles necessary to the founding and building up of a Church; and that the real meaning of this passage may be that—

'Some one or more of the Jewish visitors, or "strangers from Rome," present in Jerusalem at the great feast of Pentecost,—and perhaps, also, some of those who were afterwards scattered abroad by the persecution which occurred in the days of Stephen,—carried back with them the glad tidings of the Gospel; and so became the "first beginners" of a Christian Church at Rome. It can hardly be doubted that Peter's converts on the former of these occasions returned to their homes with a profound

[1] Burton Lectures.

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reverence for the wonderful person whose words had so deeply affected, and so greatly comforted and enlightened them. The earliest and the strongest convictions of the Christian congregation at Rome would thus become intimately connected with the name and person of Peter; in such a state of mind his doctrine would be readily identified or confounded with the preacher himself, and in this form both would be handed down in conjunction to their successors in the faith he had preached; and in this way, naturally enough, an anchoring ground would be obtained for any tradition which would serve to bring the object of their reverence and affection into closer personal relation with the body of his grateful converts.'—P. 36.

But our readers will scarcely admit such a mere hypothesis as this as an explanation of the very plain and emphatic words of S. Irenæus. They will remember that the 'personal convictions,' the 'confusions,' and the 'identifications' of individuals, do not form the foundation and the edification of a Christian Church. They will think that if *this* had been S. Irenæus's meaning, he would have said *it*, and not what he did say. If Mr. Greenwood's theory be the true one, S. Irenæus must have felt when he wrote what he did, that there would be the utmost risk of no one ever rightly apprehending his meaning; as in fact no one before Mr. Greenwood ever has done, and but for him no one ever would have done. Θεμελιώσαντες καὶ οἰκοδομήσαντες are the words of S. Irenæus; and we would ask Mr. Greenwood what words he could have used to express more clearly and forcibly the whole work of the building; or what Mr. Greenwood would have accepted as stating that S. Peter did found and build up that Church, which S. Irenæus, not foreseeing the questions that would be raised in after ages, could possibly have written.

Our readers will differ too, as we think, from Mr. Greenwood in the idea that apostolic presence was not requisite for the θεμελίωσις καὶ οἰκοδόμησις of the Church in that city; for they will call to mind the parallel case of the Church of Samaria in the eighth chapter of the book of Acts, where that which Mr. Greenwood very reasonably supposes to have happened at Rome—that persons went thither from the miraculous Pentecost—actually did take place, and something more too, namely, the visit of the deacon Philip. Yet, because he was only a deacon and not an apostle; and an apostle was required to found, or at any rate to build up the church, S. Peter and S. John were expressly sent thither to that end. For in truth it is a very grave and serious fact, and one which Mr. Greenwood has hardly fathomed, that a Christian Church is not called into existence by oral exhortations or doctrinal teaching of letters, by whomsoever written or delivered, even though by apostles; but is founded and endowed by God the Holy

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Ghost, through the agency of the laying on of hands; and we know that the bestowal of that stupendous gift of Divine mercy and condescension was confined to the apostles and their successors alone; and was not vouchsafed to ordinary Christians. That, then, which Mr. Greenwood considers to have been the means of the founding of the Church at Rome, is in itself essentially insufficient to that end, and could not have produced it.

Mr. Greenwood indeed, we should state, is doubtful of the sufficiency of his own theory, though not for the reason that forms our objection to it; nor can we assent to the latter portion of the following extract:—

'But the reader is reminded, that this explanation of the enigmatical notices in the earlier Christian writers respecting St. Peter's presence in Rome as the founder of that Church, is not offered as a conclusive solution of the doubts which those notices must give rise to. All we say of it is, that it is at least equally probable with that which presumes the apostle to have resided in Rome, and to have independently established a Christian Church there.'—P. 38.

In a word, there is at once a great diversity of witnesses to this fact, and a wonderful unanimity in their traditions. S. Ignatius and Papias prove that it was received in the East; S. Irenæus holds it in Gaul; S. Dionysius mentions it in Corinth; S. Clement shows it to have been known in Alexandria; Tertullian states it as the belief of Africa; Caius records it at Rome: so that we may well say with Cave,—

'And now I would fain know what one passage of these ancient times can be proved either by more, or by more considerable evidence than this is; and, indeed, considering how small a portion of the writings of those first ages of the Church has been transmitted to us, there is much greater cause rather to wonder that we should have so many witnesses in this case, than that we have no more.'[1]

Let us conclude with Pearson's emphatic summary of the whole question:—

'Since by so great a consent, almost from the beginning, it was delivered that St. Peter preached the gospel at Rome, and in the same place suffered; and since no one has ever said that either Peter or Paul received their crown of martyrdom elsewhere; since, lastly, Christ Himself signified with sufficient clearness that He should be crucified: I think that faith may with sufficient safety be given to this history. For who will believe that so great an Apostle could die so obscurely that no one should ever remember the place in which he died? Who will believe, when other countries claimed each for itself its own Apostle, that no city, no country, no Church declared itself to be ennobled by the blood of St. Peter? And when Christ Himself, with so great force declared to St. Peter, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, when thou shalt be old thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not;" and

[1] Life of S. Peter, chap. xi. Appendix.

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long after his death, St. John the apostle wrote that Christ signified by these words by what death he should glorify God: who will ever suppose that no Christian whatever had any knowledge by what kind of death he suffered, but that all rather were ignorant how he glorified God; or at least that God in his providence was unwilling that it should be known to posterity? Yet in these two last ages there have not been wanting learned men who when they saw so many upholders of the pontifical power glorying chiefly in this succession, doubted at first of this succession itself, and soon even plainly denied that Peter ever was at Rome.'—*Dissert.* I. vii. v.

But although compelled to differ from Mr. Greenwood on the historical fact of S. Peter's presence at Rome, we thoroughly agree with him in rejecting the exorbitant claims, built on it, of the Romanists. It does not follow, even though S. Peter did with S. Paul personally found that Church, and was its first bishop, as S. Epiphanius says, and did die there, that the Church of Rome should henceforth be the mistress of churches; and we may in historical fact very well hold the one opinion without the other, as the early fathers actually did.

'Plain it is,' (says Cave,) 'that they who set themselves to undermine this story, design therein to serve the interests of the Protestant cause, against the vain and unjust pretences of the see of Rome, and utterly to subvert the very foundations of that title whereby they lay claim to S. Peter's power. This indeed, could it be fairly made good, and without offering violence to the authority of those ancient and venerable sages of the Christian Church, would give a mortal blow to the Romish cause, and free us from several of their groundless and sophistical allegations. But when this cannot be done without calling in question the first and most early records of the Church, and throwing off the authority of the ancients, *non tali auxilio*, truth needs no such weapons to defend itself, but is able to stand up, and triumph in its own strength, without calling in such indirect artifices to support it. We can safely grant the main of the story, that S. Peter did go to Rome, and came thither ἐν τέλει (as Origen expressly says he did[1]) about the latter end of his life, and there suffered martyrdom for the faith of Christ: and yet this is no disadvantage to ourselves; nay, it is that which utterly confounds all their accounts of things, and proves their pretended story of S. Peter's being twenty-five years bishop of that see to be not only vain, but false, as has been sufficiently shown in the foregoing section. But to deny that S. Peter ever was at Rome, contrary to the whole stream and current of antiquity, and the unanimous consent of the most early writers, and that merely upon little surmises and trifling cavils; and in order thereunto to treat the reverend fathers, whose memories have ever been dear and sacred in the Christian Church, with rude reflections and spiteful insinuations, is a course, I confess, not over ingenuous, and might give too much occasion to our adversaries of the Church of Rome to charge us (as they sometimes do, falsely enough) with a neglect of antiquity and contempt of the fathers; but that it is notoriously known, that all the great names of the Protestant party, men most celebrated for learning and piety, have always paid a most just deference and veneration to antiquity, and upon that account have freely allowed this story of S. Peter's going to Rome, as our author, who opposes it, is forced to grant.'[2]—*Life of S. Peter*, chap. xi. Appendix.

[1] Expos. in Genes. ubi supra.

[2] Spanh. Diss. ut supra, c. I. n. 11.

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From this point Mr. Greenwood proceeds to consider, as bearing of course on his main question, the original Church constitution; tracing out its growth and increase, as he conceives, from the first germ planted by the apostles, with its gradual development, down to the close of the fifth century. His remarks extend over so many pages (they may, in fact, be said to take up the whole work from the third chapter), that to give a brief and concise synopsis of them, will be matter of no small difficulty:—

'Our subject,' (he says,) 'deals with a highly organized and complicated hierarchical scheme, springing from very unapparent and simple beginnings. We have therefore to examine those beginnings with a view to ascertain, if possible, the birth or first appearance of principles of outward government and polity, of which we have no apparent intimation either in the works or the acts of the primitive preachers of the gospel. We say "apparent intimation," because it cannot be denied that if a consistent series of declarations and acts proceeding from the first followers of the Apostles were found unequivocally leading to a single construction upon their words and acts, with reference to a particular outward form of church-government or polity, we should probably find it difficult to deny that the *germ* at least of such a form of outward government and polity is traceable to the sources of Christian tradition; though the discovery might not materially affect our view of the religious obligation, as applicable to ourselves, of a scheme framed probably upon considerations of immediate and temporary expediency. And it is perhaps as well to state in this place, that we cannot evade the inquiry into the origin of that *hierarchical* principle which gradually pervaded the whole framework of Church government. We cannot avoid asking, when did the first sharp severance of the ministering from the non-ministering sections of the Church—the great distinction between clergy and laity—take place? Can we discover when and how the first pretensions of the clergy to a properly *sacerdotal* commission were known and received by the Christian world? And how did they at length work their way up to the altitude of a sacrificing and mediatorial priesthood? We have here nothing to do with any speculative development. Our duty is only to examine facts; and, in the first instance, to ascertain, as well as we can, what was thought, said, or done by the apostles and their immediate followers in relation to these questions; and whether in point of fact any specific provision was made with a view to that complicated scheme of church-offices and government which gradually grew out of the simple unorganic directions left behind them by the Apostles—or perhaps, to speak more properly, by S. Paul, in his Epistles to Timothy and Titus.—Pp. 55, 56.

Thus, Mr. Greenwood considers the Church to be merely a human body, 'a strictly voluntary association,' as he defines it; having originally few, if any, laws for its government, and a discipline anything but strict or well-defined. In some places (as Philippi) he considers that the governing body was a college of presbyters; in others (as in Asia), that it was the Bishop, with presbyters and deacons. But we must not lay too much stress on what are not intended to be dogmatical assertions: but are merely inquiries on which the author's opinion may yet undergo change, and on which, indeed, he is not always con-

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sistent with himself. Thus we are told at page 6, that we hear of no Bishop of Rome till long after the death of S. Paul; from which—

'We must conclude either that the office did not exist at all, or that it was held by some person of whom no notice is taken in the Christian Scriptures, or in any other contemporary record.'—Page 6.

While, on the preceding page, he had said that at no great distance of time after S. Paul's Epistles to Timothy and Titus, few Churches were found without Bishops; and further on, that—

'The Roman congregation had adopted episcopal management long before the death of S. Paul. Immediately afterwards, we find it under the superintendence of two bishops, Linus, and Cletus or Anencletus.'—Page 78.

We hold that it did not belong to the Roman congregation, in themselves, either to adopt or to reject any form of Church government; but that they received that which it pleased the Apostles to give them.

Mr. Greenwood, then, as we have seen, denies that our Saviour Himself, or His Apostles either, introduced or observed any proper form of Church government; and he continues, further on, as follows:—

'If the views we have adopted of the government of the Church in the apostolic age and that which immediately followed it be correct, we are justified in concluding that the church-constitution of that period was not grounded upon any properly hierarchical principle. The power imparted, whatever it was, called for no other than a voluntary and spontaneous obedience; and put forth no claim to any external means or appliances for its support. We do not regard it as a definitive or unalterable provision, or, like the Levitical priesthood, invested with that "divine right" which attaches to ordinances of positive precept. It was, in short, inchoate and preparatory, and expressly calculated to leave a wide margin for future adaptation—a free scope for all such changes as the state of the Christian world might from time to time require.'—Page 76.

Both these assertions we are compelled to deny. Our blessed Lord instituted His Apostles to be the governing members of His Church, in symbol of which he gave them the keys; and they instituted others in their room. As afterwards, so in the canon of Holy Scripture there are three orders; Apostles, in the first, and under them that class termed presbyters or Bishops; and lastly, deacons. What obscurity there is in the question, arises less from any difficult passages of the inspired writings, than from their silence. We find an order mentioned there sometimes under the title of Bishops, at others under that of presbyters: and we do not know in each case whether they held the first rank in the Church, or the second. But the mere fact of these different titles having been applied to the same

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offices during the life of the Apostles, proves nothing more to a candid mind, than that the two titles, since distinguished, were then used synonymously. It does not show that there was *no* office of 'ordinary Apostle,' or angel, or (as since termed) Bishop, like that of S. Timothy and S. Titus; under the Apostles, but above the presbyters. Indeed, nothing can be concluded from the mere titles used in the New Testament: for the Apostles themselves are termed presbyters by S. Peter, 1 Pet. v. 1; and deacons by S. Paul, 1 Cor. iii. 5; and Bishops, Acts i. 20. And others than the twelve are called Apostles: S. Barnabas, Acts xiv. 4, 14; Andronicus and Junia, Rom. xvi. 7; Epaphroditus, Phil. ii. 25; Titus and others, 2 Cor. viii. 23: and the presbyters are termed Bishops, Phil. i. 1; Titus, i. 7, and elsewhere. Hence we may judge of the intrinsic worth of the conclusion of Salmasius from the word Bishops or overseers, in Acts xx. 28; 'That the 'Church of Ephesus was then governed exclusively by a college 'of presbyters (called Bishops), and that there was no particular 'Bishop over them with peculiar authority;' or that because the presbyters laid hands on S. Timothy, and, as he admits, 'presbyteri simplices' have not power so to do, therefore that these presbyters were, as it were, Bishop-presbyters, or presbyters who *could* lay on hands; according to his twofold distinction elsewhere laid down, of presbyters who could and who could not ordain; or that, lastly, because S. Paul sends greetings, in his Epistle to the Philippians, only to Bishops and deacons, therefore there was no order of Bishops proper, these Bishops being presbyters. Salmasius, and those who have argued with him, have overlooked the fact, that even if it could be proved that the term ἐπίσκοπος is in every case applied to the priesthood alone, there were at that time Apostles over them, who formed that first order, which after their generation was filled by those who were first termed angels and then Bishops.

But there are certain documents of the apostolic age, which bear witness to a state of things very different to that which Mr. Greenwood's sympathies and theories lead him to consider the true one. Thus S. Clement of Rome describes the orders of the Church in his time, both as prescribed and settled by Divine authority. He commences his epistle by exhorting the Corinthians to be subject to their rulers, ἡγουμένοις, and to pay due honours to their presbyters. By the former term, he would surely mean those who succeeded the Apostles in the first rank of ecclesiastical government; in fact, the Bishops. And in a later section of the epistle he says (tracing the manner in which, so far, the Christian Church was a continuation and fulfilment of the Jewish Church):—

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'Unto the high-priest are assigned his own services, and to the priests their particular place is appointed; and upon the Levites are laid their special ministrations; the layman is subject to the ordinances respecting the laity. . . . Now, the Apostles preached the Gospel unto us from the Lord Jesus Christ; the Lord Jesus Christ himself preached it from God. Therefore, Christ was sent from God, and the Apostles from Christ; and both (commissions) were given in regular order by the will of God. Having received his commands . . . they (the Apostles) went forth, announcing the kingdom of God. And having then preached in the villages and in the towns, they set up the firstlings among themselves to be Bishops and deacons of those who should believe. Neither was this a new institution; for many ages back Bishops and deacons are written about; it is said in Scripture, "I will establish their Bishops in righteousness and their deacons in faith."

'Observe, moreover, that our Apostles knew from Jesus Christ that contentions should arise about the title of Bishop; and for this cause they, of their perfect knowledge, constituted Bishops and deacons, and after that handed down a series of future succession, in order that when they should depart, other tried persons should take their office. We deem it therefore unlawful that persons appointed by them, or afterwards by other excellent persons with the assent of the whole Church, and who have blamelessly ministered to the flock of Christ, walking humbly, peaceably, and not grudgingly, and have for a long time received a shining testimony from all persons, should be expelled from their ministry. For it will be no trivial sin, if we eject from the episcopate those who in holiness and blamelessness offer up holy gifts.'—*Greenwood*, p. 57.

But to these words, none plainer or more emphatic than which, we should think, could have been used, Mr. Greenwood objects that S. Clement is setting forth the Jewish Church merely as an illustration of—

'The principles of order and subordination indispensable to the existence of every human association, more especially of those formed for religious purposes, which have always been found liable to split into as many parties and factions as there are shades of opinion among the members.'—P. 58.

It does not occur to him that there has been, and is but one Church of God, and that that Church, which he purchased with His own blood, is a divine and *not* a human institution; consequently, he does not see that the Gospel is the development of the law; that the Christian is the ancient Jewish Church, with the addition of the gift of the Holy Ghost; and was in one sense fulfilled, not first founded by Christ in the days of his humanity. There was always to be a priesthood and sacrifices, though not those of Levi. The priesthood, the offerings, the ordinances, are done away as types, and where they are merely carnal; but are fulfilled and continued in spirit and essence. If there are no laws of Church polity in the New Testament, it is not that there is no polity; but that, having been already fully laid down in the Old Testament, there is no room for a repetition of laws on the same subject in the New. The Church is God's kingdom upon earth; a mighty, visible kingdom, not

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indeed of things carnal, but of things spiritual; as the prophets ever foretold that the Church should be, when Christian and catholic, instead of Jewish and local. 'And kings 'shall be thy nursing fathers, and their queens thy nursing 'mothers; they shall bow down to thee with their face toward 'the earth, and lick up the dust of thy feet.'[1] 'Instead of 'thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make 'princes in all the earth.'[2] In this kingdom the government is, and has from the first been given to some, and not to others.

In fact our author sets out with a theory or assumption, that there was at one time,—though, perhaps but for a moment, as it were—no *Christian* Church or priesthood at all; until it pleased the early converts by mutual union to form one: and whatever opposes this idea must be got rid of by him. S. Clement at the outset is greatly in the way; but since his existence and writings cannot historically be denied, his words must be explained away. The writings of S. Ignatius and S. Cyprian, who repeat S. Clement in substance, are assumed to be forgeries. The original cause of this peculiar treatment of history, and the great fault of Mr. Greenwood's whole work is, that in his view of the Church he omits to make due mention of the *spiritual* element: and finding this element, which is strange to his own mind, so largely developed in the early writers, the latter appear to him untrue, and present him with difficulties from which he can only escape by denying them in some manner or another. Thus when he calls the Church a 'strictly voluntary association,' he forgets its divine origin, and its hidden and mysterious operation—that it is not that men merely banded themselves together (for some purpose not ascertained, nor easily to be conceived according to our author's theory), but that 'the *Lord* added to the Church daily such as should be saved.' Again when he affirms that changes of views and opinions based on or supported by forged documents 'transformed a strictly voluntary association 'into a severely organized political corporation, armed with 'powers greatly transcending any of the objects contemplated 'by the first preachers of the gospel' (p. 63)—we must be allowed to reply that so far as the church of the Western Patriarchate did at any time pursue merely political ends, she did not *exceed*, but she *perverted*, the objects of her foundation by her divine Author and Head. These objects were purely spiritual, and to 'transcend' them would have been impossible, being, as they were, nothing short of our final salvation, and inheritance of the celestial abode, and fruition of the Divine Presence.

But Mr. Greenwood would support his own theory of church

[1] Isaiah xlix. 23. [2] Psalm xlv. 16.

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government and constitution by telling us (like Blondel and Salmasius), that the idea of the Bishops having been the substitutes of the Apostles at all is a fallacy: for that in many churches, not only were there at first no Bishops, but it is not even certain if there were (for whatever purpose) so much as any separation of clergy and laity. In his opinion, it is probable that in the times of S. Ignatius and S. Polycarp, 'many Churches, 'e. g. those of Corinth and Alexandria, were not yet episcopally 'constituted.' (P. 68.) At any rate he seems to say that 'neither 'our Saviour nor the Apostles themselves left any proper form 'of government,' and 'that the object of the association was 'the propagation of a religious opinion or faith,'[1] which is exactly what we deny. The object was, by the laying on of hands of those duly qualified by Christ to bestow the Holy Ghost, to give men ability to receive, and grace to believe that which was not 'a religious opinion or faith,' but the one body of Divine truth revealed to the world by its Divine author.

We have said that such *seems* to be Mr. Greenwood's idea: for here again there is a want of consistency, which makes it at times difficult to ascertain what are his real and final opinions. He admits that S. Clement did contemplate a church in some degree resembling that of the Jews, and on the whole much what is described by S. Ignatius and S. Cyprian, and is found in history. Even while saying that S. Clement of Alexandria is the first to mention clergy and laity as separate constituents in the Christian body, he adds (p. 63, note u) that S. Clement expressly declared that S. John the Apostle went round the neighbourhood of Ephesus ordaining Bishops and clergy; and therefore, of course, both recognising and acting on such a distinction; as S. Paul had done in ordaining S. Timothy and S. Titus; and S. Peter in his advice to the Bishops of the Church, in the fifth chapter of his first Epistle. Having there called himself, who was an Apostle, πρεσβύτερος, he exhorts the συμπρεσβύτεροι—*i. e.* those, we must conclude, who were not indeed apostles, but in the place of apostles, as rulers of the Church—not to oppress οἱ κληροι. Both in word and in fact, then, this distinction must have been known to S. Peter, for it is on the surface of his words; and to S. Paul, for he acted on it in the cases (two among many others surely) of S. Timothy and S. Titus. Thus, we think, from Mr. Greenwood's own pages, an answer is afforded to his question, '*when* the first 'severance of the ministering from the non-ministering sections 'of the church, the great distinction between clergy and laity,

[1] Page 68.

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'took place;' and the same distinction is seen to have continued in the days of S. Clement, S. Ignatius, S. Polycarp, S. Clement of Alexandria, S. Cyprian, and others downwards.

The writings of S. Ignatius meet with much the same treatment at Mr. Greenwood's hands as the words of S. Clement. He agrees with Mr. Cureton and Chevalier Bunsen in rejecting the Greek and upholding the Syriac version of the three Epistles. Here again, however, he is in some measure at variance with himself. He tells us at page 66, that the Syriac is 'probably the only authentic version.' On the following page we are assured that 'it is established as such beyond contradiction.' In a word, because the Syriac is simply shorter than the Greek, it is assumed that the latter is interpolated; and having been so assumed, it is therefore treated as proved that the former is the only true version. In support of this opinion, we are merely reminded (at page 71) of the audacity of the forgers of the third and fourth centuries (at p. 248, it is those of the fourth and fifth); and are informed that Eusebius was in error when he mentioned the four rejected epistles (those to the Magnesians, Trallians, Philadelphians, and Smyrnæans) as genuine. Thus we are peremptorily required by Mr. Greenwood to believe that the four abovementioned Epistles were entirely forged during the fourth or fifth centuries (or, as they were in existence in Eusebius's time, we suppose we must say in the third or fourth), and that the other three are much enlarged and corrupted; so that we are to reject the four entirely, and all of the three which is not in the Syriac.

This question is continually being treated by the upholders of the Syriac version, as if it had been really and unanswerably, and by the consent of all parties, decided in their favour. But many of our readers will know, and others will believe us, that the Syriac version has not one recommendation of any kind, internal or external, of its genuineness over the Greek. They will remember that Eusebius, who lived scarcely two centuries after the martyrdom of S. Ignatius, expressly says that he wrote seven epistles, the addresses of which agree with the extant Greek; and that his statement is repeated by S. Jerome. Five of these seven (including two of those rejected by the champions of the Syriac) have been quoted by Origen, S. Athanasius, S. Chrysostom, and Theodoret. It is almost a moral impossibility that these writers, learned as they were, and men of deep research, should all have been mistaken and imposed upon by some nameless forger. This positive testimony, as has been already urged, ought, upon all principles of critical evidence, to be decisive against the negative argument for the exclusive authority of the Syriac text, for which there is no

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external evidence whatever but that of the two individual copies from which the version is derived. The great probability is, that these are an epitome or abbreviated version of the original Greek, the work of some monophysite. 'This is the 'external evidence—putting the strongest construction upon it, 'it is that two copyists, transcribing in A.D. 700 and 600, wrote 'out three epistles and no more of S. Ignatius; therefore all 'the rest are spurious. But even that is an assumption. We 'do not know that either of the copyists did not write out 'more epistles; it might have been the compiler or collector 'who omitted, if any were omitted; or the rest might have 'been lost.' Such are the words of the late lamented Professor Hussey, who, in the preface to his Sermons, has given a most complete and crushing exposure of Mr. Cureton's arguments for the Syriac; showing, in truth, that they are no arguments at all, but the merest assumptions. The Professor's conclusion in favour of the Greek and in rejection of the Syriac is held also by Dr. Wordsworth, Archdeacon Churton, and other eminent scholars at home and abroad.

Mr. Hussey indeed offers good reasons from the text for believing that Mr. Cureton's three epistles are really *four*; and he shows from Dr. Petermann, the probability that the Syriac version originally contained thirteen epistles, and not three (or four) only; and, in consequence, that the assertors of the genuineness of the Syriac may at any moment be compelled either to give up their advocacy of that version, or to uphold against the rest of the world the genuineness of the whole thirteen. What the Syriac has really done, is to give as far as it goes, indirect evidence of the genuineness of the Greek, as received and cited by the ancient fathers before mentioned, and as made known to modern times from the Medicean and Colbert MSS.

In truth, the champions of the Syriac have not got the better of their opponents, but have been defeated by them. They have *not* answered the arguments of those who contend for the genuineness of the Greek, nor have they overturned the authenticity of any word or line of it. All they have done has been to offer a version which no effort of theirs can substantiate as genuine, and to which they have been unable to give even the appearance of authenticity.

Let Mr. Greenwood, if he can, *prove* his position, or at least offer some kind of argument for it; when this is done, we will gladly and readily become his pupils. If he succeed in establishing the Syriac to be what he asserts, we will be the first to admit that the victory is with him, and will abandon the Greek for ever. But till then, it is a mere assumption

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on his part to speak as he does of the Syriac; and we must decidedly protest against such a manner of dealing with the subject. We beg our readers' pardon for entering at so great length on the subject, but these confident assertions of Mr. Greenwood leave us no alternative but to repeat much of what has been more ably stated by others. It is not possible to deal particularly with Mr. Greenwood himself on the subject, for he gives no *arguments* of any kind for his opinion. With him it results (as he almost admits in terms, page 74 and note z) that the Greek must be rejected, and the Syriac received and considered genuine, because the former makes mention of ecclesiastical officers, which he considers in advance of S. Ignatius's times; and contains statements opposed to his own and Chevalier Bunsen's views as to the nature of the constitution of the early Church.

The Syriac being then worthless and untrustworthy, and the Greek confessedly against him, we might here leave S. Ignatius and pass on to other authors. But we maintain that even this imperfect relic of its author, as far as it speaks at all on the subject, is against Mr. Greenwood's theories on the original constitution of the Church, and in essential harmony and agreement with S. Clement of Rome, S. Irenæus, S. Clement of Alexandria, and others of the early ages: for S. Ignatius in his epistle to Polycarp addresses him as Bishop, condemns separation from, or even opposition to the Bishop as a sin, and speaks of presbyters and deacons:—

'If a man have made himself notorious, apart from the Bishop, he has corrupted himself; for it is becoming to men and women who are married that they be married by the counsel of the Bishop, that the marriage might be in the Lord, and not in lust. Let every thing therefore be for the honour of God. Look to the Bishop, that God also may look upon you. I will be instead of the souls of those who are subject to the Bishop, and the presbyters and deacons: with them may I have a portion with God.'

And the same doctrine is pointed at in the other two epistles of the version.

Mr. Greenwood refers, as might be expected, to the well-known passage of S. Jerome on which Blondel, Salmasius, and their followers have based their opinion in support of presbyterian as opposed to episcopal supremacy. S. Jerome certainly does say that there was a time when there was no Episcopate, and that it was instituted to heal the schisms and divisions of the Church.

'The presbyter' (he says) 'is the same as the Bishop; and before that, by the instigation of the devil, heats were caused in religion, and it was said among the people, "I am of Paul, I of Apollos, I of Cephas," the churches were governed by the common counsel of the presbyters. But after each

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considered those he had baptized as his own, and not as Christ's, it was decreed throughout the whole world, that one of the presbyters should be chosen and preferred to the rest, to whom should pertain the whole care of the Church, and the seeds of schism should be removed.'

Bringing in favour of this opinion the second verse of the first chapter of Philippians, he comments on it as follows:—

'Philippi is one of the cities of Macedonia, and certainly in one city, more Bishops (as so called) than one there could not be. But since then the Apostle terms those Bishops whom he is also styling presbyters, he speaks indifferently of Bishops as of presbyters.'—*Comment on Titus*, chap. I.

In his letters to Oceanus the presbyter, and Evangelus (printed erroneously by Blondel 'Evagrius'), he says that the term 'episcopus' regards the office, and that of 'presbyter' the age. The saint however, in the latter epistle, implies that this idea is his own alone; for he proceeds to establish it by arguments, and does not claim for it the testimony of the Church. He also says that 'at Alexandria, from the time of S. Mark to the 'Bishop Heraclas and Dionysius, the presbyters always named 'one (chosen from themselves, placed in a higher grade) Bishop, 'just as the army might choose the Emperor, or the deacons 'select one of their own number whom they termed arch-'deacon. "What," he asks, "except ordination, does a Bishop 'do that a presbyter does not do?"'

To this we may say that '*nominabant* Episcopum presbyteri,' whatever it does exactly mean, does not signify that the presbyters actually *ordained* their Bishop: and it will hardly be urged in support of S. Jerome that Eutychius, the Arabic historian of the tenth century, whose errors and self-contradictions are so gross and numerous, says 'that the presbyters of 'Alexandria laid hands on one of their own body and made him 'patriarch; a custom which continued to the time of Alexander, 'who first forbade the presbyters to make their own patriarch, 'and caused him to be ordained by Bishops;' and 'that there 'was no Bishop in all Egypt from Ananias to Demetrius, except 'only at Alexandria.'[1]

But we must remember that S. Jerome's language is not all on one side, and his meaning has perhaps been incorrectly apprehended by Blondel and Salmasius. He says that in the Apostles' time Bishops and presbyters were one and the same. In the sense in which we have already explained this assertion, the words of Scripture bear him out; and many of our greatest divines—Andrewes, Beveridge, Bingham, and others—readily concur with him. And that such really was his meaning seems

[1] Tom. i. pp. 331, 332.

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very probable, for he also says plainly and repeatedly that there were three orders in the Christian Church as in the Jewish; an admission in which neither Blondel nor Salmasius really follow him. He makes the Bishop equal to the High Priest; the presbyter to the priests; and the deacons to the Levites.[1] In his letter to Eustochium on the death of her mother, he calls presbyters 'priests of inferior degree;'[2] and, in that to Heliodore, deacons 'the third degree.'[3]

If S. Jerome really means that there is no apostolic authority for the order of bishops (which in the face of the above assertion we conceive to be impossible), it is to be concluded that, great as his name is in the Church, he is in error in that opinion. But he mentions no period of time for the rise of this order; and as the schisms he mentions began during the life, and in the very presence, of the Apostles, he may easily mean that *they* then placed bishops at the head of the churches for the objects specified. There is, however, clearly no reason why we should necessarily prefer his authority to that of the whole Church, or to any competent witness of her doctrines or discipline. Theodoret, for instance (his own contemporary), says: 'They 'formerly called the same persons both presbyters and Bishops, 'and those now called Bishops they used to call Apostles.' There is no historical difficulty in this view; whereas S. Jerome's, *as explained by Blondel and others,* is clearly attended by more than one. But these writers extract from his words a meaning which is not only not to be found in them, but which, when well considered, appears actually opposed to them.

Against the presbyterian writers, and unrefuted by them, we have the decisive testimony of S. Clement of Alexandria, that S. John placed Bishops, not presbyters, over the churches of Asia. We have the apostolic canons (of S. Clement's age, or earlier, as Bishop Beveridge thinks) clearly and carefully distinguishing between the ordinations and offices of Bishops and of priests, and laying down stringent laws to prevent the ordination of the former from being at any time invalidated. Nor do we ever find any single church after the Apostles' death, to have been governed by a presbytery alone. The ante-Nicene Councils, Antioch against Paul of Samosata, Neocæsarea, and Ancyra, in the East; and Arles and Elvir, or Illiberis, of Spain, in the West, show this as far as they go; and especially the great Œcumenical Council of Nice, with its 318 Bishops gathered from all parts of the world, without a single presbyter among them presiding as such over a church, seems to prove the same almost

[1] Cont. Jovin: lib ii. pp. 220, 226. [2] Ep. lxxxvi. p. 687.
[3] Ep. v. p. 10. This distinction allowed by S. Jerome, or possibly the necessity of the case, may have given rise to Salmasius's twofold division of presbyters.

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to demonstration. For is it not utterly impossible that every trace of presbyterian government should have entirely vanished from every country so speedily, had the Apostles really established it in any one? Nay, it *could* not; for it would then have been the apostolic *depositum*, which the church to whom it was given was bound to have retained. Such a church would have had no right to reject presbyterianism for episcopacy, merely because other churches had done so, or because some temporary need (such as S. Jerome states) had arisen to cause them to think that episcopacy was better for them. Had presbyterianism really been instituted, or even allowed by the Apostles, it must have continued. Its non-existence at every time and in every place is the most unanswerable moral proof that it was never at any place so instituted. Mr. Greenwood's unconsciousness of this shows a great defect in his appreciation of the sacredness of apostolic institutions.

A glance at the early history of the Church will confirm our readers in the belief of the non-existence in those times of presbyterianism. In Eusebius iv. 22, we are told of an ancient writer, Hegesippus, who lived in or near the time of the Apostles, and travelled from place to place in search of ecclesiastical knowledge. He wrote a work in five books. He informs us that he stayed some days at Corinth, with the Bishop Primus, on his way to Rome. Here he compiled an account of the succession of that church to the time of Anicetus.[1] How then, if presbyterianism had been originally allowed by the Apostles, equally with episcopacy, does not Hegesippus tell us something of it? It may be answered, that we have only the extract given by Eusebius from his work. But we maintain that that extract is decisive of this question. He might have failed to state that there were differences in the mode of government of the churches, if there had been any, or Eusebius might have omitted to record his statement; but as it is, he states positively that there were *none*. As it was at Rome, so he had found it in all other places: there was one, and but one, succession and doctrine everywhere, and his words are too plain to be mistaken, too definite to be explained away.

Again; Papias, another cotemporary of the Apostles and Bishop of Hierapolis, says of himself, that he had been a diligent hearer of, among other apostolic men, the presbyter John.[2]

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[1] The reading of the passage has been made doubtful by an alteration in the text of H. Savile, to which Bishop Pearson justly objects. We have followed the original reading as sanctioned by Bishop Pearson.—De Successione primorum Romæ Episcoporum.—Dissert I. chap. v. § ii. and following.

[2] Eusebius, Book III. chap. xxxix. 'Papias Asianus, forsan Hierapoli natus, S. Joannis erat auditor, et Polycarpi sodalis. Eusebius quidem non Apostolum,

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This might have been the Apostle and Evangelist; and although Eusebius gives it as his own opinion that it was not, and mentions it as a report, that two Johns had lived at Ephesus, and that there were two tombs of theirs in the place, it is by no means certain that he is correct; for S. Irenæus seems to know of but one John, the Apostle himself. If it be so, as S. John is here called presbyter by Papias, others so called may have been in the first rank of ecclesiastical officers, or (as we should now say) Bishops, though bearing an appellation since appropriated to those of the second rank only. At any rate the uncertainty that does exist that John the elder was not the Apostle is a point worthy of observation, as a proof of the fact that, not only in the canon of Scripture itself (as we have already shown), but also in the early uninspired history of the Church, from the mere title applied to ecclesiastical officers nothing can be inferred any way.

Subsequently to these times, and to the same effect, there are the histories of Ischyras and of Aërius. S. Athanasius was accused by the Arians at the Council of Tyre, of having profaned the church of Ischyras, and destroyed the sacred furniture. The charge was admitted by Ischyras himself to be false in fact. There was, in truth, no church in the place, and Ischyras was confessedly no presbyter at all, having been ordained only by Colluthus, who himself was known to have lived and died a mere presbyter. How could such a charge, at that date, have fallen to the ground, and that too before S. Athanasius's bitter and most unscrupulous enemies, if presbyterian government had ever been established in any place; especially if the Patriarch himself of Alexandria, as Eutychius says, was ordained by presbyters till the time of Alexander, the immediate predecessor of S. Athanasius in the see? We conclude, therefore, that S. Athanasius' report of this matter (for we have it from himself) is a positive proof of the falsity of that statement of Eutychius.

Again; still less possible would it have been that Aërius should in the same century have been (as he was) condemned as a heretic, not in any particular country, but throughout the whole Church, and noted as such by S. Epiphanius and S. Augustin, because among other things he denied the difference between Bishops and presbyters. How could that opinion have passed in so short a time from an admitted opinion—

sed Joannem presbyterum, seu seniorem, intelligit. At Irenæus, et longo post eum agmine scriptores cæteri illum Joannis Apostoli fuisse discipulum diserte satis innuere videntur. Immo utriusque discipulum vero non absimile est, et post Joannis Apostoli mortem Joanni presbytero se adjunxit.'—*Cave, Hist. Litt. ad verb. Papiam.*

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perhaps, even, an apostolic rule—to a heresy? Aërius has, in fact, anticipated the arguments of both Blondel and Salmasius; arguments for which these require to be considered as teachers (and the only teachers) of truth, but for which he was condemned as a heretic. S. Epiphanius, against Aërius, well observes that S. Timothy could not have had the power given to him to judge a presbyter, unless he had been superior to a presbyter; and that no presbyter has power given him to rebuke S. Timothy. This power did not of course depend on his age. (1 Tim. iv. 12).

Salmasius also has alluded to the case of Aërius, 'wondering 'what error Aërius held in saying that presbyters were of 'equal rank and privileges with Bishops.' This is the very point on which both S. Epiphanius and S. Augustine insist as a conclusive proof of his heresy. Our view, as stated above, of S. Jerome's meaning in identifying Bishops and priests, is so far supported by the history of Aërius as that S. Jerome does admit the three degrees of priesthood, and is held a father of the Catholic Church; while Aërius denies them, and is therefore condemned and cast out of her pale.

Salmasius' argument, indeed, here as elsewhere, is fatal to itself. He thinks that Aërius could not have been so commonly ignorant as to deny that the power of ordination had been peculiar to Bishops alone, since the Council of Ancyra in 314, though allowed to presbyters before: an assumption which, if we were in controversy with him, could easily be exposed.

Blondel has offered a catena of witnesses to prove that the original opinion accorded with that which he imagines S. Jerome to have held, and which considered a Bishop and priest as one and the same ecclesiastical order; but none of his witnesses *do* prove it.

This question is clearly one of much weight with reference to Mr. Greenwood's particular subject. For if presbytery were equally with episcopacy the order of the apostles; and a presbyter headed, or might have headed, the Church of Rome; there is at once an end of any claim, not merely of superiority, but even of existence, on the part of the Bishop of Rome. But an argument which proves too much is always a fundamentally bad one; and error may always be refuted without the destruction of essential truth. As far as regards the historical part of the argument, we have endeavoured to show that Mr. Greenwood's theory has not the testimony of history in its favour, but rather is opposed by it. We have dwelt on this at more length, perhaps, than will be agreeable to our readers: but familiar and primary truths require to be restated from time to time, as fresh denials of them are spread abroad.

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For the abstract part of the question, we shall do well to consider the forcible and pertinent words of Bishop Pearson:—

'Our opponents confess that, about 140 years after Christ, the Episcopate was universally received, and churches throughout the whole world flourished under Bishops truly so called. When they grant this, it is according to reason that they should confess that this episcopate flowed downwards from the Apostles. For no other way could ever be thought of by which one form of government was impressed on all Christian churches. There was at that time no general Council in which all might at once unite in the admission of the same order; nay, there was no Council at all before Bishops; none but by Bishops. Let, then, these innovators tell us by what machinery the episcopal chair was introduced into all presbyteral consistories. In truth, if all other arguments should fail, this one alone, invented by themselves, would deter all religious minds from all opposition to Bishops. For if the episcopate were received by all the churches agreeing together at once (as they would have it), it is right that it should not be rejected except by the agreement of all the churches together; which doubtless will never be done unless also that promise of Christ be made of no effect; "I will be with you always, even to the end of the world."'[1]

In a word, to this original idea of ecclesiastical discipline, not only is there the great and fatal objection at the outset, that it is contrary to the testimony of history; but there are continually rising up minor difficulties that must be accounted for and explained; and any or all of which are very apt to prove fatal to the whole idea.

S. Peter, then, according to history, having certainly visited Rome, and there died; and a Bishop (as the word is now understood, *i. e.* an officer of the first grade, an Apostle ordinary) having succeeded him; and so much depending on that succession, as Mr. Greenwood admits: we will now, to leave no link of our chain imperfect, inquire briefly into the order and chronology of that early succession. Mr. Greenwood, after some hesitation, admits that there were Bishops at Rome immediately after the Apostles; but if he have once proved that presbyterian government was the authorized order in some churches, his mere opinion that it was not such in any *particular* church will not suffice to prove it. Chevalier Bunsen's opinion appears to weigh with Mr. Greenwood more than that of any other individual; not to say of all history. And hence, when he expresses his own sentiments of the manner of government of the early Church, he varies, and concludes differently in different places. And it is only when supported by the Chevalier that he seems finally to admit that the Roman Church was governed by Bishops.

Chevalier Bunsen pledges himself, as Mr. Greenwood tells us, to settle, in a forthcoming work, more than one of the great

[1] Ordo Episcopalis, Apostolicus, § iv. Opuscula Tom. i. p. 281.

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questions as to the order and chronology of the early Bishops of Rome, which have hitherto proved to the historian invincible perplexities. The want of contemporary records has surrounded the subject with impenetrable obscurity; and where such men as Baronius, Patavius, Pearson, Pagi, &c., have laboured so long and so diligently, and yet, overcome by the sheer impossibility of the task, have been compelled to leave the subject hardly less confused than they found it, we hope we may be pardoned if we express a doubt as to whether it is destined to receive the solution of its many and intricate difficulties from the Chevalier. That gentleman may, and, we doubt not, will succeed in redeeming his pledge to his own satisfaction and that of his admirers: but we question whether the world at large will receive the conclusions at which he may arrive, as final and decisive; or be inclined to repose in them with a reliance at all proportioned to the confidence with which he offers them to its acceptance.

There were no records kept of the Bishops of Rome who immediately succeeded the Apostles; and the little we know of their order and chronology that is really trustworthy, is derived from a few scattered passages of the early writers. S. Irenæus, Eusebius, S. Epiphanius, S. Jerome, S. Augustine, and a few others, have left us catalogues of their names and the order of their episcopate; but on the subject of the dates of their succession they are unfortunately silent. These are, therefore, involved in obscurity. It happens, too, to complicate the whole matter still more hopelessly, that even on the order of their succession itself, there have arisen in later times, questions which, settling nothing, have had only power to shake men's confidence in what does seem trustworthy. Bishop Pearson thinks that Fabian, the successor of Anteros, collected the Acts of the Martyrs about the year 236, after the brief Maximinian persecution; and he says that from that time forward there was kept a record of such of the Bishops of Rome as received the crown of martyrdom; to which were added (about the age of Julius, he supposes) the names of the rest.[1]

The difficulties of this subject then belong first, to the order, and secondly and chiefly, to the chronology of this succession. Ancient records and modern, and East and West, differ from each other on both points. These difficulties can now only be stated: their solution is beyond the power of any one; except, indeed, (as he himself thinks,) of Chevalier Bunsen.

S. Irenæus, every way a trusty witness, writes as follows:

[1] 'De Successione primorum Romæ Episcoporum.'—Dissert. I. ch. iv. §§ 4, 5.

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'The Apostles committed the Church to Linus, (of whom 'S. Paul makes mention in his First Epistle to Timothy,) 'and to Linus succeeded Anacletus; after him, in the third 'place from the Apostles, came Clement, who also saw the 'Holy Apostles .... to whom succeeded Evarestus.'[1] The same order is given by S. Epiphanius,[2] and S. Jerome.[3] S. Augustine in his letter to Generosus, in the printed edition of his works, puts Anacletus after Clement; but in one of the Vatican MSS. he gives the same order as the others here cited.[4]

But there is another class of authorities which gives the succession differently. The missals and breviaries make five popes before Evarestus; their succession is—Peter, Linus, Cletus, Clement, [or Clement, Cletus,] Anacletus, Evarestus: and the question, which will probably never be solved, but on which much that closely affects the subsequent history turns, is whether Cletus and Anacletus are one and the same person, or two different persons. The testimony of the ancients is, as we have seen, decisive of the former opinion. The moderns are divided on the point. Baronius, Petavius, Pagi, and others, admit both Cletus and Anacletus. Valesius, Cotelerius, Natalis Alexander, Tillemont, and Pearson, consider the two names to belong to the same Pope. Bishop Pearson thinks the cause of the confusion to have been that S. Cyprian, following S. Irenæus, said that Hyginus was the ninth Bishop *including S. Peter;* but that those Latins who had no knowledge of S. Irenæus, 'and had been used to consider Linus as the first Bishop, were 'compelled to place seven Bishops between him and Hyginus 'to make the number correspond; and this obliged them to 'add the name of Anacletus to that of Cletus.'

Whether this, however, is cause sufficient to account for the spread of the mistake—for such it appears to be—and whether any Latins could be ignorant of the true succession, may perhaps be a question. Indeed the mention of them as distinct persons in the rude lines of the ancient poem against Marcion, composed about the time and published under the name of Tertullian, may suggest a doubt whether the idea be not possibly more ancient than S. Cyprian. Bishop Pearson rejects the statement of the missals and breviaries, as being founded on the 'Liber Pontificalis,' a work, in his opinion, of too doubtful authority to be set against the assertions of the early writers, especially of S. Irenæus.[5]

On the other hand, it may be urged in favour of considering

[1] Lib. iii. cap. 3.
[2] Her. 27.
[3] De Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis.
[4] Epist. liii. tom. ii. Ed. Bened.
[5] Dissertationes II. cap. i. § vi.

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them to be different persons, that they have two days given them in the martyrologies, and quite different histories, which could not have been derived from one source originally common to both. Cletus' day is April 26th, and he is described as a Roman by birth; Anacletus' is on July 13th, and he is said to have been a Grecian, and native of Athens. But, as Bishop Pearson asks, 'Who can suppose the family, the country, and 'the death-days of those Popes to have been known to any one '400 years and more after their time, on which nothing is 'known to have been written by any of the ancients?'[1]

Chevalier Bunsen's promise appears to us of no real value in itself, if for no other reason, yet from the fact that in the glimpse Mr. Greenwood has given us of the manner in which it is to be performed, we detect at the very outset a flaw which must vitiate and render null and worthless the whole undertaking. He pledges himself to establish, among other things, his opinion that Linus and Cletus, the two Bishops who immediately succeeded the Apostles, sat together. This is, of course, the very idea we should expect from him on the subject, for it is that which he has already maintained in his 'Hippolytus;' yet it is one wholly unsupported by ancient authority. It began, says Bishop Pearson, with Rufinus in the fourth and fifth centuries, and it was certainly unknown to S. Irenæus or those who more immediately succeeded him. The ancients, as we have seen, agree in stating the order of the Bishops, and they also state decidedly that they succeeded each other, not that they were contemporary Bishops. We reject, then, the idea that there were two Bishops sitting at Rome (or anywhere else) at once: nor can even the labours and the learning of Baronius or Pagi convince us that Cletus and Anacletus were different persons; for the opinion is modern, and however imposing the authorities on which it rests, they are (with the one exception of the poem ascribed to Tertullian) mediæval and not ancient, and thus are not entitled to displace the express statements of S. Irenæus and other early writers who could not but have known the truth, and who are therefore the true sources to which we must look for a decision of the question. Eusebius, in the dates he assigns to S. Clement and his predecessors in his 'History' and 'Chronicon,' is not quite consistent with himself; yet we see no difficulty in accepting his general statement, (which agrees with that of S. Irenæus, and is supported by S. Jerome, in his 'De Script. Eccles.,') that, before S. Clement, there had sat two successive Bishops, whose united episcopates carry us down to the close of the first century. But because S. Clement, in chapters xl. and xli., seems to speak as if the service of the

[1] Ibid. cap. i. § 7.

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Temple at Jerusalem were still in existence, it has been concluded that he wrote that epistle, and therefore sat as Bishop of Rome, if not in A.D. 66, yet at latest before the destruction of the Temple in A.D. 70.[1] His words, however, as Cotelerius and others have observed, are not conclusive, or necessarily to be received in a literal sense. And if we may infer anything relating to questions of chronology from a document which is in no way concerned with such subjects, but is occupied with matters entirely different, we might rather perhaps bring up S. Clement as a witness on the other side of the question. For, further on in his Epistle, he complains that those whom the Apostles had ordained were unlawfully deprived of their offices, although they had, for a long time, been well regarded by all.[2] He says, that S. Paul wrote to the Corinthians 'in the beginning of the Gospel.'[3] He speaks of the martyrdom of that Apostle and S. Peter as if it had taken place some time back.[4] These, as Tillemont justly observes, are not the expressions of one who is describing the events of three or four years ago merely. All, therefore, that can be really decided on the question is, that at the latter end of the century, either in A.D. 70, or from 90 to 100, S. Clement was sitting in the see of Rome as its Bishop. We should not omit to state that Bishop Pearson, from his own calculations, supported by the authority, such as it is, of Eutychius, (for we conceive it will be readily agreed that of the two, Pearson would rather support him, than that he could give authority to any statement or conclusion of that great scholar,) gives a much earlier date to S. Clement, concluding his episcopate A.D. 83, some years before Eusebius and S. Jerome begin it. But among other difficulties to which his scheme gives rise, the Bishop is thus compelled to give S. Clement fourteen years, instead of the period from six to nine ascribed to him by ancient writers: that is, if it be fair to infer anything from an incomplete chapter of a posthumous, and perhaps unfinished work. At least those best entitled to decide, tell us that S. Clement died at the end of the century, and was succeeded by Evarestus; from whose time, whatever merely chronological difficulties there may be, the succession itself is without dispute.

But we will no further inflict on our readers a dry chronological dissertation on a subject which has charms for few; which, with the scanty materials afforded by history, can never

[1] 'The perpetual sacrifices, whether of prayers, or for sin and error, are not offered everywhere, but in Jerusalem alone, and not in every place there, but before the Temple, at the altar, and the offering is examined by the chief priest and the forementioned ministers.'

[2] Ep. § xliv. [3] Ib. § xlvii. [4] Ib. § v.

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be settled, and to enter fully into which would require a volume rather than a few pages.

Mr. Greenwood rejects, or at least greatly suspects, the works of S. Cyprian, thinking that they uphold too strongly the claims of the see of S. Peter.

'The Cyprianic theory coming so soon after the opinions expressed by Tertullian, Hippolytus, and Origen, is indeed too sudden and abrupt not to startle the student of ecclesiastical history: Cyprian himself shines out like a meteor—no one knowing whence it came, or whither it vanished—in the Christian atmosphere; and if we may take Tertullian as in any respect the mouthpiece of public opinion of Africa in his day, or Origen as the exponent of the Alexandrian Church upon the "Tu es Petrus," it must indeed surprise us, within thirty years of their times, to hear a voice from Africa not only re-echoing the broadest claim of the Bishop of Rome to the heirship of Peter, but boldly presenting him to the world as the representative of that sacramental unity beyond whose pale there is no Christian life here below, and no hope of salvation hereafter. Yet throughout the whole of the third century the hierarchical and monarchical principles appear to have proceeded *pari passu* towards that fulness of pretension we find them to have arrived at in the fourth. And, indeed, it is believed that the Cyprianic writings, or those among them which are most open to suspicion, must have seen the light before the close of the latter era—probably within the same period of time which gave birth to the Clementine and pseudo-Ignatian fictions.'—P. 110.

Like the works of S. Ignatius, they contain a different doctrine to Mr. Greenwood's own on the subject of the Christian priesthood; and they therefore meet the same fate—rejection. He decides peremptorily and at once—in a tone and manner, we must say, the least likely of any that he could well have adopted to influence the opinion of his readers—that they were produced 'certainly not earlier than the fourth century,' and by some 'writers' of that age—he unfortunately neglects to tell us whom. If this be so, we can only submit that S. Basil greatly needed Mr. Greenwood at his side, when he cited the opinion and custom of S. Cyprian with regard to the Novatians and other heretics,[1] expressed only in the writings hitherto thought his own, but now ruled otherwise. And S. Gregory Nazianzen was very much in the dark when he dedicated an entire oration to his life and doctrines, even selecting him as especially worthy of commemoration above other martyrs: σὺ δὲ μοὶ Κυπριανὲ τὸ τιμιώτατόν μοι καὶ πράγμα καὶ ὄνομα πλέον ἢ κατὰ τοὺς ἄλλους μάρτυρας. κ. τ. λ.[2] We must either side with these and other like authorities, as they have been considered, or with Mr. Greenwood.

To us there seems nothing extraordinary in the history of S. Cyprian. He was the first Bishop of note and the first martyr-Bishop of Carthage.[3] A Bishop who was a man of

[1] Vol. iii. pp. 269, 270. Ed. Bened.
[2] Orat. xviii.
[3] See his Life by Pontius.

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energy and ability might easily, one would think, gain for his see, during his life, a notoriety and an importance to which it had no intrinsic claim, and which it would lose on his death; without presenting any very great phenomenon in ecclesiastical history, much less necessitating his every act being questioned, and at last his very existence, against all common sense and reason, denied: yet this is in brief the case with S. Cyprian. It is very true that his works are garbled and disfigured by Romanist additions and interpolations; but a little care in the study of them will suffice to put the reader on his guard. Most of these blots have been introduced into the text since the time of Minucius, and they rest on the authority of one, or at the most, two MSS. only;[1] and Bishop Fell, in his edition of the martyr's works, has carefully noted at the foot of each page all that is not genuine or trustworthy. One cause of Mr. Greenwood's condemnation of an author whose actions and writings have as a whole as good testimony to authenticity as those of any primitive writer, is, we think, his having put too much faith in the Benedictine edition of his works. Thus he mistrusts the 'De Unitate Ecclesiæ,' on account of what he considers its undue development of the hierarchical system, and the prominent manner in which it enforces the claims of S. Peter. But the fact is, he has admitted more than one forged interpolation for a genuine reading. His extract from this piece is too long to be transferred to our pages; but we cannot avoid pointing out one or two instances in which the expressions that offend him, are not those which were written by S. Cyprian himself.

Thus, for the Latin, 'Super illum unum ædificat Ecclesiam suam, et illi pascendas mandat oves suas,' which Mr. Greenwood translates—'upon him (Peter) singly, He builded His Church, and to him He commits His sheep to be pastured'—read 'super unum ædificat,' and omit the whole of the latter clause. And in the following passage, the italicized words, which are most emphatic against the dogma of Petrine supremacy as held by modern Rome, he totally omits, 'Episcopatus unus est, *cujus a singulis in solidum pars tenetur.*' Hence, Rigaltius admits that nowhere in the 'De Unitate' is the primacy or the supremacy of S. Peter treated of, but the unity of the Church. 'Nay,' he continues, 'the primacy destroys the unity; for he who is one, is not first nor last, but is the only one.'[2] Considering how S. Cyprian himself, in another part of his writings, comments on the words in S. Matt. xvi. 18, which he quotes here; saying—'Hence, through the changes of time and of successions, the 'order of Bishops and the course of the Church flow down, that 'the Church may be placed upon Bishops, and every act of the 'Church be governed by those same præpositi;' and remembering

[1] See Fell's S. Cyprian, p. 76, note 2. [2] Fell's S. Cyprian, p. 77, note 1.

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also his emphatic repudiation, at the opening of the Council of Carthage (which discussed the subject of heretical baptisms), of any one Bishop making himself an 'episcopus episcoporum,' or compelling his colleagues to obey him through fear; and his assertion of the inalienable right which every Bishop has to judge and decide for himself: we think that there are, indeed, few writers of the early Church whose testimony is more adverse than his to claims such as those of modern Rome.

Our limited space compels us to pass over much that we should have wished, if possible, to notice. We must, therefore, confine our remaining observations to Mr. Greenwood's account of some of the chief movements and events of the Church. The chapters which contain the history of the Arian controversy are well and vigorously penned; but even in these the author's tendencies to mistrust occasionally peep out. He tells us in a brief note that the Œcumenical character of the Council of Nice is very doubtful; but gives us no reason for that opinion. Again, he says that its creed was signed by two hundred out of three hundred and twenty Bishops. Three hundred and eighteen is the mystical number commonly stated to have been present, of whom Socrates says that five, and Sozomen that seventeen only, refused to sign the creed. Even Philostorgius, who would of course make the best he could of the matter, says that the number of recusants was at first but twenty-two; and afterwards, when threats of banishment were held out against them, that two only, Secundus and Theonas, were found to remain firm to the cause of Arius. So, too, say Theodoret, Gothofred on Philostorgius, Cave, and others.

There are in this portion of the work one or two other inaccuracies of less note, such as the inadequate translation of a canon admitted and undoubted by Mr. Greenwood, of the (according to him) questionable and doubtful Council of Sardica: a Council which is, in fact, as well attested as any other event of the times. In his translation (p. 205), he omits the *εἰ δοκεῖ ὑμῶν τῇ ἀγάπῃ*—If it please your charity. The result of this omission is to make, so far, the cause of the Bishop of Rome better than it really is.[1]

But when we come to his account of the Pelagian and Nestorian heresies, we find much, especially in the latter, from which we are compelled to dissent. If we may judge from the little he has said, he seems to think that the truth in the former question lay with the semi-Pelagians rather than with S. Augus-

[1] Mr. Greenwood appears not to have consulted with much attention the work 'De Concordiâ Sacerdotii et Imperii,' of the great and learned Peter de Marca, Archbishop of Paris. In the fourth and following chapters of his seventh book, he would have found much tending to strengthen his view; as also in the first volume, page 48 and following, of the 'Historia Conciliorum' of Richer.

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tine or with the Pelagians; for he considers Divine grace to be not the *sole*, but merely the *principal* efficient cause of our salvation, after the sacrifice of the Cross; which, of the three doctrines then held on the subject, is, in essence, that of the semi-Pelagians. And we think that he is somewhat unjust to S. Augustine, when he says that 'he (Augustine) succeeded in 'obtaining from the two synods of the Numidian and Mauri-'tanian provinces of Africa a formal and unqualified condemna-'tion of the alleged heresies' (p. 285). The account of those Councils shows no other influence used by S. Augustine on the component members, than that which would inevitably be exercised by one of so great name and power over ordinary persons. And we strongly object to the terms in which Mr. Greenwood suffers himself to speak of the great S. Jerome, a doctor to whom the whole Church owes so much. At one time (p. 269), he terms him 'an atrabilious eremite,' and now he says, 'the fierce Jerome fixed his talons into the Pelagians,' &c.

He errs too, most seriously and most remarkably, when, throwing the onus of the Nestorian heresy on S. Cyril and the Church, he says that men 'had exalted the Virgin Mary to the eminence of Divinity, under the title of Theotokos' (p. 326); and that it was this object of religious veneration before which, by this time, almost the whole Christian world had bowed the knee, which Nestorius attacked. Mr. Greenwood forgets that it was not above fifty years, at the furthest, since S. Epiphanius had written his piece against the Collyridian heresy, in which everything approaching to worship of the Blessed Virgin Mary is expressly and indignantly forbidden, as a form of idolatry; and in which he says so emphatically—*Ναὶ μὴν ἅγιον ἦν τὸ σῶμα τῆς Μαρίας· οὐ μὴν Θέος. Ναὶ δὴ παρθένος ἦν ἡ Παρθένος, καὶ τετιμημένη, ἀλλ' οὐκ εἰς προσκύνησιν ἡμῖν δοθεῖσα, ἀλλὰ προσκυνοῦσα τὸν ἐξ αὐτῆς σαρκὶ γεγεννημένον ἄπ' οὐρανῶν δὲ ἐκ κόλπων πατρῴων παραγεννόμενον.*[1]

But we can scarcely wonder if his account of the Nestorian heresy is somewhat confused; for, to him, the doctrine of S. Cyril is 'scarcely intelligible;' and that of Nestorius himself involves a 'mystical and unexplained combination of the humanity and divinity.' He leans throughout to the side of Nestorius, in whom he sees only the victim of an attempt to remove a crying abuse. With him S. Cyril 'revels in mysticism;' is 'a teacher of a new and peculiar dogma;' 'is calculated only to entangle and perplex his adversaries;' is 'one who filled the Christian world with pamphlet clamour.'

The truth is, that the dignity of the Blessed Virgin Mary was in no manner the subject of this controversy. Nestorius

[1] Collyrid. Her., lxxix. § 4.

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was condemned not for endeavouring to put a period to her worship, but for striking at the root of the doctrine of the Incarnation. The question between the Church with S. Cyril, and Nestorius was, whether Christ was merely a man inhabited by the personal Son and Word of God dwelling in him the personal Son of Mary, as He dwelt in S. Paul or S. John; or whether the union of the Godhead and manhood were personal, and made one Son and one person only: whether it were merely an inhabitation of God in man, by a mere moral union, or 'union of honour;' or whether it were a personal oneness of God and man. Denying the hypostatic union, Nestorius inevitably denied the Incarnation; and to this his heresy tends. The word 'Theotokos' had been in use long before the days of Nestorius, as Suicer would have shown Mr. Greenwood, had he consulted his pages. There was, too, an Arian taint in, and in connexion with, this heresy, as has been shown by more than one of its historians: and thus it was no mere hair-splitting, but the denial of at least one vital doctrine of Christianity, against which S. Cyril was called on to stand.[1]

Mr. Greenwood also reflects on S. Cyril as having acted in an arbitrary and one-sided manner in the Council of Ephesus; and instead of condemning the irregular conduct of Nestorius' ally, John of Antioch, for pretending to hold a Council by himself, and for his presumption in taking on him to excommunicate S. Cyril, he sees in him 'the only right-minded leader on either side.'

[1] We remember the words of the deepest and most earnest teacher of the truth of this profound mystery which the later Church has seen, and which show us, in their fulness and rich abundance, the poverty of almost everything else that has been said on the subject:—'Some things He doth as God, because His Deity alone is the well-spring from which they flow; some things as man, because they issue from His mere human nature; some things jointly, as both God and man, because both natures concur as principles thereunto' . . . . 'A kind of mutual commutation there is, whereby those concrete names *God* and *Man*, when we speak of Christ, do take interchangeably one another's room, so that for truth of speech, it skilleth not whether we say that the Son of God hath created the world, and the Son of Man by his death hath saved it; or else, that the Son of Man did create, and the Son of God died to save the world. Howbeit, as oft as we attribute to God what the manhood of Christ claimeth, or to man what His deity hath right unto, we understand by the name of God and the name of Man, neither the one nor the other nature, but the whole person of Christ, in whom both natures are. When the Apostle saith of the Jews that they crucified the Lord of Glory, and when the Son of Man being on earth affirmeth that the Son of Man was in heaven at the same instant, there is in these two speeches that mutual circulation, before mentioned. In the one, there is attributed to God, or the Lord of Glory, death, whereof Divine nature is not capable; in the other, ubiquity unto man, which human nature admitteth not. Therefore, by the Lord of Glory we must needs understand the whole person of Christ, who, being Lord of Glory, was indeed crucified, but not in that nature for which He is termed the Lord of Glory. In like manner, by the Son of Man the whole person of Christ must necessarily be meant, who, being man upon earth, filled heaven with His glorious presence; but not according to that nature for which the title of Man is given Him.'—*Hooker*, book v. chap. liii. §§ 3, 4.

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We should wonder at this favour shown by Mr. Greenwood to the defeated Heresiarch, and the aversion he manifests to S. Cyril, did he not, in many other places of his work, betray that characteristic of the school to which he belongs, of sympathising with heretical teachers, and casting opprobrium on their opponents. It seems to be considered by those who allow themselves in this custom to be more profound and original, to enunciate views and give relations of events quite different to those of previous historians; as if the latter had been wholly mistaken, and it were now the privilege of their more happy and clear-sighted followers to put them right.

And, as might be expected, S. Cyril, who finds so little favour with Mr. Greenwood in relation to his conduct in the Nestorian heresy, is to be made responsible for that of Eutyches. We prefer to follow the forcible and true view given by Hooker:

'But forasmuch as S. Cyril, the chiefest of those two hundred Bishops assembled in the Council of Ephesus, where the heresy of Nestorius was condemned, had in his writings against the Arians avouched that the Word or Wisdom of God hath *but one nature* which is eternal, and whereunto he assumed flesh . . . . . again, forasmuch as the same Cyril had given instance in the body and soul of man no farther than only to enforce by example against Nestorius, that a visible and invisible, a mortal and immortal substance may united make *one person*, the words of Cyril were in process of time so taken as though it had been his drift to teach, that even as in us the body and the soul, so in Christ God and man make but *one nature*. Of which error, six hundred and thirty fathers in the Council of Chalcedon condemned Eutyches.'[1]

It seems to us impossible to doubt that S. Cyril did not hold anything like Eutychianism. He had to do with heretics who held two natures without union, and therefore two persons. To repress this, as far as in him lay, S. Cyril had necessarily to lay all possible stress on the fact of the *oneness:* he seems indeed to extend this oneness from the person to the natures; but whether (as Hooker in the above passage, and others, think) he meant 'person' by 'nature' or not, he is clearly opposed to the peculiar tenet of Eutyches; for he says, 'Each remains 'in its natural propriety, and being unspeakably made one, 'there is one nature, but incarnated;'—'Ἓν ἰδιότητι, τῇ κατὰ φύσιν, ἑκατέρου μένοντος τε καὶ νοουμένου,'[2] is as far as it goes equivalent to, and expresses precisely the same doctrine, as the grander and more developed words of S. Leo in his letter to Flavian:—

'Agit enim utraque forma cum alterius communione, quod proprium est. Verbo silicet operante quod verbi est, et carne exsequente quod carnis est.'

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[1] Book v. chap. lii. § 4.

[2] Epist. post. ad Succens. The question is fully discussed by Petavius, De Incarn. Lib. iv. cap. vi. vii. viii.

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And—

'Ut agnosceretur in eo proprietas divinæ humanæque naturæ, individua permanere.' (Chap. v.)

And lastly, in that to Julian—

'Idem enim et sempiternus ex Patre, et temporalis ex Matre; in sua virtute inviolabilis, in nostra infirmitate passibilis: in Deitate Trinitatis cum Patre et Spiritu Sancto unius ejusdémque naturæ; in susceptione autem hominis non unius substantiæ, sed unius ejusdémque personæ; ut idem esset dives in paupertate, omnipotens in objectione, impassibilis in supplicio, immortalis in morte. Nec enim Verbum aut in carnem, aut in animam aliqua sui parte conversum est; cûm simplex et incommutabilis natura Deitatis, tota in sua sit semper essentia, nec damnum sui recipiens, nec augmentum: et sic assumtam naturam beatificans, ut glorificata in glorificante permaneat.'—P. 246.

S. Cyril, in the first part of the sentence quoted above, expressly denies any such confusion of the humanity with the Divinity, or conversion into it, or cessation of the natural properties of each nature, as Eutyches taught. In the first clause he teaches the '*utriusque naturæ proprietates*,' afterwards denied by Eutyches; and, in the second, he opposes the doctrine of Nestorius. It was no fault of his if afterwards, Eutyches, relying upon words and expressions, perverted his true and essential meaning. Whatever that Heresiarch or his followers may pretend, he has not 'the Doctor of the Humanity' for his master; and we cannot, for our own part, doubt, that could S. Cyril himself have been appealed to on the question, he would have indignantly repudiated any fellowship with the doctrine he is supposed to have originated.

The last point we can notice is the account of the life and acts of S. Leo. The chapters given to these are by far the best in the book, and form a truly valuable addition to ecclesiastical history. There are indeed one or two statements, as regards the doctrinal part of the subject, to which we can hardly assent. Mr. Greenwood does not see, as he did with S. Cyril and Nestorius, merely one Bishop persecuting another for a point difficult of comprehension, and of little or no moment in itself, in which, perhaps, the condemned was more right than his judge: he acknowledges that the Eutychians were heretics, and that their doctrine did require to be suppressed; but he hardly seems to have apprehended rightly S. Leo's own doctrine or duty in the question. He says that S. Leo took the task on himself 'of so 'framing a theory of the Incarnation, as to steer a middle course 'between the Nestorian and Eutychian doctrines of the two 'natures in Christ.' (P. 492.) The Church's truths are not formed by the theorizing of her individual Doctors; and S. Leo's duty was not to construct any opinion or system merely his own (which would necessarily have been rejected as such), but to declare authoritatively what was the teaching of Holy Scripture

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and the Church on the subject; and this he has most effectually done. Again, when Mr. Greenwood says that—

'S. Leo contended against the hypostatic union, and had easy work in refuting the opinion that the Son of God had not been born, lived, suffered, and died as God manifest in the flesh,' (p. 494,)

he seems, unless there is some strange mistake in the print, to make him hold opinions contrary to each other. On the one hand, to oppose the hypostatic union would be to commit himself to Nestorianism: and, on the other hand, to maintain that the Son of God was born and died, was to assert the Catholic faith against that heresy; in fact, to teach, not to oppose the hypostatic union. And he is in error too in thinking that S. Leo, in his letter to Flavian, 'uses the word *forma*, as synonymous with *persona*.' (P. 493.) If so, in the following passage of that letter he teaches pure Nestorianism,—

'Sicut enim Deus non mutatur miseratione, ita homo non consumitur dignitate. Agit enim utraque forma cum alterius communione quod proprium est. Verbo scilicet operante quod Verbi est, et carne exsequente quod carnis est.'[1]

The context clearly fixes the meaning of '*forma*' as synonymous with '*natura*,' and not with '*persona*.' We take the '*utraque forma*' here to be equivalent to the '*utrâque naturâ*' in the following passage, which forms the commencement of the next chapter of the Epistle.

'Propter hanc ergo unitatem personæ in utrâque naturâ intelligendam, et filius, hominis legitur descendisse de cœlo, cùm filius Dei carnem de eâ Virgine, de quâ est natus, assumserit.'[2]

In fact, S. Leo's '*utraque forma*' has the same force as S. Paul's *μορφὴν δοῦλου λαβὼν*; or as it is in the Vulgate, '*formam servi accipiens:*' i. e., not having two personalities, but taking human nature.

Mr. Greenwood has, however, effectually proved his main point, that S. Leo greatly advanced the power and assumption of the see of Rome; partly, however, from the nature of the case, and partly from having been compelled to give so much space to prior and more important questions, we are under the necessity of referring our readers for proof of this assertion to Mr. Greenwood's own pages. It would be an injustice too, both to his subject and to himself, to attempt to compress or give an abbreviated account of his able statements of the matter.

Before we adopt an author's conclusions, we must be sure that we can accept his premises; and we regret that such has not always been the case with this, in the main, valuable and carefully written work. Whatever be Mr. Greenwood's mistakes, or as we think his fundamental errors, his main point, we repeat, is proved: that the modern claims of the Church of

[1] Epistola ad Flavianum, Cap. iv. [2] Epist. ad. Fla. Cap. v.

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Rome are not apostolic, and were not known to the early ages of the Church; and therefore cannot, of necessity, claim either our faith or obedience.

In parting from Mr. Greenwood, on the one hand, we are pleased to see that he has the application requisite for the production of some great work; and what is more, the faith to labour without looking for any reward, and the patience not to rush before the world with anything imperfect or unfinished, or written merely to sell; he can await the poet's prescribed period—

> '——— Nonumque prematur in annum,
> Membranis intus positis,'[1]

or if necessary, double the time, until he sees that his work is really perfect. But with all respect for his standing and achievements in a difficult field of literature, we would say, let him be on his guard against something in his pages not unlike self-confidence, that not seldom jars on his reader's mind; and an occasional tendency arbitrarily to lay down the law on dogmatic questions, which no single individual, even though he were a Doctor of the Church, can or ought to decide. In addition, he should cast off the undue influence he at present accords to the opinions of Chevalier Bunsen, and the, we must say, falsely called critical school, of which he has been allowed to become the coryphæus.

Lastly, let him bear in mind, that the Christian Church was never meant to be simply an arena for the contention of conflicting intellects, nor her faith a subject for mere logical and scholastic disquisitions. Without their wonderful grace to do and to endure, the ancient champions of the faith could never have attained the place they hold in the favour of God and the estimation of men; and a single good action done, or one injury borne, for the truth, is of more value in the sight of God than the most subtle and profound exhibition in her cause of the mere powers of intellect. The work of the Church is not done—it is, at best, but begun—when she has laid down her definitions and stated her verities.

Bearing this in mind, and perhaps a little subduing his tone in accordance with it, the continuation of his work which Mr. Greenwood half promises us, will, at least by us, be gladly welcomed; and the faults we have now ventured to point out being amended, we doubt not that the Church will yet give among her historians, a high rank to the Author of the 'Cathedra Petri.'

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[1] Horace, De Arte Poetica.

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ART. II.—*The Illustrated Handbook of Architecture* (*with* 850 *Illustrations on Wood*). By JAMES FERGUSSON, M.R.I.B.A. London: Murray. 1855.

FOREMOST among the books of modern days which have most enlarged our acquaintance with the aspect of other countries, stand those on physical geography. In them the accumulated wealth of ages of investigation and explorations, the results of patient study and deep research, are alike embodied and exhibited at one glance to the eye of the eager inquirer.

It may, indeed, have been in our memory from school days that the vine will not ripen its fruit northward of such or such a point—that the olive will not endure the cold beyond the valley of this or that river; but the facts float in the mind with the vagueness of a mere theory. Let us open the volume—the mists are dispelled at once. Those delicate lines which bend across the surface of Europe with the curving flow of a dishevelled tendril, once seen, will not soon be forgotten. Modified, it may be, by a thousand varying influences—here gliding down the course of a river—here hedged in by the wall-like ridges of some mountain chain—here yielding to the softening breathings of some ocean current, wafted from the islands of the tropics to fade away among the icebergs of Scandinavia—the line, gentle as its course may appear, is nevertheless inexorable as fate. It marks the limits of a decree, resistless as that which meted out the bounds of the ocean, determinate as that which fixed the duration of human life.

The service thus rendered by science to geography, Mr. Fergusson has now as ably performed for architecture. He is the Jussieu of what we may call the natural orders of his art. In his pages, it is the history not of the limits of tribes of plants, but of tribes of men, which is marked out by the forms of their habitations and temples. And often, as in geological diagrams, the original stratum is found strangely dislocated, or the monuments of inhabitants who dwelt on a surface, now buried fathoms deep by the irruption of some later formation, are reduced to a few fragments of bones scattered and water-worn. So here we may trace the influence of Assyria on India, again on Greece, and on Imperial Rome. We may learn how the passes over the Alps were as carefully garrisoned by the Romans as by the power which now grasps the north of Italy.

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And in the south of Spain mark the influence which the volcanic invasion of the Moors exercised over the fierce spirits of the Iberian peninsula. There were manuals in abundance, and charts in abundance, before Mr. Fergusson's book appeared. Individual kingdoms had been carefully mapped and described; but no Englishman, up to his time, had ever truly taken all architecture to be his portion. From the east to the west, from the north to the south, no region of any importance is without an illustration from his ready pencil, or without a concise clever *résumé* of the leading features of the styles which prevailed within its boundaries. In central Europe we notice one omission alone of any importance. We could wish that the same knowledge which sketched out the history of Etruscan architecture and the extent to which it modified Roman art, had done as much for those Druidical remains which still linger among us, like the leaves on an oak into the late spring. It is true they have faded away, and left the world no copy. It is true that even in this age of universal plagiarism, no one has ever thought of raising a new Stonehenge. But yet the history of those scattered stones is not altogether to be despised. It is very singular to observe how the earliest inhabitants in Europe, as in Africa, were gradually driven up to the extreme edge of the land. The buildings they left are rough, it is true; but the great Dolmen of Pontigné, near Saumur, is far better preserved than the sepulchres of the Horatii and Curiatii on the Appian Way. The early British fortification which guards the wave-worn promontory of the Logan Stone, is as distinctly marked as the ruins of the Roman station on the corresponding spit of land at the entrance of the Morbihan, placed to curb the proud spirit of the Veneti. And the view of the sunset through the long avenue of grey pillars at Carnac—over that landscape, broken only beside by the undulations of the firm granite substratum, scarcely veiled from sight by the short thin grass, which slopes down to the blue waves of the ever restless Atlantic—may well deserve to remain in the memory, even by the side of those long ranges of piers of mournful aqueducts, which, like the bridge in the vision of Mirza, span with their broken desolation the solitude of the Campagna of Rome.

But the wonder is, far rather, at the enormous storehouse of material which this book contains. And here let Mr. Fergusson speak for himself. After recapitulating the works of those who have partially occupied the ground before—from worthy old Agincourt, with his Gothic emanating as a style from the ideas awakened in the mind by the crossing of a whale's jaw-bone, or the interlacing of the boughs of a forest, down to Mr. Gwilt—he very modestly says:—

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'As these works have failed in utilising the immense mass of information now available (either from being published too early, or from other causes), it is believed that there is still room for another attempt, which, without being too popular, should yet be intelligible in every part to the general reader, and without attempting to be scientific, should from its comprehensiveness convey, even to the professional artist, a certain amount of knowledge not easily accessible to all. It can, of course, make no pretensions to compete with the splendid monographies of individual buildings which crowd the shelves of an architectural library, nor even with the separate and detailed histories of local styles. The study of these is indispensable to a perfect acquaintance with the subject; but even this may be facilitated by a general *résumé* of the whole.'

The difficulties in arranging the materials are then summarily disposed of by the *mezzo termine* of a plan, partly chronological, partly topographical. India leads the way with a description of Buddhist architecture. We might, perhaps, be inclined to quarrel, on the very threshold, with an arrangement which starts with a style which cannot, on its own showing, go back to a period earlier, at most, than 250 B.C.; but the convenience of the plan outweighs other considerations. In the very first views, we are confronted with the Assyrian honeysuckle ornament. It is very interesting to meet a decoration domiciled here, which, *vid* Greece, is now as completely acclimatized in Europe as in the land which originally adopted those graceful lines. The rock-hewn temples and monasteries succeed; the cave at Karli, on the road between Bombay and Poonah, stands first on the list. It seems perfectly clear that all these rock-hewn cave temples are imitated from constructed buildings—the long rows of columns, the wooden ribs in the curved ceilings, alike indicate this; and the plans and arrangement so closely follow far more modern structures, that it is scarcely possible to escape the conclusion that the ascribed date, A.D. 78, is decidedly earlier than the truth.

The caves and excavated temples of Ellora are next described. Mr. Fergusson has possessed the great advantage of having personally explored the buildings described in this section of his work, and he has largely availed himself of this advantage. But we can hardly forgive him for the remorseless accuracy of calculation with which he destroys at one unkind blow, unkind and perfectly irresistible, a treasured belief of our younger years, when the inspection of a glorious copy of Daniell's views in Hindostan was a rare treat, highly valued. In those happy days of ignorance the caves of Ellora held a place, *pari passu*, with the pyramids of Egypt in our fancy, and, we doubt not, in the imaginations of many more; but listen to Mr. Fergusson:—

'Considerable misconception exists on the subject of cutting temples in the rock. Almost every one who sees these temples, is struck with the apparently prodigious amount of labour bestowed on their excavation; and there is no doubt that their monolithic character is the principal source

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of the awe and wonder with which they have been regarded, and that, had the Kylas been an edifice of masonry, situated on the plain, it would scarcely have attracted the attention of European travellers at all. In reality, however, it is considerably easier and less expensive to excavate a temple than to build one. Take, for instance, the Kylas, the most wonderful of all this class. To excavate the area on which it stands would require the removal of about 100,000 cubic yards of rock; but, as the base of the temple is solid, and the superstructure massive, it occupies in round numbers about one-half of the excavated area, so that the question is simply this—whether it is easier to chip away 50,000 yards of rock, and to shoot it, to spoil it (to borrow a railway term) down a hill-side, or to quarry 50,000 cubic yards of stone, remove it, probably a mile at least, to the place where the temple is to be built, and then to raise and set it. The excavating process would probably cost about one-tenth of the other. The sculpture and ornament would be the same in both instances, more especially in India, where buildings are always set up in block, and the carving executed in situ. Nevertheless, the impression produced on spectators by those monolithic masses—their unalterable character, and appearance of eternal durability—point to the process as one meriting more attention than it has hitherto received in modern times.'

There is one objection, however, to this process being followed to any considerable extent—the comparative rareness of instances in which suitable rocks are found in suitable places for sites of temples, cathedrals, or even great national monuments. The mountain must be brought piecemeal to Mahomet, since in this case Mahomet cannot go to the mountain. We must not, however, tarry longer here, though the magnificent landing-places or ghâts, and the elegant balcony at Benares, the latest specimens of native art, compared with the bald mass which English designers have erected as the palace of the Governor-general at Calcutta, might suggest matter for curious speculation. No instance could be selected more confirmatory of the judgment, enforced by Messrs. Fergusson and Ruskin, that the imitative styles of modern Europe are destitute alike of truth and of vitality.

The characteristic features of the Chinese are happily exhibited in one short chapter; so few have been the changes of style in that land, the main stronghold of tradition. From China we are conducted at once to America. Here the labours of Messrs. Catherwood and Pentland are put into requisition. The singular straight sided arches at Uxmal, in Yucatan, are duly commented on. The hosts of theories which have traced the architecture of these lands to every source that was possible, and some that were scarcely so, are likewise chronicled. After which the common sense of the author wells out afresh.

'A far more tempting field of speculation is to trace the similarities which exist between this style and that of Egypt, of Pelasgia or Assyria, of China, Mongolia, &c.; and certainly there are striking similarities to many of these; the essential differences are, however, on the other hand so remarkable, that, though it is impossible to deny the coincidences, it is far

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safer, for the present at least, to ascribe them to the common instincts implanted by Nature in all the varieties of the human race, which lead all mankind, in certain climates and at a certain stage of civilization, to do the same thing in the same way, or nearly so, even without any teaching, or previous communication with those who have done so before.'

The Peruvians rather excelled in engineering than in architecture. During the reigns of their last Incas they constructed a great road from their oldest capital, Cuzco, to Sinca.

'The road itself was, perhaps, the most extraordinary work of their race, being built of large blocks of hard stone, fitted together with the greatest nicety, and so well constructed as to remain entire to the present day, where uninjured by the hand of man.'

The fortifications of one of the termini of this great causeway, Cuzco, are very singular. They rival the works of mediæval Italian engineers, and go far to prove that their proverb, *Duro con duro, non fa buon muro,* is not of universal application.

'They are composed of immense blocks of limestone, of polygonal form, but beautifully fitted together; and some of the stones are eight and ten feet in length, by at least half as many in width and length, and weigh from fifteen to twenty tons; these are piled one over the other in three successive terraces, and are arranged with a degree of skill nowhere else to be met with in any work of fortification anterior to the age of gunpowder. To use a modern term, it is a fortification *en tenaille;* the re-entering angles are all right angles, so contrived that every part is seen, and as perfectly flanked in as the best European fortifications of the present day. It is not a little singular that this perfection should have been reached by a rude people in Southern America, while it escaped the Greeks and Romans, as well as the mediæval engineers.'

After these excursions, Mr. Fergusson, with whom we are rejoiced to turn from the New World to the Old, places us by the side of the cradle of civilized architecture which was first rocked on the banks of the Euphrates. Till within the last fourteen years, the whole architecture of Assyria was a blank. Recent discoveries have done much to fill up the gap, and we may now say that we know the head waters of the rills of Assyria, as well as of Egypt; their united streams are the sources of all European architecture. Mr. Layard's careful and conscientious transcripts give not only the groundwork, but, with Sir H. Rawlinson's essays, nearly the whole material of this section. We do not know whether we owe to their, or Mr. Fergusson's courage, the plan and elevation of Birs Nimroud, in which not merely the form of that now perfectly shapeless mass, from which every inch of original outline has been long since melted by the rain of centuries, is restored to it; but the colour also is assigned to each successive stage.

Persia, and the very interesting tomb of Cyrus, follow next. Syria, and the buildings of Solomon, form a chapter by them-

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selves, though short as the history of the dynasty which he founded. 'How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people!' While many walls of the palace of Xerxes yet stand, whilst sculptures from Nimroud, of far earlier date, are still perfect as the day they were first carved, one capital alone, doubtfully ascribed to the age of Herod, remains to attest the glory of those sacred buildings which once crowned the Hill of Sion.

Lycia is the next point on the panorama. The oldest structures are the tumuli of Tantalais, which, though wholly of stone, bear so strong a family likeness to those of Magna Græcia, that 'they seem as if left there most opportunely to authenticate the tradition of the Etruscans having sailed from this port for Italy.' Next in age, follow a remarkable series of monuments, which, whether rock-cut, or constructed, 'indicate distinctly a wooden origin;' in one instance 'all the mortices and framing, even to the pins that held them together, being literally rendered in the stonework.' Sometimes these tombs are surmounted with 'a curvilinear roof of pointed form, also in all its parts a copy of an original in wood.' Sometimes a flat roof is substituted, 'nearly similar to those common in the country at the present day, consisting of beams of unsquared timber, laid side by side as close as they can be laid, and over these a mass of concrete, or clay, sufficiently thick to prevent the rain from penetrating through,' but all hewn in the living rock. No other architecture of the Western world exhibits such distinct instances of petrified carpentry.

We are then conducted to Egypt. Mr. Fergusson, finding that the *best* authorities for the date of the great Pyramid differ between themselves for the trifling period of 2,400 years, wisely avoids the useless controversy, and contents himself with stating facts which can really be seen, and inferences which may fairly be drawn. He seems, however, bent on striking another of the prized wonders of the world off the list.

'The early Egyptians built neither for beauty nor for use, but for eternity. To this last they sacrificed every other feeling. In itself nothing can be less artistic than a pyramid. A tower, either round or square, or of any other form, and of the same dimensions, would have been far more imposing; and if of sufficient height, the mass being the same, might almost attain to sublimity; but a pyramid never looks as large as it is, and not till you almost touch it can you be brought to believe that its dimensions are so great as they are. This is owing principally to all its parts sloping away from the eye, instead of boldly challenging observation; but on the other hand, no form is so stable, none so capable of resisting the injuries of time or force, and none, consequently, so well calculated to attain the object for which the Pyramids were erected. As examples of technic art, they are unrivalled among the works of men, but they rank among the lowest if judged by the æsthetic rules of architectural art.'

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The further Mr. Fergusson voyages up the Nile, the warmer, as it is to be expected, his feelings become. Though he sees little to admire in the gigantic structures of Memphis, he makes up for this hardness of judgment by devout admiration in the shrines of Thebes. The Rhamession receives much praise, but he fairly bows down and worships in the hypostyle hall, at Karnac. There are great outworks of colonnades; the hall itself is '340 feet by 170, and with its two pylons covers more 'than 88,000 square feet, a greater area than Cologne, the 'largest of all our northern cathedrals.' The general arrangement consists of enormous rows of columns, dividing the building into many aisles.

'But no language can convey an idea of its beauty, and no artist has yet been able to reproduce its form so as to convey, to those who have not seen it, an idea of its grandeur. The mass of its central piers, illumined by a flood of light from the clerestory, and the smaller pillars of the wings gradually fading into obscurity, are so arranged and so lighted, as to convey an idea of infinite space; at the same time, the beauty and massiveness of the forms, and the brilliancy of their coloured decorations, all combine to stamp this as the greatest of man's architectural works.'

If the earlier works of Egypt have a stronger hold on our author's admiration, the later structures appear to possess a greater claim on his sympathies. In describing the Ptolemaic temple on the island of Phylæ, he says:—

'No Gothic architect, in his wildest moments, ever played so freely with his lines or dimensions, and none, it must be added, ever produced any thing so beautifully picturesque as this. It contains all the play of light and shade, all the variety of Gothic art, with the massiveness and grandeur of the Egyptian style. It is true, it is far less sublime than many, but hardly one can be quoted as more beautiful than it is.'

Before bidding the Egyptians farewell, Mr. Fergusson vindicates their character from the imputation of ignorance of the use of the arch in construction. The strong desire that they and their works should last to the latest posterity, exemplified alike in their mode of sepulture and their tombs, appears to have caused them to decline to use this method of construction in all cases where, by so doing, the security of the building was rendered in the slightest degree doubtful.

From Egypt, Mr. Fergusson sails with the stream of architecture to Greece; and thenceforward with only a few short excursions, he abides in Europe altogether. The scanty relics of Pelasgic art proper are considered first. To attempt any argument from drawings merely, is alike difficult and extra liable to error; and the materials in this case are very scanty. But there appears to be a decided family likeness between the lions at Mycenæ, and their celebrated brethren who grimly

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guard the entrance to the arsenal at Venice; the fiercest of whom bears those celebrated Runic carvings, the admiration and the despair of successive generations of inquirers. There likewise appears a decided generic resemblance between the decoration of the broken pillar in front of the Tomb of Atreus, and the recognised forms of Runic carving. What, if all these should really be contemporary? What if they should be the sole surviving relics in evidence of a time when the Scandinavian races dominated in the sunny regions of the south?

It is strange, yet a source of hope, to find that the style with which the Greeks started on that race which they ran with such pre-eminent skill and success, was an imported, we may truly say, a borrowed style. Strange, because at first sight one would conclude that those who could employ the style so powerfully must have been more than mere copyists; a source of hope to those who, like us, have to be content with borrowing, when we see to what glories of perfection even imitators may rise, when they consult precedents, not to fetter themselves with their weight, but simply and earnestly to employ those riches of the accumulations of ages the best way they can.

Mr. Fergusson proceeds to instance the models followed. In the history of architecture, as of other things—

> ——'All experience is the arch wherethro'
> Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades
> For ever and for ever as we move.'

The origin of the style of the Doric temple at Corinth is referred to the rock-cut shrine at Beni-Hassan; what future Bruce or Fergusson shall discover for us the source whence that also 'is most indisputably copied?' The history of the various 'orders' follows, clear, concise, and intelligible. We miss, however, the 'braids of hair,' and the charming story of the basket and acanthus leaf. When we opened on the early Corinthian capital, entwined also with the honeysuckle ornament, we had hoped there might have been at least some delightful story to account for that elegant device; but no; 'Les plus belles choses ont le pire destin.' All these cherished traditions are summarily knocked on the head by the announcement that 'the Corinthian 'order is as essentially borrowed from the bell-shaped capitals of 'Egypt, as the Doric is from their oldest pillars.' However ruthless in this way Mr. Fergusson may be, he deserves the highest praise for the common sense with which he names his examples from the source whence they come, as, order 'of the choragic monument of Lysicrates,' order 'of the Tower of the Winds, Athens; the fact being, we believe, as we shall see more clearly with the help of the greater number of examples extant at Rome,

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that no two examples exactly correspond. The architect, dealing with a living style, in fact moulded each 'order' with reference to the individual requirements of the position and *entourage* of the site, or else invented what appears to us a caprice, to avoid monotony. Was it likely that a race of men who could devise a convex profile, of a very delicate hyperbolic curve, to the extent of $\frac{1}{110}$ of the whole height of the pillars of the Parthenon—who could carry the architrave 'upwards, so as to form 'a very flat arch, just sufficient to correct the optical delusion 'arising from the interference of the sloping lines of the pedi-'ment'—would confine themselves within the formal etiquette of a rigid mannerism? The want of these delicate attentions, it is most justly observed, cause that rigidity and poverty observable in all modern copies from these styles. Mr. Fergusson's hypothesis as to the manner of lighting the Grecian temples by a kind of clerestory, obtained by countersinking into the roof, so as in fact to form three ridges, appears to us ingenious as well as probable.

In Hellas, as well as in Egypt, the age of picturesqueness appears to have succeeded the age of grandeur. One of the latest works,

'the Erechtheium, consisted, properly speaking, of three temples grouped together, and it is astonishing what pains the architect took to prevent their being mistaken for one. The porticos of two of them are on different levels, and the third or caryatide porch is of a different height and different style. Every one of these features is perfectly symmetrical in itself, and the group is beautifully balanced and arranged; and yet no Gothic architect in his wildest moments could have conceived anything more picturesquely irregular than the whole becomes.'

With regard to the palatial and domestic architecture of Greece we can only join our regret to Mr. Fergusson's, that so few specimens of the manner in which they were treated remain. But the gap in the links of the chain is here utterly irreparable.

Mr. Fergusson approaches Roman architecture through the porch of Etruria. And very justly; for the influence that power exercised over the empire which subjugated and assimilated everything within the limits of its sway is most remarkable. To Etruscan architects the first buildings in Rome which aspired to be more than the hut of Romulus must be ascribed. The skill with which they constructed is attested by the fact that the Cloaca Maxima still ably performs the functions for which it was originally designed. And if, at this very day, you climb the long slope of the Aventine hill, and seek out the *Vigna del Collegio Romano*, and pass beneath the trellised vines, beneath whose shade the students and fathers

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every Thursday take their weekly recreation, you may see, on the brow of the declivity which overlooks the Monte Testaccio and the pyramid of Caius Sestius, the stones of the walls, perfect as when first imbedded in the mortar, which were compacted into the form they still hold in the days of monarchical Rome. One thing is to be observed in all their early arches: the voussoirs were curved equally on both sides: as if these primitive builders thought there was some spell in the arch form, which could not hold good unless both sides of the stone were served alike. Though in Rome the 'orders' were a step further from their primary source, they were applied with the same dashing originality as in Greece. Mr. Fergusson appears almost bewildered by the *embarras de richesses* of his details. After speaking of the Corinthian order, and naming many buildings constructed in it, he continues—

'Besides these, there are at least fifty varieties of Corinthian capitals, either in Rome or in various parts of the Roman empire.'

The real explanation of which we take to be, simply, that so many more examples of Roman work being preserved than of earlier styles, we have exactly so many more modifications according to the requirement of each building. Every architect, in fact, varied his arrangements according to his own individual views—keeping just that general agreement to the required outlines of the style which was requisite to enable the building to be considered within its limits—to be ranked as the offspring of a free, not of a licentious architecture. Compare the portico of the Maison Carrée with that of the Pantheon, and scarce two details will be found to correspond. Compare again the proportions of the temple at Tivoli with the temple of Vesta at Rome. The one contains the 'stoutest' and the other the 'slenderest example of a Corinthian column known.'

'It may be, however, that this difference of style has no connexion with the relative age of the two buildings, but is merely an instance of the good taste of the age to which they belong. The Roman example, being placed in a low and flat situation, required all the height that could be given it; that at Tivoli, being placed on the edge of a rock, required as much solidity as the order would admit of, to prevent its looking poor and insecure. A Gothic or a Greek architect would certainly have made this distinction.'

Had we written the passage, we should have been inclined to substitute 'we cannot doubt' for 'it may be.'

We must, however, dissent from Mr. Fergusson's theory about the relative ages of the two portions of the Pantheon, and agree with those who believe that 'the portico was added by Agrippa to the pre-existing rotunda.' It is scarcely possible to believe that that stately porch, roofed with enormous

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slabs of stone, once strengthened with that massive covering of brass now so ruthlessly stripped away, formed only the entrance to a building consisting of 'rectangular cells of the 'Etruscan form constructed of wood, or at any rate with a 'wooden roof.' However little 'fire could damage such a building as we now find,' that circular building itself bears to this day the evident traces of some tremendous conflagration. And the fragments of a pediment which rise above the lines of the present one, on either side, apparently indicate an earlier front masked by the present portico. There may be faults, architecturally considered, in the building—it may be that 'perhaps the greatest defect of the building is a want of height 'internally in the perpendicular part, which the dome appears to 'overpower and crush;' but when one has threaded the gloom of the deep shade of the portico, and passed the massive bronze doors which have turned on their solid hinges to admit the successive generations of more than 1800 years, and emerged, at length, beneath the cool shelter of that dome—as one watches the tender curving lines of shadow in the circling roof whilst the brilliant rays search out more and more of the worn and uneven pavement which has been trodden by the feet and furrowed by the rain of centuries—one feels that apart from the association of the spot with so much that is mighty, and so much that has perished, if the great temple stood alone in the sands of the desert it would claim from us equally the highest admiration.

'There is' (says Mr. Fergusson) 'a grandeur and simplicity in the proportions, which render this one of the very finest and most sublime interiors in the world; and though it is deprived of its bronze covering, and of the greater part of those ornaments on which it mainly depended for effect, and though these have been replaced by tawdry and incongruous modernisms—still nothing can destroy the effect of a design so vast, and of a form so simply grand. It possesses another element of architectural sublimity in having only one window, and that placed high up in the building. I know of no other temples which possess this feature except the great rock-cut Buddhist basilicas of India. In them the light is introduced even more artistically than here; but, nevertheless, that one great eye opening upon heaven is by far the noblest conception for lighting a building to be found in Europe.'

We should have been glad of Mr. Fergusson's opinion on the temple of Bacchus close to the fountain of Egeria, between the mouldings of the entablature of which and those of the Duomo of Verona there appears to be a strange resemblance—as well as on the circus of Romulus; and whether the great vases imbedded in the walls thereof were to assist the sound, or merely a constructive expedient. And we could wish that the same skill which employed itself upon the pyramids of

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Egypt, had described for our edification that singular architectural freak, the pyramid of C. Sestius. But we are only too thankful to find so much done. Besides the temples, the tombs of the Romans have a chapter to themselves. In all situations these memorials are interesting. Perhaps it is because they hardly rise to the dignity of architectural features, that Mr. Fergusson gives us no examples of a kind of monument which was frequently used—the effect of which is very good, though the idea is somewhat barbarous. It consists of a slab of stone, about the size of one side of a small sarcophagus, on which the heads and busts of the persons intended to be commemorated are curved in a kind of three quarter relief, with every indication of being 'strong likenesses.' An example is built up in the interior of the amphitheatre at Nismes, and grimly and sternly the Roman ladies and gentlemen stare down on you from about the spot where you may imagine the family box was situated.

Circular monuments, undoubtedly suggested by Etruscan models, appear to have been common in the capital. Of this class the tomb of Cecilia Metella is a well-known example. A little further down that street of tombs, the Appian Way, than this, is the monument of M. Corvinus, now entirely stripped of all architectural features — so large a structure that on the summit an olive garden and a farm-house are now planted; but the elevation scarcely suffices to protect the inmates from the influence of malaria. The Mausoleum of Augustus is another magnificent, but now much ruined, specimen. The idea was worthy of the founder of that mighty empire. The basement is circular, about 300 feet across; the ruined remains project loftily above the Palazzo Valdambrini. The upper part is completely destroyed now; but it does not appear an unfair conjecture that the height equalled the diameter. Around are twelve solidly vaulted chambers, arranged that the remains of kinsmen and friends might repose close to their relation and benefactor. Here the funeral pile of Marcellus was raised; here the ashes of Mæcenas were laid. Encircling the whole structure were gardens and ornamental grounds prepared during the lifetime of the monarch for the recreation of his people. And what is the place now—

> 'Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.'

But a degradation lower still was possible, and has been realized here. The building is now an amphitheatre for the merest spectacles. The solemn shows of the sepulchral *ludi augustales*, in Tennyson's phrase have 'flickered down to brain-

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less pantomime.' The burial chambers in the circumference are storehouses for the properties and stables for the horses used in the performances; whilst the apes which assist in rendering the Teatro Diornale attractive to the modern Romans, are chained over the spot which received the ashes of the deified emperor.

The *columbaria* were a kind of tomb frequently resorted to by the less wealthy classes:—

'generally oblong or square rooms below the level of the ground, the walls of which were pierced with a great number of little pigeon-holes or cells just of sufficient size to receive an urn containing the ashes of the body, which had been burnt according to the usual Roman mode of disposing of the dead.'

Touching echoes of friendship and affection linger yet around their honeycombed walls. You may see the love for a wife, or pride in a son, indicated in the few words of the pithy inscription —or in the little bust of marble not four inches high, which sought to perpetuate the yet familiar features. And the same feeling which impelled one of our monarchs to direct that the coffin sides which would have divided his remains from his consort's should be removed, led others who loved earlier but as truly to cause their ashes to be laid under the uniting *arch* of the same narrow niche. Sometimes a confraternity clubbed to buy a site for themselves in their lifetimes. In one spot, perhaps four feet by three, may be seen the remains of a whole 'sodality' of musicians—a crowd of urns standing side by side, closer in death even than they were in life. As striking, perhaps, is the burial-ground of a city of the Roman 'Provincia,' the Alischamps near Arles. Many of the sepulchres are desecrated and rifled. The unwary foot of the careless passer-by finds itself stumbling in the gaping sarcophagus. The sacred enclosure itself is encroached on by the railway, and hemmed in with manufactories. The harsh grumbling of the whirling wheels strives for mastery against the chaunts of the priests as the procession files out from the gate of the city hard by—but the melancholy interest of the place where

> ——'Ad Arli, ove il Rodano stagna,
> Fanno i sepolcri tutto il loco varo'—

is not less now, than when it awakened the attention of the all-observing Dante.

From the tombs which commemorated the dead, to the triumphal arches erected in honour of the living, is not a 'step but a transition.' Triumphal arches were the natural products of an empire continually rejoicing in a series of unprecedented victories. The arch of Septimius Severus is adduced, and justly, as the finest example at Rome. The inscription on the side

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facing the Forum still exhibits in its weatherworn lines the alteration marking the erasure made by the fratricide Caracalla. The sculptures on the Porta Nigra at Besançon have, it is true, a kind of sketchiness indicating late work, but those massy yet crumbling stones have a character not to be assigned to the date of 'the Renaissance.' The arch of Marius at Orange is a very strange structure: arms and garments are massed together in singular confusion; some of the shields are charged with ornaments singularly like heraldic bearings, but 'more might be 'done than has hitherto been effected to illustrate this important 'monument.'

Mr. Fergusson unfortunately considers bridges as hardly within his province, and this is to be regretted; for besides the bridge at Alcantara, the one leading to the castle of S. Angelo, the Ponte dei Quattro Capi, and the Ponte Molle are all good studies for the architect. The architecture of the Pont du Gard is certainly rough, and the mouldings are coarsely handled, but there is an expression in those time-worn piers and arches well worthy consideration in this age of railway viaducts. We hope that the notice of the picturesque group of commemorative arches with the bridge of S. Chamas, in Provence, will lead to more attention being paid to it.

Permanent theatres do not appear to have been very frequent among the Romans. That of Marcellus, at Rome, is a beautiful fragment. The one at Orange is more perfect, but far less magnificent; yet a work worthy of a race of Titans. It is curious on the fair days in autumn time, when Provençal roads, fields, cities, and their inmates are alike brown with heat and dust, to see the shade of that mighty wall stretch across the little square in front of it—sheltering the swarthy owners of the redolent heaps of onions—sheltering the dark-eyed sellers of the yellow hanks of silk—like 'the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' Amphitheatres and their ferocious exhibitions were more to the taste of the Romans. It suffices to name the Coliseum.

In domestic architecture, Diocletian's palace at Spalatro is a very curious connecting link between classical styles and those that succeeded; and again, in speaking of the later developments of an architectural epoch, Mr. Fergusson bears testimony to the fact that, as strictness declined, picturesqueness was more cultivated.

'Whenever the Roman architects built in the country, they indulged in a picturesque variety of outline and of form, which they perhaps carried further than even the Gothic architects of the middle ages.'

We have reserved to the last the basilicas of Rome, for

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through those courts of justice lies the way to the glories of the mediæval architecture of Europe.

'It may be doubted whether, in any respect, in the eyes of the Romans themselves, the temples were as important and venerable as the basilicas. That people cared more for government and justice than for religion, and consequently paid more attention to the affairs of the basilicas than to those of the temples.'

Enough remains of the two most splendid basilicas of Rome, to enable us to restore their plans with much confidence.

'One of these, the Ulpian, or Trajan's Basilica, is the typical specimen of those with wooden roofs; the other, that of Maxentius, commonly called the Temple of Peace, is the noblest of the vaulted class.'

Trajan's Basilica 'was 180 feet in width and a little more than twice that in length,' divided into five aisles by four rows of columns, each about thirty-five feet in height; the centre eighty-seven, and the side aisles about twenty-three feet wide.

'Above the side aisles was a gallery, the roof of which was supported by an upper row of columns. From them also sprang the arches of the great central aisle. The total internal height was thus above 120 feet. At one end was a great semicular apse, the back part of which was raised, being approached by a semicircular range of steps. In the centre of this platform was the raised seat of the Quæstor or other magistrate who presided; on each side, upon the steps, were places for the assessors or others engaged in the business being transacted. In front of the apse was an altar.'

Place the Bishop in the Quæstor's chair, range round him his clergy in the seats of the assessors, retain the altar in its site, and would not the description read, almost word for word, for that of the arrangement of S. John Lateran, or even of the church of Torcello?

The Basilica of Maxentius—the mighty ruins of which are yet a principal feature in the forum—was about 250 feet long and 200 wide, divided into three great aisles, the centre one about 120 feet high. Here

'No pillars are used, except eight great columns in front of the piers, employed merely as ornaments, or as vaulting shafts were in Gothic cathedrals, to support in appearance, though not in construction, the springing of the vaults. The side aisles are roofed by three great arches, each seventy-two feet in span, and the centre by an immense intersecting vault in three compartments. All the thrusts are collected to a point, and a buttress placed there to receive them; indeed, almost all the peculiarities afterwards found in Gothic vaults, are here employed on a far grander and more gigantic scale.'

The arrangements of this building inside are, for all practical purposes, similar to those of Trajan's Basilica. We may now

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feel the ground rise beneath our feet, we are already on the slope of that hill which is crowned with the highest glories of Christian architecture. Mr. Fergusson describes this change, the great watershed, so to say, of architecture, in one trenchant sentence:—

'At the first epoch of the Empire, the temple architecture of Rome consisted in an external arrangment of columns, without arches or vaults, and wholly unsuited to the purposes of Christian worship. Towards the close of the period it had become an internal architecture, using arches and vaults almost entirely, to the exclusion of the columnar orders except as ornaments, and so perfectly adapted to Christian forms that little or no essential change has taken place in them from that time to the present day. A basilica of the form adopted in the first century after Constantine is as suited now as it was then to the forms and ceremonies of the Christian ritual.'

Such a church Rome still possesses in the Basilica of S. Clemente, built originally in the fourth and fifth centuries, and, although subsequently repaired, still retaining all the arrangements of an original church of this class. No building in that city so strongly marks the downfall of Pagan power as this early structure, built, we may say, almost under the shade of the Coliseum. In front the atrium with its cloistered walk, supported by unequal pillars, gives tranquillity to the more sacred building beyond. Thence one enters the church itself with its three low aisles: in the centre of the nave stands the choir surrounded by a dwarf wall, surmounted with two pulpits, for the Epistle and the Gospel, and the twisted stand for the Paschal candle. Beyond is the railing of the *bema* or presbytery, the altar with a canopy supported on four pillars, behind that the throne of the bishop, with the seats of the inferior clergy on either side. We must not pause longer among the basilicas of Rome, the quiet beauty of S. Maria Maggiore, or the accumulation of historical and architectural interest around S. Giovanni in Laterano: but will make our way to a little marshy islet at the head of the Adriatic, peopled by those who boasted that they, and they only, were the genuine representatives of the Romans in later days—to Torcello, the first lair of the Lion of the Sea. Here Mr. Ruskin's eloquent and accurate chapter will be fresh in the minds of our readers. The description of S. Clemente would almost serve for Torcello—with such faithful similarity has the primitive model been followed, at an interval of 700 years. Like S. Clemente, built with the borrowed fragments of an older structure—like it, also, raised in a time of doubt and adversity, when men's hearts might well fail them for fear—this church stands a noble memorial of the simple courage which, alike in primitive or in later days, has led the brave in times of difficulty and sorrow to look for their best

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help from on high. There is one innovation here, however, on the earlier arrangements. In the early age there seems every reason to believe that the round church which stood by itself near the west end of the basilica, was the ceremonial, or properly speaking, the liturgical church of the community. Here were the tombs of important persons. Here the rite of 'baptism and the last sacrament were administered.' The baptistery is retained at Torcello; 'instead,' however, 'of being 'separated from the church by an atrium, as was usually the 'case, it is only divided from it by a narrow passage. It is 'evident that it only required one slight step further to convert 'this into a double apse cathedral, such as are found so com- 'monly in Germany;' and such a one exactly do we find in the abbey church of Laach, near Andernach, on the Rhine. Here the atrium is small, the climate not admitting this adjunct to be more than a passage to the church itself.

'The western apse is applied to its proper use as a tomb house; besides this it has its two central and four lateral towers, two of the latter being square, two circular. It is impossible to fancy anything more picturesquely pleasing than this group of towers of various heights and shapes, or a church producing a more striking effect with such diminutive dimensions as this one possesses, the highest point being only 140 feet from the ground line.'

The charm of the group of buildings is enhanced by the quiet lake hard by; like a serene old age succeeding a youth of fiery deeds, the blue placid waters conceal the rents of volcanic forces, and only reflect on their still surface the weatherworn remains of the extinct crater. And let the weary pilgrim not despise the refreshment those limpid waters may also bring him, in the shape of delicious *forellen*. The square atrium likewise subsists before San Ambrogio at Milan—the atrium 'being virtually the nave. In other 'words, had the church been erected on the colder and stormier 'side of the Alps, a clerestory would have been added to the 'atrium, and it would have been roofed over.' If we turn to the description of Treves, we find this alteration actually made, and two very clever plans show how the change was effected; this development carries us far beyond the date when Gothic was originated—it brings us to the thirteenth century.

In following this succession of basilicas we have been diverted a little from the strictly chronological arrangement, to which we will now return.

France—the land which justly boasts her frequent leadership of European thought—has another laurel added or rather confirmed to her wreath by the labours of Mr. Fergusson, who gives his sanction to the dogma, that 'the pointed arch was first

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'introduced in the twelfth century—the first example being 'assumed to be the work of Abbot Suger at S. Denis (1144).' The analysis of French architecture is very careful and complete. We wish the author's space had allowed him to discriminate the styles of other countries with similar scientific precision. The outline map he has here inserted affords an excellent suggestion for future *Œkologists*. France is divided into six great architectural provinces, corresponding nearly with the territories of the Counts of Toulouse, Flanders, Aquitaine, Normandy, Burgundy, and Champagne. The starting-point is the south, where civilization was first planted under the auspices of Greek colonists. The 'descendants of the Phocœans' still survive: it is curious to observe with what distinctness they have preserved their national characteristics to this day, though surrounded by races of different origin. With Mr. Fergusson, we have long felt that few chapters in the history of mediæval architecture would be more interesting than those which should carefully describe the style of Provence, from the epoch of the Roman conquest to that period when the metropolitan influence gradually faded out. In no other land where the eagle standard was planted, are the materials for this purpose more abundant than in the favoured 'Provincia.' The cathedral at Avignon is the first specimen selected for illustration. The porch is so classical in its details, that it has frequently been attributed to the lower empire, or it has been thought that the *débris* of some Roman building was incorporated with the latter work; but Mr. Fergusson assures us we 'may safely ascribe the 'whole of the essential parts of this church to the age of 'Charlemagne.'

The great province of Aquitaine follows next—stretching from the Atlantic almost to the Mediterranean. In dealing with this section, Mr. Fergusson deserves the highest praise for the discovery which he made of the source whence the peculiar apsidal termination of French Gothic was derived. Instead of the Romanesque apse (a simple large semicircular niche), 'a semicircular range of columns is substituted,' an aisle bent round them, and beyond the aisle there are always three, five, or even seven chapels opening into it, which give it a variety of perspective, and a play of light and shade unrivalled in any similar invention of the middle ages. 'The uses which the 'various nations of Christendom made of the circular form of 'building left them by the Romans, have been more than once 'adverted to above.' The Italians almost always left it standing alone, a tomb-house or a baptistery—the Germans sometimes converted it into a western apse, or 'timidly added a 'nave to it. The far more frequent practice with the Ger-

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'mans, and also in England, was to build the round church first 'for its own sake'—then the clergy added a choir. 'The 'French took a different course from all these. They built 'round churches like other nations, apparently, in early times at 'least, intended to stand by themselves; but in no instance do 'they appear to have applied them as naves, nor to have added 'choirs to them. On the contrary, the clergy always retained 'the circular building as the sacred depository of the tomb or 'relic, the Holy of Holies, and added a straight lined nave for 'the people.' The church at Charroux and S. Martin at Tours, show us how the smaller side chapels subsequently budded out. The southern influence is very visible in all the details described here; almost equally so in the neighbour province of Auvergne. Walled in on the south by the central plateau of the Cevennes—hedged in on the opposite direction by the Mont Tarare—intersected besides by the chains of the Mont D'Or and the Pûy de Dome—this district, though geographically belonging to the great watershed of the Loire, yet, architecturally, is to be ranked with the divisions receiving their impulses from the south. The very early church of Notre Dame du Port at Clermont, is the prerogative example of the architecture of this district. Within its walls, or rather within hearing of them, the great crusade was preached. Rude attempts at decoration in colours, with white, black, and red stone, attest the southern influence, also visible in the later church of Notre Dame du Pûy. The great flight of steps which afford the means of access to this church from the lower town are very striking, especially when they are half seen, half lost, in the gloom of the great arch which supports the west front. The inscriptions on these steps, confronting the wayfarer just when he is weary and breathless with the ascent, and inclined to stop, are an idea which might well be copied by architects elsewhere. There are not in Auvergne proper any early essays towards Gothic. That style, when introduced, was imported in its perfection by the influence of S. Louis. The Cathedral of Clermont is a very beautiful fragment; not only unfinished, it has suffered much from injuries—the pinnacles are wanting, and the mouldings throughout, worked in the dark lava, are stiff almost to rigidity. But it is a noble fragment still—slightly decorated, yet without poverty—solemn, yet without repulsiveness.

Burgundy is another of the districts which received its inspiration from Provence; yet in the clustering of the vaulting shafts, and the greater life in the carvings of the capitals, the northern spirit peeps out. This is particularly the case at Besançon, where the cathedral is a double apse church, resembling,

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in a measure, those of the Rhine: a fact probably to be explained by the comparative proximity to Germany. Geographically, the winding valley of the Doubs belongs to France, but the ethos and aspect of the place are alike northern. The glory of Burgundy was, however, the great abbey church of Cluny, now totally destroyed. The churches in Dijon, the capital of the duchy, have all suffered much, though the ducal palace is still an interesting fragment of domestic architecture.

As we approach the north-west, the influence of classical architecture becomes fainter and fainter.

'Fair and fickle is the south, but dark, and true, and tender, is the north.'

The firmly drawn, stern lines of S. Stephen's at Caen, show the influence of far different minds from those who, on the sunny Rocher des Dons at Avignon, imitated the outlines of expiring Roman art. Far more than any architecture we have been hitherto considering in France, they bear the impress of originality. The mark of the strong minds of the descendants of the pirates who with their fierce swords hewed out for themselves, a kingdom within the bounds of the expiring Carlovingian dynasty,—

'It is by no means clear whence they were derived. They are certainly neither Italian nor German, nor do they belong to any of those styles of the southern provinces of France which we have been describing. The churches of Auvergne are those which, perhaps, show the nearest approach to them.'

Anjou is a kind of border country—northern and southern feelings mixed. This is particularly evident in the buildings of 'Black Angers' itself. It is to be wished Mr. Fergusson could have found room for an illustration of the Hospice of S. Jean, founded by our Henry II. The cloisters, with their coupled columns, are very interesting; and not less so the chapel, with the pointed and circular arch used alternately—the same moulding on each. This city also contains many fragments of early domestic architecture of the highest curiosity to the English inquirer.

The French Gothic Cathedrals occupy a chapter by themselves. Mr. Fergusson positively revels in his descriptions 'of the glorious period of the thirteenth century.' It really appears almost incredible that the foundation-stone of Notre Dame should have been laid only some twenty years after the transition from the round arched to the true Gothic took place, under the guidance of the 'great Abbé Suger,' about the year 1144. But the dates lead us to this conclusion. Notre Dame is certainly a very noble building; yet, whenever we have compared it with the great Gothic church of our metropolis, it has been impossible not to feel that (if we except the western

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façade), the balance greatly preponderates in favour of Westminster Abbey. The lower portion of the front of Chartres is older than Paris; and there is a want of skill, or rather of practice, in the construction of the traceries and flying buttresses, which shows that the builders had scarcely yet learned to think in pointed forms. Yet the effect is very noble, and the western towers and spires are almost unrivalled. Rheims, with its deeply recessed portals—Amiens and Bourges, with their noble interiors—Laon, with its crown of towers, and many others, pass before us in one grand procession, not unworthily closed by S. Ouen. At this period—that of S. Ouen—the science of proportion had attained the highest perfection; yet we feel that the 'depth and earnestness of the earlier examples' is wanting. Especially is this noticeable in the details of the central lantern. Mr. Fergusson scarcely gives any later examples. Indeed, beyond this epoch, it is hardly possible to pursue the study of architecture with any pleasure. Only when regarded as a record of the historical development of the art of construction, and of the information which buildings reflect on the lives and manners of their inhabitants, is the pursuit a true recompense for the pains. The art is lost in the crowd of its own details, multitudinous without massiveness, elaborate without elegance. When we reach this point, we feel that 'there hath past away a glory from the earth.' The fancy which charms in an earlier and simpler period, giving life to the capital and spirit to the carving, loses its best grace among the florid, yet forced exuberances of the Renaissance.

Yet we must, for a moment, follow Mr. Fergusson, as he recrosses the Alps with the tide of architectural innovation, which flowed in when the Italians adopted the then fashionable style of France and Germany. Gothic, however, was never thoroughly naturalized among them. 'Dissatisfied with their own 'productions, the Italians quickly abandoned it and returned to 'the old classical style.'

Mr. Fergusson's judgment is not very favourable to their labours. We think that Mr. Ruskin's elaborate praise of the Doge's palace in Venice has led him to an undue severity of criticism.

'The two arcades which constitute the base are, from their extent and from the beauty of their details, as fine as anything of their class executed during the middle ages. There is also a just and pleasing proportion between the simple solidity of the lower, and the airy—perhaps slightly fantastic—lightness of the upper of these arcades.—But, in an evil hour, the upper wall, which was intended to stand on the back wall of the arcades, was brought forward even with the front, overpowering the part below by its ill-proportioned mass.' The windows in it are 'few, and badly placed—ungraceful.' The parapet 'poor and flimsy.' Had 'the upper story been

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set back, as was probably originally designed, or had it been placed on the ground and the arcades over it; had, in short, any arrangement of the parts been adopted but the one that exists, this might have been a far more beautiful building than it is.'

With regard to this judgment we will only say, that if the arcades had been thus hoisted up in air, they would have been useless for the purpose for which they were intended; and those who constituted the *broglio* would have been without a trysting place. But we will not embroil ourselves further with one who has bestowed much thought on the subject. Also he says, in excuse for those who admire more warmly,—

'There are indeed few buildings of which it is so difficult to judge calmly as of this—the centre, in fact, of the most beautiful architectural group that adorns any city of Europe or the world; richer than almost any other building in historical associations, and hallowed, especially to an Englishman, by the noblest poetry in the world.'

Mr. Fergusson is rather hard, too, on the members of his confraternity at Venice. 'The Venetian architects had not been 'brought up in the hard school of practical experience, nor 'thoroughly grounded in construction.' Their difficulties of construction were different from those which perplexed their northern brethren, yet surely not inferior. The treacherous nature of the soil was enough to puzzle the most practical man. Let us look beneath the worn mosaic pavement of S. Mark's, where, by the way, Mr. Fergusson draws the ground in his section solid mass:—

'Quivi vi è una porta, per cui discendendo una scala si andava sotto il Coro, dove anticamente celebravansi li divini Uffizi, ed un tal luogo riceveva il lume da sei finestre poste nel bassamento, che forma il suddetto Coro. Ma dopochè vi penetrò l' acqua in maniera, che piu non si è potuto abitare, fu chiuso come al presente si vede. Non è molto tempo pero, che avendo desiderato il Procuratore Cassiere di visitar questo luogo, vi ritrovò un' Altare nel mezzo, ed all' intorno molti sedili di pietra, e varie tavole marcite, che gallegiavono sopra l'acqua, la quale sorpassava l' altezza di un' piede.'[1]

Surely the requirements for foundations which this indicates, were a considerable difficulty.

Very remarkable, too, were the talent and tact with which the Byzantine architects, in their façades, simply by a skilful arrangement of the openings and of the coloured marbles built into the walls, procured variety and gave force to a necessarily flat surface; and thus obtained an apparent prominence for the wings of their buildings, which they could neither bring forward in any way, to obtain relief by shadow, because of the canal frontage, nor weight more heavily with towers or greater masses,

[1] From the 'Forastiero Illuminato intorno le cose più rare e curiose antiche e moderne della citta di Venezia.' 1796.

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for fear of subsidence. Much of this power survived to a comparatively late period. The street, or rather alley, buildings of Venice, might afford many studies to the English architect, almost equally cramped for space.

It is hardly possible to understand how Mr. Fergusson can have referred to the Campanile at Piacenza as the prototype of that of S. Mark's, since, according to his illustrations, it bears no resemblance whatever to the great tower of the Venetian Republic. Perhaps the associations connected with them may have blinded us to their defects; but we think rather hard measure is dealt out to the civil as well as the ecclesiastical towers of Italy:—

'Such towers as the Asinelli and Garisenda at Bologna possess no more architectural merit than the chimneys of our factories. Most of those subsequently erected were better than these, but still the Italians never caught the true idea of a spire.'

Nor does that which frowns on the market-place of Sienna receive more praise.

German Gothic is treated with an equally rigid hand. The imagination revolts from Mr. Fergusson's judgment on Cologne:—

'Every part is designed with the scale and the compasses, and with a mathematical precision perfectly astonishing; but we miss all the fanciful beauty of the more irregular French and English examples. The storied porches of Rheims, Chartres, and Wells, comprise far more poetry within their limited dimensions than is spread over the whole surface of this gigantic frontispiece. Cologne is a noble conception of a mason. These were the works of artists, in the highest sense of the word.'

Yet it is difficult to set aside a decision so judicially grounded.

Not even does he spare that host of flying buttresses, 'bearing 'the forest of exaggerated pinnacles which crowd round the upper 'part of the building,' and which look at a distance like the masts and rigging of some immense ship. We are sorry for it; much good sentiment has been offered at the shrine of the Three Kings. The restoration was among the first aspirations of united Germany. That vision has long since melted into thin air, like the *festen lied* to Archduke John, the Vicar of the Empire. Clear and loud the notes from some hundred well-trained fresh German voices, in the square below, floated up, far above the house-tops up to the topmost pinnacle,—

'D'rum rüste Dich Germania,
Dein Ostertag ist nah'.'

The spasmodic fervour has long since evaporated; yet as 'we 'see in Cologne the finest specimen of masonry attempted in the

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'middle ages,' we trust we may 'see in the completed design a 'really noble and beautiful building, worthy of its builders and 'of the religion to which it is dedicated.'

Strasburg, and Friburg in the Brisgau, receive the same well apportioned appreciation. Apart from the design in both these churches, there is much beauty in the bronze-like tint which age has imparted to their airy lines. Yet the effect of this lace-work in stone is not satisfactory, either in Germany or in Belgium. Antwerp is more solid in proportion, though of a date when the spirit had very much departed. The noble tower of S. Rombaut's at Malines, combines great breadth of feeling with elegance in detail; indeed the whole church is every way superior to Antwerp Cathedral, except in size. Like most Flemish architecture, it looks very much as if it had been 'woven out of bulrushes.'

In commencing the chapter on English architecture, Mr. Fergusson says that it 'has of late years occupied the attention of 'so many competent persons, and has been written so fully and 'in such a variety of forms, that little that is new remains to be 'said on the subject.' Yet this section, though short, includes all the distinctive peculiarities of our insular styles. We must be content to remain in the rank of copyists, and to acknowledge that the fashion came over 'brent new frae France;' but the skill with which British architects applied it, made the style practically their own. One of our most charming national individualities consists of timber roofs, nobly exemplified by Westminster Hall, spanned as it is

'by thirteen great ribs of timber, which are quite unequalled by any other ornamental trusses of wood-work employed for such a purpose. Even when viewed only as a scientific combination of timber, this roof is as good as anything that has been done in this engineering age.'

The central octagon at Ely may rank next, perhaps, for beauty among timber constructions:—

'The only Gothic dome in existence; it certainly was, and is, the feature most wanted to perfect the plans and to give the utmost effect to buildings of this class.' And 'had the English architects always used timber, they would have created a new style; and it is hard to say whether it would not have been more beautiful than the other.'

Another glory was also among the roofs:—

'The part of Gothic churches in which the English architects were more generally successful was the formation of their vaults, and their mode of ornamenting them; in both which particulars they were quite unsurpassed by any nation of the Continent, and scarcely ever approached.'

Gloucester, Westminster, and Norwich might all well be cited among that glorious band which rejoice in the

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——'high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof.'

'Another peculiarity of English design which requires to be pointed out, is that of terminating their cathedrals and churches to the eastward with a flat wall, instead of the apse or chevet which is so universal on the continent.' To this we owe 'the glorious wall of painted glass that closes the vista at York or Carlisle, and which once closed that of Lincoln;' and the 'fanciful beauty of the arrangements of Wells or Salisbury.'

Many other minor differences might be pointed out between

'the French and English Gothic styles. The fact is, their modes of architecture were as dissimilar as the tastes and dispositions of the two nations were antagonistic to each other.'

Yes, truly; at the root of all these variations lay the whole broad ground of national dissimilarities. The education of the boyhood, so to speak, of each nation had much in common:—

'One lesson from one book we learned,
Ere childhood's flaxen ringlets turned
To black and brown on kindred brows.'

The windows quoted at Toulouse and those at Earl's Barton, are traceable to same source as those of S. Maria in Cosmedin, and S. Giorgio in Velabro. As national individualities of character developed themselves, national styles of architecture were borne along by the tide. We find—

'that the French were always working up to the limits of their strength, always trying to make their piers as light, their windows as large, and their vaults as high as possible—doing all they could, and striving to do more; while the soberer English architect, on the contrary, attempted nothing over which he had not full command.'

Again:

'It will be recollected that the original use of the apse in the early church was as a place for the bishop's throne, where he sat supreme above his presbyters, before all the people. In England, this part of the ceremonial of the basilica was transferred to the chapter-house, which thus took the place of the apse, and became the diocesan parliament-house, where the bishop or abbot met his subordinate clergy, not to rule and command, but to consult and deliberate for the common weal.'

Thus we find a circular baptistery erected at Canterbury by Cuthbert, the eleventh archbishop; not only 'that baptisms might be celebrated therein,' and the bodies of departed primates interred, but also 'that certain judicial trials that were formerly carried on in the church, might be held there.'

To investigate the true causes of these differences we should have to look beyond the limits of architectural proprieties,—to dig, in fact, deep into the substructure of the causes of the

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formation of the national mind. But only æsthetically considered, 'as regards the exterior, the English method, fairly 'weighed, will be found more satisfactory. French cathedrals 'always appear short externally, and their enormous roofs over-'power and crush everything below them. The French archi-'tects never could obtain the beautiful skyline, or give value to 'the towers, as the English invariably did,'—from the enormous height which their towers would have required to aspire to, to balance the immense elevation which the main building had already attained.

'The central spire at Amiens is as high as that of Salisbury, but it is reduced by its position to a mere pinnacle. The towers at the west end of Amiens, though higher than those of York, are buried in the roof and totally overpowered.'

Yet further,—

'A great charm of English cathedrals is their repose of outline. A French cathedral is surrounded by a multitude of pinnacles, flying buttresses, and other expedients to keep the building from falling. It is true that these objects were made ornamental; but though it is vicious to conceal construction, it is bad architecture to let the devices of construction predominate over the actual outline of the main building itself. Not only does it suggest weakness, but it produces a flutter and perplexity that never is nor can be satisfactory.'

'Among the differences between the French and English architects there is none more remarkable than the feeling for the picturesque that always guided the latter, while it can hardly be traced in the works of our continental neighbours. The variety of plan and outline is the more obvious manifestation of this good taste, as far as the building itself is concerned, but it is even more remarkable in the choice of the site and the arrangement of the accessories. Nothing, for instance, can be more commandingly placed than Durham and Lincoln,—nothing more beautiful than even the lowly situations of Wells and Salisbury.—Almost all our cathedrals retain spots of green and alleys of tall trees, which, grouping so pleasingly with the towers and spires, give such value and beauty to the architecture. As a general rule, they stand in the very outskirts of the town, either overlooking it from a height, or nestled down on the banks of some little streamlet of pure water. French cathedrals, on the other hand, always stand in the market place in the very centre of the town, with no grass plot in front—too often surrounded by shops and hovels, built up even against their very walls,' which abominations 'seem never to have been objected to.'

We might perhaps find a few exceptions to this sweeping assertion. There is considerable beauty in the position of Notre Dame at Avignon; there was more, before modern bad taste had 'improved' the summit of the Rocher des Domns—yet nothing can take from it its charm of purple sunsets and gleams of light flashing far along the winding reaches of the mighty river, winding down between that panorama of receding ranges of hills to the strange delta of the Camargue. There must have been much in that of the cathedral of Avranches—including

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the opening sweep of the widening bay, and the S. Michel in the distance. There is much quiet and repose in the little drowsy square before S. Martin at Tours; and more in the deserted grass-grown open space before Chartres, when, in the gloaming, the deep-toned bell sounds for the *Ave Maria*, and the scanty congregation is crossing it—to kneel and pray in the dim choir, darkened, even at that hour, rather with the rich hues of the painted glass than by the deepening shades of the dying day. Yet, in the main, we accept Mr. Fergusson's dictum. It is one result and one only of that love of nature which has always been a main instinct of the national character of Englishmen. To this was added, in the best periods of English Gothic, quite as careful an adaptation of the building to the character and *entourage* of the site as ever was the case in the corresponding ages of Grecian or Roman art. Compare the average of our coast churches with those inland. Again, the churches of the Fens with those of Oxfordshire or sunny Kent. Compare the lofty beacon-like towers of many of those that stand on the cliffs, their rough walls defying the rugged blasts that buffet them, with those sacred edifices which, among pleasant pastures and gentle streams, subside into what might be almost termed an agricultural style; or again, with the rock-like structures contrasting so keenly with the levels of marsh-land. See again, how in cities, either by a further modification, or by the sacred precinct—'that hallowed *temenos*' that surrounds it—the shrine attracts the attention, and asserts the right to be a refuge to the harassed and a beacon to the wandering and weary, as much among the thronging surges of human life as on the foam-lashed shore of the wailing sea.

We cannot close Mr. Fergusson's book without noticing the extraordinary number of illustrations, and the care with which they are selected and engraved. The same good judgment has suggested the employment of that scale to which they are drawn in every practicable case. The dates and marked periods of history placed at the headings of the chapters, are also of much service. Alike by the student of architecture and the traveller these volumes will be prized, affording the means of reference to other styles whilst on the spot, and memoranda which will greatly assist the recollection whilst at home.

From the general *aperçu* which Mr. Fergusson has given of the art, we have learnt that certainly the architectural styles followed by Grecian and Roman—and, most probably, those practised by Gothic architects—reached their greatest glories in the land, not of their birth, but of their adoption; as we find some plants rendered more vigorous by transplantation. So it may

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be that re-integrated Gothic may yet rise with renovated power among us. But this will not be by a process of servile copying merely—necessary to the student, but annihilative to the intellect of the matured man. Details of mouldings, proportions of the mass, are but the language in which the architect must learn to speak—he must learn the language indeed, grammatically, and by *heart*, but the application of the words must not be a mere effort of the memory. 'Discretion of speech 'is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with 'whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words or good 'order.' We must not merely ask 'council of the ancient time what is best, but also of the latter time what is fittest' before we can expect to begin to renovate the architecture of England.

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ART. III.—1. *Memoirs of the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, Bart. M.P. &c.* Published by the Trustees of his Papers, EARL STANHOPE and Right Hon. EDWARD CARDWELL. Parts I. and II. 1856-57.
2. *Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel.* By M. GUIZOT. 1857.

THE predilections and the antipathies with which the violence of party interests inevitably obscures a just conception of the characters of public men, so long as they are directly associated with the politics of the hour, have now ceased to maintain their conflicting disguise over the reputation of the statesman who figured prominently during nearly forty years of our own age, and whose policy served largely to originate the contemporary history of this country. The peculiar uncertainty of the lights and shades which have fallen upon the character of Sir Robert Peel, has probably arisen from the convictions or prejudices of those who may neither have closely distinguished between his circumstances and his acts, nor have clearly appreciated the considerations which time had itself imperceptibly introduced into questions upon which it was his lot to decide. It has probably been the fate of no other statesman who has been compelled to recant, on two successive and vital questions, the cardinal professions of his life, to be compelled, in the capacity of leader of the House of Commons, to carry into actual legislation the policy he had theoretically opposed, and to be pursued with equal prejudice and with equal clamour.

Charges of political inconsistency, such as those by which it has been commonly attempted to test the foresight of the late Sir Robert Peel, are of all others the most fertile of declamation and the least frequently submitted to analysis. They are just those charges which are usually originated to suit the purposes of party electioneering, and which are afterwards caught up and conscientiously sustained by the astute and logical intellects which preside over the administration of justice at quarter sessions. When, however, it is borne in mind that the public character of Sir Robert Peel can hardly be determined with accuracy apart from the question of his policy in reference to Catholic Emancipation and the repeal of the Corn Laws, it becomes especially necessary to determine the just tests of consistency, as applied to those questions. It might be fairly

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thought that either an alleged breach of fidelity to party obligations, or the abstract fact of nonconformity to measures previously sanctioned and approved, was in itself by much too vague and flimsy a basis even to ground a charge of inconsistency. Yet it is by much more on loose declamation such as this, than upon any clear or accurate reasoning, that the enemies of Sir Robert Peel have relied for the establishment of their position. Let us consider, then, for a moment, the force of such arguments.

Perhaps nothing, in the first place, can be more difficult to define, than the positive extent of party obligations; and it is obviously impossible to determine so abstract a question by any community of intelligent opinion. But it is clear, at least, that nothing had been more vague and indeterminate than the actual relations of the Tory party themselves with their successive leaders during the thirty years previous to the emancipation of the Roman Catholics. While that question remained, both in peace and in war, the vital point of hostility between the Whig and Tory camps, the Tories committed their fortunes indiscriminately to the advocates and to the opponents of religious concessions. After continuing to acknowledge the leadership of Mr. Pitt during six years after his avowal of the justice of emancipation, they transferred their confidence, on the death of that minister, successively to the Duke of Portland and Mr. Perceval, who were both, in a greater or less degree, opposed to the policy of the Whigs. They next acknowledged the associated leadership of the Earl of Liverpool and Viscount Castlereagh—a happy compromise, which secured them one advocate of concession, and one supporter of the existing laws. They then permitted Mr. Canning—more explicit on this question even than Lord Castlereagh—to be their organ in the House of Commons during four sessions. When, therefore, a process of exhaustion had left Mr. Peel the most eminent debater in their ranks, it was obvious that their recognition of his leadership could scarcely be affected by any special consideration of his views on the Roman Catholic question. And the fact that the Tories had so long supported administrations resting, so far as this question was concerned, on the double basis of latitudinarianism and inactivity, appeared to imply that that which was an open question in the Cabinet was also an open question in the ranks of the party itself.

In the second place, the deduction of political inconsistency from the bare fact of a renunciation of former measures, is one of those arguments which is only applicable when we ascend to the highest questions of morality and truth. If the question in dispute were one of abolishing the Christian

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religion, or of introducing practices in contravention of its tenets, then the opposition of a believer in that religion or in those tenets would be positive and invincible. But in this instance, the position of Sir Robert Peel was not positive, but relative. It was not a question of truth beyond the dominion of the legislator, but a question of public advantage within his dominion and his reach. The truth might fairly be asserted to be, that Sir Robert Peel changed his measures without changing his policy. His avowed opinions, at the period of his acceptance of the Irish Secretaryship in 1812, were opposed to a concession to the Romanists, on the ground that the contingent evils of concession appeared to him to preponderate over the positive evils of repression. Seventeen years afterwards, in 1829, he considered that these respective dangers were inverted. It is to be observed also, that, in this respect, he placed his policy on a somewhat higher ground than the Duke of Wellington in his celebrated declaration that 'he would lay down his life to save his country from civil war.' It was not simply the dread of such a collision which appears to have induced Sir Robert to give way, but the just apprehension that continued resistance would prove more detrimental to the Protestant interests which he desired to maintain, than a conceding of the claims which had so long been withheld.

The sincerity of these asserted convictions must be determined—first, by the evidence of their internal probability; and secondly, by the question of the degree in which this line of policy coincided, from the first, with the actual interests of the minister.

The question, however, of the foresight displayed by Sir Robert Peel throughout these transactions, obviously rests on very different grounds from the consistency of his policy, or the sincerity of his professions. 'If,' observes the great minister, with innate candour—

'If it had been alleged against me, that the sudden adoption of a different policy had proved the want of early sagacity and foresight on my part—if the charge had been that I had adhered with too much pertinacity to a hopeless cause, that I had permitted for too long a period the engagements of party, or undue deference to the wishes of constituents, to outweigh the accumulating evidence of an approaching necessity—if this had been the accusation against me, I might find it more difficult to give it a complete and decisive refutation.'—I., 364.

In this passage, Sir Robert Peel expressly refrains from claiming any participation in the distinctive foresight of Viscount Castlereagh, of Mr. Canning, and of the Earl of Aberdeen. After the break-up of the Liverpool government in 1827, the leading public men in this country appeared to recognise three principal divisions. These were the Whigs, the immediate

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disciples of Mr. Canning, and the Tories, who afterwards acknowledged the lead of the Duke of Wellington. Now, it is only fair to draw a broad distinction between statesmen who derived their opinions upon this question as original impressions, and public men who adopted them as the badge of their party. It therefore by no means follows that every Whig politician, or every follower of Mr. Canning, who advocated the policy of emancipation, displayed greater foresight than Sir Robert Peel. Perhaps, indeed, Lord Aberdeen was the only living statesman, at the period of the formation of the Duke of Wellington's government, who could justly claim this distinctive superiority. He was connected neither with the party of Canning nor with the Whigs; he was associated in other respects with those Tory statesmen who were opposed to a policy of concession; and he alone of all the men of eminence in those ranks, was the advocate of emancipation, when the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel became converts to his opinions.

The evidences of internal probability in reference to the sincerity of Sir Robert Peel's professions, which have so long been the subject of criticism and dispute, are just those simple indications of the conformity of his own change of measures with the altered condition of public affairs, which are likely to attend the policy of a disinterested minister, not gifted perhaps from the outset with a very wide range of foresight. Sir Robert Peel's opposition to the principle of emancipation extended over not less than eighteen years (1811-29). During that period the Roman Catholics had advanced greatly in wealth, in power, and in determination. Meanwhile, the great political party which, previously to the event of the Union, had in all probability been unanimous in opposing any concession to their claims, was exhibiting more and more an unmistakeable symptom of decline, in the prevalence of 'open questions.' Thus, in proportion as the Romanists increased in strength, and in all the elements of ultimate success, the opposing power in this country diminished. 'The Catholic question,' as it was discussed in the House of Commons, exhibited, Parliament after Parliament, a clear tendency to pass from theoretical controversy into practical application. Thus says M. Guizot:—

'The reason of his political changes was placed far higher than his opponents seemed to suspect; and where they sought a personal offence with which to taunt him, they ought to have seen the irrevocable accomplishment of a great social fact. Because she had not for a century gone through any revolution, England had not therefore remained motionless; although they are the same externally and in form, the great elements of English society, the great powers of English government—the aristocracy, the Church, the democracy—have all been deeply modified in their spirit, in their mutual relations, and in their influence in the state.'—P. 370.

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The question of the degree in which Sir Robert Peel's policy coincided with his interests—that is to say, with his then apparent interests—appears more doubtful. In his own Memoir, he appeals to the fact that, in 1812, the very year of his acceptance of the Irish Secretaryship, and of his officially committing himself to be the organ of Government for the repression of the Roman Catholics in Ireland, the House of Commons had arrived at a decision in favour of Emancipation, by a large majority. Whether this majority was gained before or after the construction of Lord Liverpool's government in that year, is not apparent; but at any rate, it could hardly be understood as conveying the ordinary force of a decisive verdict of the House of Commons on a great question; or it must either have destroyed in the one case, or have prevented the formation in the other, of an administration committed, in practice at least, to an opposite policy. Parliament, moreover, had been so strangely wayward on this question, that it was difficult to say whether its opinions, after a lapse of a few years, might not again undergo a total change. When Lord Grenville's ministry had withdrawn in 1807, on the very question of Emancipation, and the Duke of Portland's government had been created in its place, the new Parliament, summoned by the new ministry, gave to the Tories a majority of 195 out of a House composed of only about 500 members.

It may be thought a paradox, yet it can be hardly otherwise than true, to say that Sir Robert Peel entered Parliament under very great disadvantages. For political mediocrity, no doubt, such an entry into public life would be the happiest that could be desired. With a double first just obtained at Oxford; as the son of a statesman of greater intellectual eminence than several of those who had then lately held the first offices under the Crown; humble enough in origin to claim the sympathies of the people, and wealthy enough to claim a position beside an English aristocracy as modern as it is also ancient; and the 'child,' as it were, of an administration, one of the most durable within the memory of men; these incidents of his early career might seem to offer for ordinary men special means of distinction.

But it was surely otherwise with a man born to be a leader. He was not permitted to divert his attention from classics and mathematics to public affairs before he was called into Parliament. He had hardly been permitted to form his political opinions as an independent member of the House of Commons, when he was offered the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland. Under so weak a minister for the Home Department as Lord Sidmouth, the responsibility of the Irish Government fell in a

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far greater degree upon him, than he afterwards permitted it, when himself in turn Minister for Home Affairs, to devolve on Lord Melbourne and Lord Ellesmere.[1] This error, there seems to be no doubt, he became gradually aware of during his tenure of this office. As his confidence became shaken in the wisdom, or at least in the practicability, of his earliest resolutions, he found himself proportionally more and more bound to the measures of repression which he had first adopted. It was obviously the accumulating force of this conviction which induced him to make an active though unsuccessful effort to break off from the Liverpool administration in 1825; and which he appears to have refrained from persisting in under the apprehension that his retirement would have involved the dissolution of the whole Government.

This conflict between Mr. Peel and his party—or rather between the measures which he had adopted and the measures which he was secretly forming—was rendered the more complete by the fact that, while the necessities for action were visibly increasing, the Tory party was retrograding from the liberal policy they had pursued under the administration of Mr. Pitt. If we contrast the speeches of Mr. Pitt on Parliamentary Reform with the memorable declaration of the Duke of Wellington in November, 1830, which annihilated the Tory power, we shall at once appreciate the breadth of this difference. Perhaps no two hostile parties ever evinced so complete an antagonism of opinion as the leader of the Tories in 1800 and their leader in 1830.

M. Guizot, who has elaborately, though in a friendly spirit, criticised the policy of Sir Robert Peel, on the question of his obligations with his party, has put into his mouth a speech of much force and eloquence, designed to vindicate the course pursued by him on this head more fully and completely, as M. Guizot thinks, than any record which Peel has left behind him. It is undoubtedly the ablest passage in his volume, though in a style of oratory very unlike Sir Robert Peel:—

'You accuse me of destroying the old political parties—they no longer exist: they are daily dissolving, of themselves, not by any act of mine. Where are the principles, the interests, the passions that called them into being? You call yourselves Tories and Protestants *par excellence:* are you ready to treat the Catholics as enemies—to make war upon them—to confiscate their property? Do you seriously believe the throne of the House of Hanover and the Protestant succession to be in danger? The reforms which I propose to you to make in the laws were made long ago in the minds of men; in the minds of most of yourselves, as well as in

[1] These statesmen, it will be remembered, successively filled the Irish Secretaryship—the one as Mr. Lamb; the other as Lord F. Leveson Gower.

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those of your adversaries. Your most illustrious leader, Mr. Pitt, your boldest champion, Lord Castlereagh, your most eloquent orator, Mr. Canning, were all in favour of the emancipation of the Catholics. The old parties still preserve their traditions, but they no longer retain their faith; they march under the same banner, but they no longer fight for the same cause. New causes have arisen; new wants demand satisfaction; new ideas rally men together or keep them apart. I follow this course of things; I consult the symptoms which develop themselves; I enter upon the paths which are opened, and in which the generations of my time precede me. I change only because everything is changed—parties as well as ideas, feelings, and manners. You think you are what your fathers were—you are mistaken: you can only persist in this error on the condition of remaining motionless. As soon as you begin to move and act you will feel yourselves compelled to change, you will feel that you are already changed. Do not impute to me that which is the work of time: do not reproach me for transformations which are general, though not equally visible everywhere; do not stigmatise as desertion and treachery that which you will do yourselves, when you are called upon to govern your transformed country.'

While expressly guarding against any discussion of the merits of the question itself, with which the first of two volumes of Memoirs by Sir Robert Peel abounds, it is impossible to refrain from an expression of surprise for the manner in which that question was allowed to remain in continual abeyance. During fifteen years a single administration existed. Of the members of this ministry one-half, or some such proportion, were pledged to emancipation from the very outset—the other half to continued repression. Yet for these fifteen years the cabinet were content to think differently and to do nothing. Sir Robert Peel endeavours to account for this strange discrepancy between the theory and the practice of individual politicians, on the ground that an attempt having been made in 1812 to concert a government between Lords Wellesley and Grenville, and this attempt having failed, it was thought generally expedient to merge opinions in the preservation of a strong government. Yet whether this subordination of private opinion really produced such a government, might be questioned by Sir Robert Peel himself, who admitted that his resignation in 1825 (and before he had attained the leadership of the House of Commons), would have produced the immediate dissolution of Lord Liverpool's Ministry.

While conceding to Sir Robert Peel the most honourable and conscientious intentions, it might certainly afford matter for satire, that those honourable and conscientious intentions were exposed to perpetual misadventure. He was convinced, in 1825, that relief must be conceded; accordingly, he proposed to resign office, and to leave others to settle the question. We have already seen how he was frustrated at this point. Two years afterwards he considered that, as the opponent

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of emancipation, he could not honourably join Mr. Canning in the administration of which he was to be the head. Yet, neither Mr. Canning's opinions nor his intentions were, in the slightest degree, different from what they had been during the four years for which Mr. Peel had sat beside him on the Treasury bench. The secession of Lord Liverpool's followers had left Mr. Canning, indeed, free to create a government unanimous on this long disputed question; and, in fact, he received the King's permission to choose colleagues from whatever quarter he pleased. But it was expressly understood between the King and his minister, that the Roman Catholic claims should be waived, as heretofore. This was one of those incidents in the life of Mr. Canning, which, no doubt, afforded a certain pretext for the coarse invective of Lord Brougham, delivered to his face —that 'his whole life was the most incredible specimen of mon-'strous truckling that the whole history of political tergiversation 'could furnish.'

Yet Mr. Peel's opposition to Mr. Canning, during his short premiership—much as that opposition has been exaggerated by common opinion—seemed hardly consistent with the conformity of Mr. Canning's actual intentions with Mr. Peel's outward professions on the subject of Emancipation.

Again, when in January, 1828, the Duke of Wellington was called upon to form a new administration, in succession to that of Viscount Goderich (now Earl of Ripon), Sir Robert Peel acquiesced in the design of constructing a government on the same latitudinarian basis with that of Lord Liverpool's ministry, which nothing but the apprehension of dissolving an apparently strong government had prevented him from dissevering himself from in 1825, when the Irish crisis was obviously more remote. It may be said in reply, 'It was necessary to form a govern-'ment: that could only be done on some such basis: the King 'disliked the Whigs; and he pre-eminently detested Lord Grey: 'he even talked of leaving England for the baths of Germany, 'and of never returning to this country.'

This, however, might be easily answered. The existing administration, weak though it was, might be recalled: it had not resigned in consequence either of any censure by the House of Commons, nor of any dissatisfaction on the part of the King. Even if this course were impracticable, the Whigs and the disciples of Mr. Canning, who came into power jointly in 1830, might have formed a strong government in 1828; and there is no doubt that the King would joyfully have accepted them, if the alternative of 'the Whigs or the baths' had clearly presented itself before him. The aspect of foreign affairs was, no doubt, very menacing; but it was not deemed so perilous as

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to prevent Lord Dudley from retaining the Seals of the Foreign Office—a clever but eccentric and totally unpractical man, who said good things at dinner, and wrote confidential despatches at the Foreign Office to the Russian minister, which he directed by mistake to the French ambassador!

If, therefore, those who had no share in the transactions of that period may entertain an opinion in this matter, it would certainly seem that the more obvious course for Sir Robert Peel to have pursued, when requested by the Duke of Wellington to assume the leadership of the House of Commons, would have been to have replied:—'The King must be governed by the 'principles of the Constitution; we shall not command a majority 'in the House of Commons—he must send for those who can.' Whatever were the principle which Sir Robert proposed to himself—and it seems quite impossible to ascertain what it was—he had been again in office but a few weeks when Lord John Russell carried a motion for a repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts by a majority of forty-four. Again Sir Robert intended to resign; but he was overruled by the consideration, that after so recent a change of ministry, it would be inexpedient to create a fresh crisis. Lord John consequently had the grim satisfaction of passing measures without gaining office. During the same session, and on the 8th of May, Sir Francis Burdett carried a motion for Emancipation by a majority of six. Once more Sir Robert resolved to resign 'at an early period.' Yet he seems to have changed his intention again; for it appears, from his own Memoir, that he had agreed with the Duke to consider the whole question after the prorogation. The Canning party had now left the cabinet, and Lord Aberdeen had become Minister for Foreign Affairs. In February, 1829, when the Government had resolved on a policy of emancipation, Sir Robert yet again intended to resign office, as well as his seat for Oxford University, and to support the measure as a member of some other constituency. The motive which changed his intentions once more is not apparent; for he must have foreseen from the outset that his resignation must immediately have broken up the Duke of Wellington's government.

It will now be universally acknowledged that there is nothing in these transactions to throw any doubt on the integrity of the minister. But it seems not less clear, that the Memoir which Sir Robert has bequeathed for the vindication of his memory, displays a strange infirmity of purpose and uncertainty of view, so far as his resolutions with respect to office are concerned. It certainly exhibits a broad contrast to the calm consistency of Lord Aberdeen, the only minister of the Duke of Wellington's

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cabinet whose measures in 1829 coincided with the former professions of his life.

The second volume of Sir Robert Peel's Memoirs appears to be amenable to very much the same criticism as the former one. Devoted to the question of the abolition of the Corn Laws, as the first volume is devoted to the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, it no doubt establishes his honour as a statesman and as a gentleman—which, indeed, was never successfully impugned —but it appears to do so without affording any clear explanation of the course which he pursued. That his honour was not easily to be assailed upon this question may be inferred, if only from the fact that the clique of opponents whom his abandónment of the Corn Laws in 1846 had brought out of hells and from the turf to lead the Protectionist party, were compelled to resort to calumnies fabricated from his relations with Mr. Canning twenty years before, in preference to charges arising out of the Corn Laws, in order to prejudice the House of Commons against his administration. This at least was the general tenor of the false and calumnious accusations of the late Lord George Bentinck, whom Lord Lyndhurst retributively described as 'a vexatious little insect, whose sting would out-'venom all the worms of the Nile, did it not want the power to 'instil the poison.'

That the high Tories were more indignant with their nominal leader in 1846 than in 1829 was the natural result of the fact, that they were affected in pocket in the later—and only in power and in principles in the earlier instance. The Corn Laws, too, had been no open question. The two considerations which the public must have hoped to have been elucidated to them in this volume are—first; why did Sir Robert Peel, after pronouncing such unequivocal panegyrics in 1839, in 1840, and in 1841, on the existing system of duties, proceed in 1842 largely to diminish the scale of duties upon corn, and to revolutionise the whole system of imports in reference to all other consumable goods, by replacing a highly protective duty by an approximate free trade? Secondly, why, after maintaining a direct opposition to Mr. Cobden between 1842 and 1846, did he so suddenly resolve, during the winter of 1845-46, to carry the abolition of his own legislation upon corn in 1842, and of all restriction upon its import, partly, at least, under the pretext of a pressing dearth, while at the same time he postponed the operation of the measure, and failed to anticipate it even by a temporary opening of the ports, until long after the immediate pressure would have passed away?

Upon neither of these questions is there any explanation whatever vouchsafed in the second volume of these Memoirs.

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They involve the cardinal points in the *rationale* of his policy on the subject of free trade; and without any statements upon this head it is impossible to form any intelligible theory of his intentions. These Memoirs may amply suffice to vindicate the disinterestedness of his motives; but they cannot be said to form an explanation of his grounds of action.

The policy pursued by Sir Robert Peel towards the Church appears to have possessed this distinctive character—that it was not subordinated or made subservient to the ends of civil administration. The Bishops whom he appointed were neither political partisans, nor relations of great nobles, nor divines representing any extreme of religious opinion that might be distasteful to their clergy, nor the distinctive supporters of views coinciding with the educational policy of the Government of the day. Whether, in all respects, Sir Robert Peel's appointments fulfilled their ideal, it is not to be questioned that his Bishops represented a respectable and reliable phase of the Church.

Times, however, have undergone their change. The country was then told that the High Church party were going to Rome. The cry is now, *tout au contraire*, that the whole Church, High, Low, and Latitudinarian, is going to Spurgeon! To provide against this terrible catastrophe, it was whispered in ecclesiastical circles, so long ago as last April, that a grand alliance had been formed between some evangelical prelates and oratorical clergymen, which was designed to represent a great abstract entity, to be termed Anti-Spurgeonism; *i.e.* to do Spurgeon's work without Spurgeon's principle. The selection of the singularly orthodox pulpit of Exeter Hall, and the equally rubrical substitution of the Litany for the Evening Service being made, several clergymen of the Church of England, we regret to find (having no Exeter Hall in their own districts), have taken to preaching in the open fields. All this was unknown during the administration of Sir Robert Peel; though the prelacy of that period was reputed to be at least equally zealous with the prelacy of this day; and it had at least the merit of being respectable, because it respected itself and the principles which it represented; nor had we then a Primate of all England, who, if his expressions were literally interpreted, could be understood to regard churches in the character of obsolete institutions.

It is a singular anomaly that, in spite of the splendid traditions which are attached to the memory of the late Sir Robert Peel, there is so little that was constructive in his policy, so little that can be recognised as his, in the existing fabric of the state. A conservative and a reforming minister stand neces-

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sarily, in this point of view, on a very different footing; and the statesman who opposes change is obviously at a great disadvantage with a statesman who rises to power from the basis of his reforming activity. It must be acknowledged that, with the exception of Sir Robert Peel's noble endeavours to promote the reform of the criminal law, the nearly twenty years of his official life, down to 1830, have left little other memorial than his vigorous repression of Catholic emancipation. The merit of settling that question, as he himself expressly acknowledged, belonged not to him; nor can the abolition of the Test and Corporation Acts be fairly referred to any other politician than Lord John Russell.

But with reference to the interests of the Church the case was different. In ecclesiastical affairs we prominently trace Sir Robert Peel's constructive hand. It appeared to be a conviction common to the Whigs and to himself, that the political mechanism of the Church was eminently defective. But the measures pursued on this head by Lord Melbourne and himself were characteristically different. The principle enunciated by the Whigs, or acted upon by them at least, appeared to be, that the Church being thus defective in its mechanism, it had better be crippled and shackled as much as possible. Sir Robert Peel naturally saw, on the other hand, that constructive reform alone was wanting to develop the perfectibility of the ecclesiastical system in this country. No doubt some allowance ought to be made for the harsher measures of the Melbourne ministry, on the ground of the religious policy of many who were included within their parliamentary ranks; just as some qualification of the merit of Sir Robert Peel may be demanded, on the ground of the interest with which his supporters regarded the well-being of the Church. Such a qualification, however, cannot materially trench on the obligations of the Church to his individual policy.

A Church with an annual revenue (we are speaking of England alone) of some three millions and a half—ministered by the only educated priesthood in Europe—standing in the distinctive position, as compared with the Church in every other nation of the continent, that its offices and emoluments were sought indiscriminately by all classes of society—in which the son of the peasant and the son of the great noble stood on a footing of equality—where the former not seldom attained the highest dignities in its possession, and where the latter (unlike his position in the Austrian Church, where he first stipulates for an archbishopric) had commonly no ambition beyond the discharge of his parochial duties—a Church thus situated in respect at once of endowment, of education, and of the affection of all

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classes—could hardly be otherwise than, if not the most perfect, at least the most perfectible, of all the institutions of Europe.

Whatever may have been the extension, during the Whig rule, of the policy which originally dictated the Ecclesiastical Commission—and whatever the defects of the actual administration of the interests of the Church by that commission may have been—the scheme of bringing offices, jurisdictions, and emoluments into conformity with the wants of our own age, was especially Sir Robert Peel's.

First, with regard to bishoprics. The differences of episcopal revenue, ranging between 20,000*l.* or 30,000*l.* attached to the see of Durham, and 800*l.* or 900*l.* attached to the see of Llandaff, though in some respects fortuitous, had its origin also, in others, in appreciable differences of rank, which had long since subsided into traditions. Yet until Sir Robert Peel's accession to power in 1834, no effort appears to have been made by the executive to alter so ridiculous a system. The consequence was, that the prelate in possession of the poor see became a pluralist; and so long as pluralism received such a practical recognition from episcopal thrones, it was hopeless to eradicate it in parochial emoluments. The poor Bishop was probably both a dean and a rector: as in the case of Bishop Bagot (Oxford), and of others. The statute compelled the dean to three months' residence; it compelled the Bishop and the rector to residence also; until at last it was impossible to say whether the diocese, the cathedral, or the parish, were the greater loser. Ecclesiastical jurisdictions were at the same time extremely anomalous, unequal, and undefined. It would be difficult, even now, to speak of them as affording general satisfaction to the Church; and it is still more difficult to applaud the system of legal procedure. The latter, however, formed no part of the policy of Peel. The Ecclesiastical Commission, no doubt, has committed as strange blunders as any other commission; but the minister had but little concern with the detail of its administration, and instead of suppressing offices, had he contented himself with making officers do their duty, there had been little to regret in his Church Reform.

Whatever opinion may be formed regarding the partial suppression of capitular revenues, and of their conversion to the more active interests of the Church, it will be acknowledged on all hands that the reformation has at least tended to raise the position of the chapters themselves. Ecclesiastical politicians are probably unanimous in their condemnation of the old capitular system, which provided for the interests neither of the cathedrals themselves, nor of theological learning, nor of those practical wants of dioceses which have now been consulted at its expense. But they are divided in opinion, into those who wished

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that the reform should not involve the alienation of Capitular revenues, even to the cognate objects of diocesan improvement; and into those who desired to practicalise the application of ecclesiastical property. It appears to have been the policy of Sir Robert Peel to adopt an intervening course between these two extremes of opinion.

In what degree the general principle of equalization, shadowed forth in these reforms, will ultimately be carried out, is a curious question for the future politics of the Church. Now that we have approximately equalized the stipends attached to all dignities, in their respective degrees of rank, shall we stop at the point which we have now reached; or shall we extend this just principle to the parochial revenues of the Church? Shall we continue to permit one incumbent to receive 100*l.* a-year, and another with an equal population to receive 7,000*l.*?[1] Or shall we, though we reserve the operation of our reforms for the successors of existing incumbents, nevertheless be held to trench upon presumptively vested rights, by lessening in some instances the value of advowsons? All these are questions arising out of the ecclesiastical policy of Sir Robert Peel, and suggesting great difficulties in the removal or mitigation of great evils.

On the question of the views of foreign policy entertained by the late Sir Robert Peel, M. Guizot ought to be a high authority. Yet, in his discussion of this question, there seems to be a strong disposition to render the subject subservient to a rather tortuous, and certainly not a very successful vindication of his own policy towards this country on one or two occasions:—

'When I say "his foreign policy"' (says M. Guizot), 'my language is not perfectly accurate. Properly speaking, Sir Robert Peel had no foreign policy that was really his own, of which he had a clear conception, and which proposed to itself a special plan of European organization, and the adoption of which he assiduously applied himself to secure.' – P. 142.

And he elsewhere considers that Sir Robert Peel derived his views of foreign policy almost entirely from the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen. M. Guizot continues:—

'But if foreign policy were neither his dominant idea, nor his principal occupation, he had two powerful and noble maxims, or rather feelings, on this subject. He desired that peace and justice should prevail among states; and these mighty words were not for him merely a possession, a means of acting on the minds of men; he desired that peace and justice should prevail in the relations of England with other nations, seriously and sincerely, as a good and habitual policy. Although very solicitous about the greatness of his country, and even very accessible to popular impressions with regard to the national dignity and honour, he formed no design of aggrandizement for England, felt no selfish jealousy of foreign states, and had no mania for domination abroad, no fondness for displaying an undesired and arrogant

[1] The tithes of the Rectory of Doddington (Dioc. Ely), are commuted at 7,306*l.*

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influence. He respected the rights and dignity of other states, small as well as great, weak as well as strong; and regarded the employment of menace or force solely as a last extremity, legitimate only when it was absolutely necessary.'—P. 143.

M. Guizot takes this opportunity of dealing with the Tahiti question at great length; and, as though with the resolution of justifying the policy of the French government on that subject, he appends much of the official correspondence which took place relating to it. This dissertation, and his remarks also on the question of the Spanish marriages, remind one of the Eastern proverb, that no man ever lost his way in a straight road. M. Guizot's arguments on these matters—we say it with the deepest respect for his intellectual and literary position—illustrate the converse of this very true and simple maxim. The plain truth appears to be, that M. Guizot was resolved to be minister of France. *That* he could only be by submitting to be the slave of an intriguing despot, and the defender and organ of an intriguing policy. His policy in Greece, although less commonly known, forms one of the most conclusive indications of his assumption—though, no doubt, of his unwilling assumption—of this character.

The Tahiti policy of the French government is thus described by him:—

'We wished to acquire in the Pacific Ocean a point which would serve at once as a healthy and safe penal settlement and a station to which our mercantile navy might resort for supplies or refuge, without involving ourselves in the burdens or risk of a great territorial establishment. The little archipelago of the Marquesas seemed to fulfil these conditions; it belonged to no other power. Admiral Dupetit-Thouars received directions to occupy it. No mention was made of Tahiti in his instructions; and we had absolutely formed no design, present or future, on that island.'—P. 167.

Yet M. Guizot admits that, on the intelligence reaching them of the occupation of Tahiti, he 'ratified the act unhesitatingly;' although he was aware that the island formed an independent State under its own government, to which we had accredited a consul; and, in this respect, stood on an entirely different footing from the Marquesas. The institution of a French protectorate was attended (in the language of Sir Robert Peel himself), by 'a gross outrage and gross indignity towards the British consul in Tahiti.' When, therefore, Lord Aberdeen called upon M. Guizot for reparation, what is the plea by which M. Guizot in this volume justifies the conduct of the French admiral? 'That the French cabinet maintained 'its right to remove from any of its colonial establishments 'any foreign resident who might disturb the public order.' How could the island of Tahiti be a French 'colonial establish-

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ment,' even in the eyes of the French government alone, before they had so much as ratified the sham and illegal protectorate which their naval authorities had set up under brute force and intimidation? How could even their ratification of the act, supposing that it had preceded the outrage in question, (which it did not,) entitle the French government to appropriate, as a colony, the territory of a state whose independence Great Britain had acknowledged by accrediting a representative to its prince? It would surely have been more consistent with the aim of these Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel by M. Guizot, if the author had not attempted to adapt them to a very unsuccessful defence of his own policy.

Of these two Memoirs, however, that by M. Guizot will probably survive the volumes of official correspondence compiled by Sir Robert Peel himself. For a portraiture of Sir Robert's character, M. Guizot enjoyed great advantages. As a foreigner, he was sufficiently disconnected from party sentiments to write with justice: as a master of English history, and a frequent visitor to this country, he was possessed of every facility for public information: as *the* minister of France whose special aim it was to cultivate friendly relations with this country, he had gradually grown intimate with the great man whose biography he has written. This Memoir is, probably, too just and too thoughtful, so far as public considerations are involved, to admit of its being supplanted, unless another shall be published which will deal at greater length, as well as with equal fidelity, with the incidents of his private life.

Sir Robert Peel's own Memoirs, on the other hand, will be peculiarly disappointing to those who were already satisfied of his political integrity. Beyond that point they seem to carry no conviction—to leave unexplained much of the conduct which will, nevertheless, be acknowledged to be free of the faintest suspicion of dishonour. There is something, too, that seems very laboured and distasteful to himself in the efforts of this posthumous work, when his views had so largely altered, to vindicate the comparative illiberality of younger years. It calls to remembrance the happy reasoning of Martial—

> 'Pinxisti Venerem, colis, Artemidore, Minervam—
> Et miraris opus displicuisse tuum?'

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ART. IV.—*The Life of Charlotte Brontë.* By MRS. GASKELL. Smith, Elder, & Co., Cornhill.

IT used to be thought the reviewers' duty and office to be caterers for the world of readers, to be leaders of taste, to direct public attention into certain channels, to recommend books, or to dissuade from them, to take the trouble and responsibility of a first perusal; and there was at least the theory that the public was a very docile pupil, who liked guidance, and waited for direction. But who has waited for the critic's dictum to read the life of Charlotte Brontë? Can we hope to be beforehand with the most remote subscriber to Mudie's or his own sluggish country library, so as to indoctrinate him with our views, before he has formed his own, of *the* book of the season—the one book that all the world has read and talked about—and what is much more, that all readers have, according to their capacity, thought over with some real effort to understand its problem, and learn its lesson? And what is this book which has awakened such general interest—what is the life which has struck the universal chord of feeling? It is the very quietest life that ever was lived through, if we are to make variety and action our estimate of living; and this still, uneventful, obscure existence, was lived by a plain, diminutive woman, poor, shy, and unattractive.

The contrast between this outer life and the inner life which accompanied it, constitutes the interest of this remarkable biography. It supplies an illustration of the divine axiom that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth. These words, in their fullest sense, apply to a nobler life and higher aims than are recorded here; but they must also apply to that gift of life which God gives to all his intelligent creatures—that glorious gift of being, sensation, and consciousness. Here is truly a life. Charlotte Brontë lived with a reality and clearness which throw busier careers into mist and shade; here was thought, feeling, passion, the more intense (though not the better, or the happier) for being confined in the narrowest range—in the sphere, as it would at first sight appear, least congenial with our intenser emotions. And we learn what small external aids are needed to develop this gift, to expand thought, to concentrate feeling, to intensify emotion: a narrow, ascetic, silent home, a few wild moors, an expanse of sky reflecting the season's changes, an occasional glimpse of the sea, one or two friends, a few rough neighbours, the roll and

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murmur of the distant world caught through the journals which reached her remote Yorkshire solitude. Once a sojourn in a foreign school; now and then, at distant intervals, a journey within the range of the one village conveyance; a short, sad experience of governess life; fewer adventures than fall to the lot of most monotonous existences; fewer incidents than excite most slaves to a mechanical employment—these furnished training enough for the acute intellect, taught the secrets of the human heart, and fed the vivid imagination—the faculty which glorifies every great idea, stamps every congenial fact indelibly on the brain, and gives significance to every encounter with the outer world.

There is indeed a solemn contrast between such a life of external calm, so tenacious of first impressions, where each event stands out distinct and tells upon the mind's history, quiet in its intensity, sad in its gravity, self-consuming in its resolute purpose, tragic in its life-long devotion to its own sense of duty, with scarce a break or relief to the brooding, constitutional melancholy—and the whirl of gay existence in life, so called: where no thought can be pursued in the perpetual analysis of transient and trivial sensations; where one emotion drives out another; where incident chases incident, and event, event; where every fresh study obliterates the influence of the last; where new loves make the old cold; where no impression lasts long enough to mould the character and leave its own trace behind. The most thoughtless reader must feel this contrast, and find his interest and curiosity stimulated, and his reason stirred, to discover the influences for good and evil in so exceptional a career as is here presented to him. It may, at least, make him appreciate the happy cheerfulness of ordinary life, to learn, as we are taught here—

> ——'how existence may be cherished,
> Strengthened, and fed, without the aid of joy.'

It is the impressive seriousness of this life that first strikes us; it indeed demands attention, and claims our respect, and even admiration. It reveals such earnestness, such truth according to its own standard, such conscientiousness as far as the perception of duty extends, such habitual self-sacrifice; while side by side with these noble qualities, are defects of equal magnitude, and a result which upsets all previous expectation, and overthrows half our theories. For what is the end of this seemingly chastened will, this abiding sense of a divine presence, this subjugation of the highest pleasures of the intellect to homely duties, this renunciation of the gay trifles which make up the existence of so many of her sex? Not serenity, not purity, not contentment, not hope, not a judgment skilled to

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discern between good and evil; not a progress from strength to strength, not faith, nor joy and peace in believing—but dimness and deadness to spiritual things, and a clinging to time and sense, and ignorance of the highest purpose of existence, and a low standard of excellence in others, and bitterness of spirit, narrow sympathies, and harsh judgments. Such at least are the misgivings left on our minds after the perusal of this biography, such the doubts and regrets; though it is not impossible that things may be left untold, unknown even to the biographer, known only to the nearest and dearest, which might clear up the gloom and throw a parting gleam over this sad, heavy, and clouded day.

Before, however, we enter upon the consideration of Charlotte Brontë's character, we would impress upon our readers that she was one of a class who have a peculiar claim for consideration and indulgence—those whose minds and bodies are not in harmony, where there is a lasting discrepancy between the spirit and the mortal frame in which it may truly be said to be imprisoned. When these do not *fit*—when the mind is masculine, vigorous, active, keen, and daring, and the body feeble, nervous, suffering under exertion, and sinking always towards its fall—the want of balance is apt to play strange tricks with the whole economy. The mind, unsupported, not allowed to follow out its suggestions and impulses by physical weakness, and thus condemned to a forced inactivity, becomes often morbid, capricious, or reckless in its workings; for the mind cannot think properly, or use its functions as mere spirit. The body in its turn suffers under the vagaries of its strong, rebellious, irresponsible tenant; it is racked by pains or prostrated by ineffectual, powerless efforts to obey—or it throws off the yoke altogether, and refuses to act as interpreter any longer, and sits down in the stolid imbecility of extreme shyness and reserve, a rigid mould, out of which the fiery tenant cannot make itself seen or felt, and so revenges itself by all the more licence in its own unthwarted sphere, or settles down into dreams and fancies, preying upon itself. Now, we know that this great trial, wherever it is found, is an appointed one; that there is a way to escape from its temptations, and to turn them into a blessing; but it is not less a duty in all who know no such anguish, who experience no internal strife, whose system is in harmony, who know not what this conflict of uncongenial elements means—to pity those who have all their life to bear the burden and heat of this oppressive day. It behoves them, while thankful for their happier lot, to be indulgent, tender, sympathising, considerate for those—and they are often the most highly gifted—who are the subjects of a severer dispensation; to make allowances, to be slow to blame,

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ready to forgive, patient of seeming injustice, tolerant of eccentricity, caprice, and we might almost say, of error—not of error in itself, but in them.

We have spoken of the sensation caused by the present biography, which would have had no common interest had its subject been hitherto unknown; but this is of course indefinitely enhanced by the startling juxtaposition in which it stands, to ordinary readers, with the preconceived conception of what the author of 'Jane Eyre' must be. The genius and audacity of the story; the shrinking timidity of the writer; the decorous, uneventful simplicity of the life; the bold plunge into the whirl of passion in the novel; the rustic ignorance of the world the one presents; the deep knowledge of man's nature—original, rough, coarse man's nature—in those scenes and interests which remove them farthest from woman's sympathy and observation, found in her works — what every reader seeks to do, is to reconcile this seeming contradiction, and unravel the mystery how can so bashful a woman be so unbashful a writer?—and so on.

In the first place, the book proves that those who know least of the world do not always know its best part. The boy at a private tutor's, amongst his two or three companions may find as much bad as in the five hundred boys of a public school; perhaps he may find more: and Charlotte Brontë's small glimpse of the world showed her but an indifferent part of it, and her home held a monster whom the strong ties of an inordinate family affection constrained her to love and care for and find excuses for. Whatever extenuation can be found for want of refinement—for grosser outrages on propriety than this expression indicates—the home and the neighbourhood of Charlotte Brontë certainly furnish; she wrote in ignorance of offending public opinion. She thought men habitually talked before women in the way she makes one of them talk; she thought men generally were like, in their principles, practice, and manners, the men she describes. As her eyes were opened her standard rises, till in her last portrait, the eccentric M. Paul, she gives us something really noble and high principled, though in as odd a shape as these fine qualities were ever embodied.

For practical purposes she lived in a less refined age than our own. Her early experience is drawn from a society a hundred years behindhand in these matters. People talked very differently in the days of Richardson from what they do now. He was then regarded as a moralist. Men would justly hesitate to accord that praise if he wrote the same things in our day. She did not know this; and she had a Lovelace in the house with her, in the person of her brother Branwell.

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So that while she hated low vice for its own sake, and suffered miserably for its consequences, she was sadly and grievously familiar with it, and knew so much worse than she wrote, that she had no conception of offending the delicacy of her readers.

But this is not all; it must be confessed that her sympathies were more with human nature as she saw it than either with ideal perfection or with the same human nature disciplined and held in check by stern principle. She naturally estimated men by their *qualities*, not their principles; and this may be traced not only to circumstances and training, but to a certain inherent and never-remedied defect of nature and temperament. Her character was essentially unspiritual. No merely natural qualities have any merit in them; an abstract admiration of the ideal and perfect may leave the mere admirer no better than his neighbour; but it is not the less true that a want of this appreciation of an elevated form of goodness is an evil. And this void is felt alike in Charlotte Brontë's religion and imagination—it influences at once her life and works.

As far as it is shown to us in Mrs. Gaskell's Memoir, her actuating religion was *natural* religion. Not that the doctrines of the Gospel were, as far as we see, ever *questioned* by her. Her external life showed a formal submission to them, which we would be the last to undervalue. She went constantly to church—there were family prayers, at which she punctually assisted. She was conscientious, often to the sacrifice of pleasure and convenience, in her attendance at the Sunday-school. No duty of the clergyman's daughter was omitted. She had an intimate acquaintance with the language of Scripture—its words were constantly on her lips, or rather her pen. But all that teaching which connects the Christian's life with the love of Christ, which shows us that we are one with Him, hidden with Him, bought with a price, and therefore no longer our own; that we are risen with Him, and must seek the things *above*—the second birth—the indwelling of the Spirit—mysteries—sacraments—all these heavenly things, as far as the Biography shows us (we are aware that there may not have been any diligent search for them, or quick apprehension of transient leanings towards the higher spiritual truths), are a dead letter. We do not find that the conception of them ever fairly took hold of her mind, though at one period nervous despondency assumed the religious aspect it frequently does; but we meet with no aspirations after something above human nature—no lifting up of the soul to the Infinite. A sense of divine presence we do find—of a need of God's help, and dependence on Him as of the dread Power on whom our happiness depends, because His awful irresponsible will may at any moment dash the cup

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from our lips. Of the Deity as a fate to be feared, a Power to be propitiated, a Master to be obeyed, we recognise the influence everywhere in life and works; seldom surely as a Father and a Friend. And this feeble and low estimate of the Divine nature may explain her very defective notions of the evils of sin. She seems to view sin only on the side of its injury to man; not mainly as an offence against God—God who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. It is only, indeed, through the revelation of the Gospel, that sin becomes exceeding sinful—withdrawn from that searching light, it must necessarily be hated solely for the mischief that it does, and the misery it causes. Thus, outrages against God, such as avowed atheism, excite no sense in her of personal wrong. She is seriously grieved when her friend, Miss Martineau, published her infidel book; such speculations depressed her, and made her unhappy. But there is no indignation—she thinks the feeling out of place, and censures it in others. She feels, on the contrary, the general outcry an occasion for showing fidelity in friendship. She regards Miss Martineau as under persecution, because people are angry with her book. She has no jealousy for the honour of God. It may be said, 'Wherein does she differ in all this from most writers of fiction?' Our novelists are not, as a class, remarkable for their spiritual views of Christianity; we are generally content with something far short of this. But Miss Brontë is no ordinary writer. There is nothing vague or undefined about her — all her actuating principles influenced her works. She and her works are identical. Her talent lies in analysis, in looking deep down into the heart; and therefore, all wants and omissions are felt to bear fruit. In fact, a powerful mind shows its wants more than weaker ones; the void is felt in proportion to its vigour and fulness in other directions.

The natural affections are her true inspiration—they absorbed all the feeling of her nature: and this again, it may be said, is no unusual idolatry, that we should lay it to the special charge of Miss Brontë. But with her, as we see it in her life, it was no common, self-indulgent creed. Those who knew only her works might so misunderstand her. She has been so misunderstood. But, in fact, it was a worship that demanded continual sacrifices and the sternest self-denial—the dedication of the whole being. What grim idol was ever more inexorable than her cold damp dreary home, bare, grey, and desolate, with its churchyard miasmas and cheerless bleak solitudes. And her worship of it was much after the servile fashion of idol-worship—if it began in love it ended in fear. She knew it was a prison—she often shuddered over its memories, but she never dreamed

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of escaping its chains, even when it held her from all that her nature most needed for refreshment and renewal. She regarded the call as a temptation. Her devotion to her father is beyond all praise. We can give no ill names to even an excess of filial virtue. Her love, duty, obedience, and sacrifice of her whole being to him, are indeed the example of the book; and she had the reward of making his happiness, and constituting, while she lived, the joy and pride of his old age. But her love for her brother brought nothing but misery and disgrace; yet, the anguish of disappointed hopes, the intolerable load of shame, the perpetual disgust and degradation, never weaned her affection from him—at least, never so far as to suggest the thought of ridding herself of a burden which most minds of any power would in some way have delivered themselves from, and cast off, as Samson his green withes. Even her sisters, with whom there was congeniality of taste and feeling—where the keen, passionate, almost morbid affection was mutual—how strange and comfortless it sounds in the description—how little did Emily, in her pagan selfishness, reward the love centred upon her. How cautious had Charlotte to be—how fearful of offending that incomprehensible, but half human, temper. How patiently she yielded to her overbearing will; how she submitted without irritation to her sinful folly in illness. How tenderly she held her in memory after death, shutting her eyes to her faults, and dressing her up in all manner of fictitious virtues and graces, in the hope of bringing round the world to her own high estimate. How she longed for her, and bled for her with inward wounds that never healed. Her nature had not in it the element of change; even the servant who had once found a place in the inner sanctum of her heart must hold it, and be tenderly considered and humoured, at unheard-of sacrifices of time and convenience. On such questions she could not reason—instinct and a blind sense of duty, with something of the fatalist's resignation, were her guides.

The most engrossing of all human affections was known only to her imagination (as far, that is, as the reader is concerned); for her engagement and marriage occurred at the close of her history; it formed the interest, not of her actual life, but of that part of it which we see in her books. There she threw herself into it with characteristic intensity. Ordinary readers were led to suspect from the daring with which the subject is treated, that her own heart was susceptible; but we believe that experience would have checked the audacity of her invention, if not stopped it altogether; for, in fact, none of the relations which absorbed and filled her heart are represented in her books. Her heroines, those whose inner sanctuary of feeling is laid bare, are in two cases homeless, and in all father-

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less and sisterless: waifs and strays of society with no ties of family or locality. It would seem as if each scene of human feeling must be lived through, either in life or imagination. She was indeed almost willing to confess that the love of children was not in her; but this probably was because it was as yet a mere abstract idea to her. It might have been awakened to tragic power, but it was not the Divine Will that the mother's joys or sorrows should be hers, or we cannot but believe that it, like the rest, would have been a passion self-devoted, blind, idolizing. Friendship stands on quite a different basis in her mind from these *natural* ties. Though very capable of a strong attachment, she had a singular mistrust of it, lest its blandishments should withdraw her from her just allegiance. When intercourse with some congenial mind was absolutely needed for health of mind and body, she would voluntarily refuse it, from the instinctive fear that it might shake the supremacy of home; her instincts were always afraid of it, lest this new influence should attempt to supersede their tyranny. Still it *was* an influence: between her friends and the world at large there was a mighty gulf; they were removed from the region of abstraction and admitted to be parts of herself; and all things not received in some way into herself were either nothing to her or held in antipathy. Abstract ideas were a mere blank; masses of men and their great interests were such to her. Things and persons must have entered into her brain through her heart, feelings, and sympathies, and been thus incorporated into her own being, for her to have a judgment upon them, or, we may add, a conscience about them.

There is a perfect fitness between the subject of the present memoir and her biographer. Mrs. Gaskell has done her best, and spared no pains to draw a faithful and true portrait of her friend; using no more artifices or flattering appliances than are fair in all friendly portrait painting, and which consist in giving prominence to the good points and casting a discreet shade over the weak and faulty ones. In some respects, it is indeed a model of biography. She has caught the spirit of her subject; all the accessories are in keeping. The time and labour she has bestowed on the locality tell with striking effect. We feel these strange sisters to be the spirits of the wild scene, so vividly brought before us; and her heroine's genius and virtues gain originality and dignity, and her faults find their readiest excuse in the picturesque peculiarities of her home and training. In spite of an evident desire to sustain a certain romantic tone —to have all in good keeping—we see no reason to question any statement of fact where she has depended on her own judgment. But the case is altogether different where she has

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implicitly relied on the statements of others in a case where their own wounded feelings were most deeply concerned; there the wish to make the world realize her friend's sorrows and trials has quite upset her sense of justice. We cannot suppose any personal feeling has led Mrs. Gaskell into the great sin and ruinous blunder of her book. We believe it rather to be the fancied duty of using no reserves which could interfere with a full revelation of her heroine's position and circumstances, which she holds to be the cause of all that was faulty in herself or her writings; a false principle which in one case has led her to be as regardless of other reputations as though the persons her story comes in contact with were mere creatures of the brain. We must believe she has been misled by Miss Brontë's own private account, and trusted her erroneous impression, and published it to the world (in a case where such partial affection as hers must necessarily warp her judgment) so rashly and blindly, as not to take the commonest, simplest, and easiest means to ascertain the truth of the unparalleled charges she was bringing. Even if the strange revolting story could have been proved in every particular, we should have felt the impropriety of this gratuitous attack. It sounded, at the first reading, something vindictive and revengeful; an unprecedented outrage on feeling and custom, for which there was no sufficient motive. When every word has been retracted on the threat of legal proceedings, when we find that such charges could be brought by one woman against another without due precaution or adequate inquiry, our confidence in Miss Brontë's biographer has received a permanent shock. She has lost ground which she can never regain. We can no longer take anything for granted; we must test it by our own sense of probability, and form our own independent inferences.

It does not commonly conduce to eminence or distinction in life, of any sort, to have been the victim of crotchets in childhood. Most persons of genius have had an ordinary education according to their class; but Charlotte Brontë stands, at first sight, a signal exception to this rule. She was brought up on what is called a system. Her father took it into his head to train his children on the principles of Day, Rousseau, and those new lights. But when we analyse this system we find its real basis to be *neglect*. His children were, to a most unusual degree, left to themselves. Mr. Brontë, on principle, fed his children exclusively on potatoes; burnt their pretty red shoes, and cut his wife's silk gown into strips,—and therefore takes place amongst the theorists and philosophers: but never was reputation earned at less expense of time and trouble. He had a plan of his own for training children and weaning them

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from the frivolities of life; but having given his orders we meet with no further interference. Their mother suffered in her long illness alone, or in her husband's company. He dined all his life by himself; the six children ate their potatoes by themselves, and either sat in their 'study' (they never had a nursery), where the eldest, just seven years old, read the newspaper and gleaned the political intelligence, or they wandered hand-in-hand to spend hours on the moors. Their bodies were played tricks with, but not their minds. There was no tampering with the intellect—that was left to develop as it might, under nature's influences. Feeble health made them precocious; each child was a phenomenon. They had no notion of play; they never made a noise; their amusements were intellectual speculation; their interests those of the great outer world, wars and politics, warriors and statesmen. It was an education, so to call it, fatal to that just balance of powers which constitutes happiness, and dangerous to principle; but, considering their peculiar organization, fostering the intellect. Nourishing food, tender maternal watchfulness, the attentions and cares of the nursery, plenty of playthings, and the little lessons said as a task each day, would have made happier and better women; they could afterwards have taken their place in life without shyness or reserve: and the brother might have grown into a man, not sunk, after a boyhood of extraordinary promise, into a brute. But on the mere question of genius we should have missed some of Currer Bell's most vivid scenes; there probably would have been no Currer Bell; nor should we have had in their infancy six little sages rivalling their seven predecessors of Greece. We believe in the substantial truth of the following replies, though they may have received a little finish and point in the recording. The incident of the mask is surely prophetic of the disguise under which the three sisters spoke their utterances to the world, and which was really necessary to their powers of expression. We extract from a letter of Mr. Brontë:—

'"When my children were very young, when, as far as I can remember, the oldest was about ten years of age, and the youngest about four, thinking that they knew more than I had yet discovered, in order to make them speak with less timidity, I deemed that if they were put under a sort of cover I might gain my end; and happening to have a mask in the house, I told them all to stand and speak boldly from under cover of the mask.

'"I began with the youngest (Anne, afterwards Acton Bell), and asked what a child like her most wanted; she answered, 'Age and experience.' I asked the next (Emily, afterwards Ellis Bell), what I had best do with her brother Branwell, who was sometimes a naughty boy; she answered, 'Reason with him, and when he won't listen to reason, whip him.' I asked Branwell what was the best way of knowing the difference between the intellects of man and woman; he answered, 'By considering the difference between them as to their bodies.' I then asked Charlotte what was the best book in the world; she answered, 'The Bible.' And what was the

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next best; she answered, 'The Book of Nature.' I then asked the next what was the best mode of education for a woman; she answered, 'That which would make her rule her house well.' Lastly, I asked the oldest what was the best mode of spending time; she answered, 'By laying it out in preparation for a happy eternity.' I may not have given precisely their words, but I have nearly done so, as they made a deep and lasting impression on my memory. The substance, however, was exactly what I have stated."'—*Life of Charlotte Brontë*, vol. i. pp. 59, 60.

These preternaturally sagacious answers emanated from a semi-cultivation. These girls, so quiet, thoughtful, and demure, as we find them in early youth, were in their secret inner nature untamed, and their cold formal stone-flagged home, where they did housework and obeyed orders, represented their merely bodily docility; the unenclosed, untilled heathery moors, with their becks and hollows, figure the freedom, independence, and wild self-culture of their minds, thinking their own thoughts, forming their own theories, constructing their own creeds. They were as much the offspring of this locality as the nymphs and dryads of mythology, and the haunting fairies of a later age, of whom they constantly remind us in the union of two apparently opposite elements—a sympathy with rude humanity, its homely labours, coarse pleasures and passions, and an intense clinging identification of self with the purer, more evanescent aspects of nature, cloud and moonbeam, rainbow and mountain; but while, from this preternatural affinity, seemingly so powerful and free, never really rising beyond earth's attraction, and always haunting the same spot. Charlotte had feelings which connected her with her kind, but we can never think of Emily in life or death as a piece of ordinary humanity; her vehement home-sickness, the inability to exist away from her moors, her deftness at household labours, her savage picture of life in her book, her mastery over brute creatures, her wild unapproachable reserve, her unwillingness to die, as though this life were all, give all the same weird impression. The disembodied spirit, in our fancy, lingers about the scene to which it so passionately clung; it still sobs in the winds and shrieks in the driving wintery rains of those dreary heights.

But our main business is with Charlotte; and the subject of education, plainly treated, brings us to the delicate and much disputed question of the Cowan Bridge School, to which she was sent at eight years old, for a brief period, and of which she has recorded such bitter experiences as Jane Eyre. At eight or nine years old, her habits of observation had no doubt set in. She could form a decided opinion, though not a just judgment, on what she saw; and that opinion would be pretty sure to be an unfavourable and prejudiced one. After her peculiar home-training, we do not doubt that restraint would be irksome,

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and the presence of numbers overwhelming. Then the very simplicity of her home diet might render her appetite fastidious to school fare and the rough cooking with which it is often served. There seems also no doubt that her elder sister, the object of her warm affection and even reverence, was unkindly treated by one of the teachers; Maria Brontë was not in a state of health to be sent to school at all, and faults, the consequence of bodily languor, were punished with undiscerning severity. The scenes recorded by Mrs. Gaskell, of which others were witness, would rankle in any sister's memory; in Charlotte Brontë they would make an indelible impression and cry for vengeance. She found herself in a scene of dreariness and privation, her soul boiled over at what she thought her sister's ill treatment; the child was not then in a state to estimate Mr. Carus Wilson's really benevolent efforts, and the good intentions and self sacrifice, which would atone for mistakes to lookers on. To her he was the head and front of offending; they were *his* rules which pressed so hardly on her, the teacher who tyrannised over her sister acted under his authority. To her he was the veritable 'black marble clergyman' she subsequently sculptured forth. Now it is certain that it needs not only good intentions, but a great deal of kindness and practical knowledge of children, to be able to serve them and do them good; it is hardly fair to demand their gratitude for pursuing a bad system towards them, however well meant; and we are disposed to think that in the short period between the establishment of the school, and its reconstruction after the fever, the period with which alone Charlotte Brontë is concerned, the system was harsh and the practical management ill conducted; probably little allowance was made for difference of character, and all were under one stern mechanical rule. But time should at least soften resentments, if it is too much to expect gratitude from the sensitive, keen nature that writhed under this rule; twenty years should not have passed only to find the rancour more poignant, the understanding should not have gained strength only to give force to retaliation, the imagination should not have developed only to invent the most telling weapon with which to inflict a blow: for no direct charge or accusation could have produced the same effect as this irresponsible satire. The author of Jane Eyre wrote under a feigned name, ignorant who would read her book, how far it would reach, or if it would ever be taken for earnest—not tied down to fact, and with no other guide or judge but her own impression, to which we fully believe she desired to be faithful. But in this assumed freedom she felt at liberty to *interpret* every action that displeased her, to give the *thoughts* that had prompted every supercilious

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word, or harsh tone; to ascribe the motives in words for every austere direction. No one, not she herself, or contemporary pupils, even heard Mr. Carus Wilson say the things attributed to Mr. Brocklehurst; but she did not think herself unfair so long as she gave what she believed the *true* interpretation, and put thought and action into the language which they must have assumed if reduced to words at all. This is always her plan in writing. Thus if Mr. Wilson even objected in her 'hearing' to a substitute being provided for an ill-cooked breakfast, her conscience would feel justified in recording his supposed principle in the following words, which conclude a long harangue.

'"Oh, Madam, when you put bread and cheese instead of burnt porridge into these children's mouths, you may feed their vile bodies, but you little think how you starve their immortal souls!"'—*Jane Eyre*, p. 60.

If ever she witnessed, which we have little doubt she did, the contrast between her schoolfellows' enforced plainness of apparel —enforced on religious grounds—and the air of fashion in their censor's own family, she would not hesitate to bring precept and practice in rather startling juxtaposition, as in the following little scene, which comes at the close of a lecture against conformity to the world, and an order for cutting short the hair of all the girls.

'"Madam," he pursued, "I have a Master to serve, whose kingdom is not of this world; my mission is to mortify in these girls the lusts of the flesh, and teach them to clothe themselves with shame-facedness and sobriety, not with braided hair and costly apparel; and each of the young persons before us has a string of hair twisted in plaits which vanity itself might have woven: these, I repeat, must be cut off; think of the time wasted of"—

'Mr. Brocklehurst was here interrupted. Three other visitors, ladies, entered the room. They ought to have come a little sooner to have heard his lecture on dress, for they were splendidly attired in velvet, silk, and furs. The two younger of the trio (fine girls of sixteen and seventeen) had grey beaver hats, then in fashion, shaded with ostrich plumes, and from under the brim of this graceful head-dress fell a profusion of light tresses, elaborately curled. The elder lady was enveloped in a costly velvet shawl, trimmed with ermine, and she wore a false front of French curls.

'These ladies were deferentially received by Miss Temple as Mrs. and the Misses Brocklehurst, and conducted to seats of honour at the top of the room.'—*Ibid.* p. 61.

If exposure and public denunciation was a favourite form of punishment, one indeed most ill suited for the moral training of girls, and terrible to a nervous temperament to endure or even to witness, she would not hesitate to illustrate the system in that ruthless scene, where the hapless child is set on a stool and proclaimed a liar, or to enhance its cruelty by the exquisite contrast of pity and sympathy, delineated in her own sister Maria; thus exhibiting in harshest and most painful force a

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hard unfeeling system brought to bear on a noble character. Just so far, and no further, we believe this to be a correct representation of the state of things at Cowan Bridge; that is, we believe the faults she exposes did all exist in a modified form; her penetration saw what some others did not see, but what was really there. But the unfairness consists not only in dramatic exaggeration, but in the suppression or ignoring of all redeeming points.

In all this, Charlotte Brontë did not feel the responsibilities of authorship, or realize that, while relieving her own feelings and avenging her sister's wrongs, by telling the tale her own way, she was retaliating by the same plan of irresponsible denunciation she had been exposing in her book. Minds so warped by morbid family affection as hers cannot be fair in judging between their own belongings and strangers, besides that her sense of justice was not as much on the alert as it would have been in making a plain statement. Mrs. Gaskell says—

'Miss Brontë more than once said to me, that she should not have written what she did of Lowood in "Jane Eyre," if she had thought the place would have been so immediately identified with Cowan's Bridge, although there was not a word in her account of the institution but what was true at the time when she knew it; she also said that she had not considered it necessary, in a work of fiction, to state every particular with the impartiality that might be required in a court of justice, nor to seek out motives, and make allowances for human failings, as she might have done, if dispassionately analysing the conduct of those who had the superintendence of the institution. I believe she herself would have been glad of an opportunity to correct the over-strong impression which was made upon the public mind by her vivid picture, though even she, suffering her whole life long, both in heart and body, from the consequences of what happened there, might have been apt, to the last, to take her deep belief in facts for the facts themselves—her conception of truth for the absolute truth.'—*Life of Charlotte Brontë*, vol. i. pp. 64, 65.

The apology for unfairness, the excuse, as far as one can be given, for lasting indiscriminating rancour, lies in such scenes as these, for which Mrs. Gaskell has the authority of a fellow pupil.

'One of their fellow-pupils, among other statements even worse, gives me the following:—The dormitory in which Maria slept was a long room, holding a row of narrow little beds on each side, occupied by the pupils; and at the end of this dormitory there was a small bed-chamber opening out of it, appropriated to the use of Miss Scatcherd. Maria's bed stood nearest to the door of this room. One morning, after she had become so seriously unwell as to have had a blister applied to her side (the sore from which was not perfectly healed), when the getting-up bell was heard, poor Maria moaned out that she was so ill, so very ill, she wished she might stop in bed; and some of the girls urged her to do so, and said they would explain it all to Miss Temple, the superintendent. But Miss Scatcherd was close at hand, and her anger would have to be faced before Miss Temple's kind thoughtfulness could interfere; so the sick child began to dress, shivering with cold, as, without leaving her bed, she slowly put on

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her black worsted stockings over her thin white legs (my informant spoke as if she saw it yet, and her whole face flashed out undying indignation). Just then Miss Scatcherd issued from her room, and, without asking for a word of explanation from the sick and frightened girl, she took her by the arm, on the side to which the blister had been applied, and by one vigorous movement whirled her out into the middle of the floor, abusing her all the time for dirty and untidy habits. There she left her. My informant says, Maria hardly spoke, except to beg some of the more indignant girls to be calm; but, in slow, trembling movements, with many a pause, she went down stairs at last,—and was punished for being late.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 73, 74.

It is rather a startling fact, that this poor child was almost at the point of death before her father was informed of her illness. The shock was great when he saw her state; he took her home at once, where she died in a very few days.

The Miss Temple of Jane Eyre still lives, and barely remembers Charlotte Brontë as a bright clever little child; the only period of her life, her biographer thinks, in which the epithet 'bright' could be applied to her. She was taken from the school soon after nine years old—a standing warning to all concerned with children, to take care what they do before the youngest and smallest: who knows what tenacious memories, what keen sense of injustice, what power and thirst for vengeance, lie there in the germ, hid out of sight or thought, to start into life some day.

At this age, the death of her two elder sisters made her the head of the family, and constituted her the guardian of the two remaining girls, Emily and Anne, the Ellis and Acton Bell of later times. An aunt, their mother's sister, taught them what she knew herself, and the father told them the news, and kept them informed in all public events. Mr. Brontë's plans of education were certainly singular, for while he sent four girls to school at one time, his only son he preferred to keep at home under his own instruction, and dependent for amusement on such intercourse and companionship as he could make for himself in the village; where he soon became so acceptable, that it was the custom of the landlord of the public house to send for 'Patrick,' as they called him, to entertain every new arrival. After this we need not talk of systems of education. The result surpasses in mischief what might have been expected from it. But in boyhood Branwell shared his sisters' literary tastes and aspirations. They wrote tales, dramas, and poems together. At the age of nineteen, he sent one of the latter to Wordsworth, with a request for his judgment expressed in really eloquent terms, and conveying at once a sense of his own powers, and a modest deference to the great poet's award, whatever it might be, which make us grieve the more for the wreck of his later years.

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The seclusion of their life had an exactly opposite effect on the brother and his sisters; they grew preposterously shy and bound to home; he longed for the world he was shut out from with a sort of mania; he actually studied the map of London, till he knew his way through its labyrinths better than any cockney.

One of the curiosities of the book is a fac-simile of Charlotte's handwriting in this first period of composition, distressing to look upon from its extreme minuteness and from the ruinous effect it must have had on her sight, which was always weak. There is something characteristic in this, and in her notion of learning to draw by close imitation of line engraving. We trace something of the same minuteness in her style, and in the labour she bestows on the description of a passing expression, a frown, a glance, a smile. She was feeling her way in the dark to her own especial forte. By fourteen she had written twenty volumes in this microscopic penmanship, of a quality which Mrs. Gaskell answers for as being of singular merit for that age. The variety of subject implies an immense range of thought and interest, and a considerable hero-worship. The Duke of Wellington was her type and ideal of all that was great and noble. Her thoughts, her stories, her fancies, all centred round him. She was a keen politician, a Tory, and churchwoman, in her way. The following passage from one of her stories, written to account for its slow progress, must surely be remarkable writing for the age of thirteen.

'"Parliament was opened, and the great Catholic question was brought forward, and the Duke's measures were disclosed, and all was slander, violence, party-spirit, and confusion. Oh, those six months, from the time of the King's speech to the end! Nobody could write, think, or speak on any subject about the Catholic question, and the Duke of Wellington, and Mr. Peel. I remember the day when the Intelligence Extraordinary came with Mr. Peel's speech in it, containing the terms on which the Catholics were to be let in! With what eagerness Papa tore off the cover, and how we all gathered round him, and with what breathless anxiety we listened, as one by one they were disclosed, and explained, and argued upon so ably, and so well! and then when it was all out, how Aunt said that she thought it was excellent, and that the Catholics could do no harm with such good security! I remember also the doubts as to whether it would pass the House of Lords, and the prophecies that it would not; and when the paper came which was to decide the question, the anxiety was almost dreadful with which we listened to the whole affair: the opening of the doors; the hush; the royal dukes in their robes, and the great duke in green sash and waistcoat; the rising of all the peeresses when he rose; the reading of his speech—Papa saying that his words were like precious gold; and lastly, the majority of one to four (*sic*) in favour of the Bill. But this is a digression." &c. &c.'—*Ibid.* p. 92.

In the midst of this intellectual activity she was a busy little housewife, sweeping the rooms, assisting in the cooking, and, by turns, playfellow and monitress of her younger sisters and brother;

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such occupations being, no doubt, of infinite value as a check to mere brain work, which must have been going on amongst them all to a very dangerous extent. In a year or two's time we find her with failing spirits and a tone of melancholy, very sad in the dawn of womanhood. It is at this age that we first have a description of her personal appearance—a point of great importance in the formation of all character, and which greatly influenced hers; for she was painfully and morbidly conscious of plainness of feature, so much so as to suppose herself an object disagreeable to the eyes of strangers: an unfortunate impression which, no doubt (added to the quaint, homely style of dress it was the father's will to choose for his daughters), had a great deal to do with her shyness. People seldom take up such notions without some foundation; otherwise Mrs. Gaskell's friendly description, supported by Richmond's very interesting and intelligent portrait, would lead us to disregard it altogether. But faces which depend upon intelligence and expression for their good looks are never seen to advantage by their possessors.

'This is perhaps a fitting time to give some personal description of Miss Brontë. In 1831, she was a quiet, thoughtful girl, of nearly fifteeen years of age, very small in figure—"stunted" was the word she applied to herself,—but as her limbs and head were in just proportion to the slight, fragile body, no word in ever so slight a degree suggestive of deformity could properly be applied to her; with soft, thick, brown hair, and peculiar eyes, of which I find it difficult to give a description, as they appeared to me in her later life. They were large and well shaped; their colour a reddish brown; but if the iris was closely examined, it appeared to be composed of a great variety of tints. The usual expression was of quiet, listening intelligence; but now and then, on some just occasion for vivid interest or wholesome indignation, a light would shine out, as if some spiritual lamp had been kindled, which glowed behind those expressive orbs. I never saw the like in any other human creature. As for the rest of her features, they were plain, large, and ill set; but, unless you began to catalogue them, you were hardly aware of the fact, for the eyes and power of the countenace over-balanced every physical defect; the crooked mouth and the large nose were forgotten, and the whole face arrested the attention, and presently attracted all those whom she herself would have cared to attract. Her hands and feet were the smallest I ever saw; when one of the former was placed in mine, it was like the soft touch of a bird in the middle of my palm. The delicate long fingers had a peculiar fineness of sensation, which was one reason why all her handiwork, of whatever kind —writing, sewing, knitting—was so clear in its minuteness. She was remarkably neat in her whole personal attire; but she was dainty as to the fit of her shoes and gloves.

'I can well imagine that the grave serious composure, which, when I knew her, gave her face the dignity of an old Venetian portrait, was no acquisition of later years, but dated from that early age when she found herself in the position of an elder sister to motherless children. But in a girl only just entered on her teens, such an expression would be called (to use a country phrase) "old-fashioned;" and in 1831, the period of which I now write, we must think of her as a little, set, antiquated girl, very quiet in manners, and very quaint in dress; for besides the influence exerted by

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her father's ideas concerning the simplicity of attire befitting the wife and daughters of a country clergyman (as evinced in his destruction of the coloured boots and the silk gown), her aunt, on whom the duty of dressing her nieces principally devolved, had never been in society since she left Penzance, eight or nine years before, and the Penzance fashions of that day were still dear to her heart.'—*Ibid.* pp. 99—101.

In 1831 (she was born in 1816) she was sent again to school at Roe Head, between Leeds and Huddersfield, under the charge of Miss Wooler, who remained her warm friend through life. There, too, she formed a lasting friendship with two of her schoolfellows, and in visiting them at their homes somewhat enlarged the sphere of her observation. The traditions of Roe Head and these family visits furnish amongst them the plot and many of the characters of 'Shirley,' where, our readers will remember, there figure many rich and original specimens of Yorkshire life. Scarcely any of her characters are simply ideal; she had a real model for most of them; and the family of one of these schoolfellows seems to have been reproduced entire, as 'the Yorke Family' in 'Shirley,' not at all, as far as we are led to judge, to their annoyance. In an interval between being a pupil and returning as a teacher to Miss Wooler's, we find her a young instructress of her younger sisters, spending the day in what she calls a delightful, though somewhat monotonous course of lessons, reading, drawing, needlework, and household duties. Their walks always—except when diverted to the circulating library, four miles off—in the same direction, upwards towards 'the purple black moors;' for their shyness kept them aloof from the village. 'They were shy,' we are told, 'of meeting even familiar faces, and scrupulous about entering the house of the poorest univited. They were steady teachers in the Sunday-school, a habit which Charlotte kept up very faithfully;' but they never faced their kind voluntarily, and always preferred the solitude and freedom of the moors.

The school friend, whose correspondence furnishes most of Charlotte Brontë's early letters, records her first visit to Haworth, and the impression this singular family made on her. All were very clever, original, and utterly different from any people or family she had ever seen before. There was individuality in the whole group, even to Tabby the servant, fidelity towards whom cost our heroine such constant sacrifices. She was struck with the extraordinary shyness of the sisters, and especially Emily's extreme reserve. Mrs. Gaskell discriminates between these two affections, saying that the one—shyness—would please if it knew how, whereas reserve is indifferent whether it pleases or not. We think, however, the quality was the same in kind, though different in degree. Charlotte did not

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care to be agreeable to any but congenial spirits; while Emily found no congenial spirits out of her own confined circle. Carried to the excess which we see it in both these sisters, it is scarcely compatible with an amiable disposition. It belonged to a nature which could not be softened by mere social intercourse apart from direct congeniality. Charlotte never fraternised with general society, or felt under obligations to it, or hesitated to make a simple business-like use of it. She could even lampoon the guests at her father's house, as in the notable case of the curates who figure in 'Shirley,' and who are avowedly real men, moving in her own circle of acquaintance, as far as she had one. No open, frank, cordial nature could have done this—one that welcomes the guest because he is a neighbour, and feels the force of that gentle tie. Mere inevitable acquaintanceship was no tie to this at once repellant and observant intellect, which treated men as pictures, holding them at arm's length to study them the better. With such feelings towards her species, no wonder she mistrusted them in return, and looked for criticism, and feared harsh construction, and felt timid, awkward, and constrained in their presence. It is true that of society, such as it is understood in more civilized parts of the world, she had small experience, and the rough manners and tempers Mrs. Gaskell describes as indigenous to that district may have inflicted some rude shocks on her young, sensitive mind, and thrown it back upon itself. But all the sisters were more or less impervious to new impressions, and in some mysterious way the slaves of association, which we suppose is one characteristic of reserve. Perhaps under any education their minds would have shown remarkable tenacity to early habit, and resistance to new influences; but, fostered and strengthened by retirement, natural peculiarity gained strength, and became a tyrant. The contrast we have before noted, the antagonism, so to say, between mind and body, is certain to have ministered to their reserve or shyness: the consciousness that externals did not do them justice, that their minds spoke through unworthy forms. We do not mean mere want of beauty, but circumstances were all against a gracious expansion of nature. Their life had no spring, no sweet budding time of hope and joy. The sap that should have blossomed in leaf and flower formed into knots and excrescences strong and enduring, but presenting no fair show. For this cause they were, perhaps, thrown unwholesomely upon each other for love and sympathy.

The subject of reserve naturally leads us to meditate on the nature and purposes of family affection, and the ties of blood. Every affection with which we are endowed has a use, and tends to the general good. They are all designed for the

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common weal; the closest, most secret, and intimate domestic relation has, we need not say, a public end. If it does not serve some public use, it is a failure. If a husband's love for his wife does not make him a better citizen, it does him harm, and is a perverted gift. Now, there is a sort of family affection that chills men's wider sympathies, and blinds them to their affinity with the great human family. Our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters, are given us to teach us a universal sense of kindred and benevolence. Where we find, instead of this lesson, an opposite impulse is induced—an impulse of separation and exclusion—then we may be sure that family affection has been warped by some selfish and injurious influence, and has failed in the work it was designed to do. Now the mutual affection of the Brontë family was of this sort. We would wish to speak indulgently, respectfully, and even admiringly, of the rare example of sisterly love which this book exhibits; but we cannot doubt that there was error in its exclusiveness, which produced, as all error will, bitter fruit. Emily seems to have embodied in herself the extreme evil of whatever was wrong in this sentiment. In this great world of fellow-creatures, sprung from the same source, bound to the same goal, guided by the same hopes and fears, influenced by the same great motives, instincts, and passions, she could endure the companionship of scarcely half a dozen living things; all beside were intolerable to her. So far from giving others her confidence and sympathy, she could not bear their presence. Except her two sisters, her father, her abominable brother, the old household servant, and the dog, she had no voluntary intercourse with living thing; and even with these favoured few, though she could not exist away from them, though the sight and sound of them was, in some way, as necessary to her being as the air she breathed, yet she neither seems to have studied their comfort, nor returned their confidence; this mighty craving love ended in utter dogged rejection of even their sympathy. Because it was perverted from its proper end it recoiled upon itself. Of course this is a monstrous extreme; but the fault, in a degree, is no uncommon one, and the use of extremes is to furnish pointed lessons.

Charlotte Brontë, however, could add friendship to this absorbing feeling, as her letters show, though they exhibit a strange mistrust for one so young in the stability of the tie. Even as a girl she was without hope, and felt herself so little in harmony with the world, its pleasures, its bustle, its splendour, that any contact with it she expected to alienate from herself. In truth, the distant life of stirring incident, grand spectacles, and historical associations, had a powerful influence on her

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imagination and intellect, though she was afraid of it, and felt herself cut off from it. In the midst of her shyness, we see an unusual confidence in her own judgment as to what was worthy of her curiosity. She had no false shame, such as rusticity often feels—she warns her friend on her first visit to London against it. The girl of seventeen or eighteen writes:—

'"Haworth, Feb. 20, 1834.

'"Your letter gave me real and heartfelt pleasure, mingled with no small share of astonishment. Mary had previously informed me of your departure for London, and I had not ventured to calculate on any communication from you while surrounded by the splendours and novelties of that great city, which has been called the mercantile metropolis of Europe. Judging from human nature, I thought that a little country girl, for the first time in a situation so well calculated to excite curiosity, and to distract attention, would lose all remembrance, for a time at least, of distant and familiar objects, and give herself up entirely to the fascination of those scenes which were then presented to her view. Your kind, interesting, and most welcome epistle showed me, however, that I had been both mistaken and uncharitable in these suppositions. I was greatly amused at the tone of nonchalance which you assumed, while treating of London and its wonders. Did you not feel awed while gazing at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey? Had you no feeling of intense and ardent interest, when in St. James's you saw the palace where so many of England's kings have held their courts, and beheld the representations of their persons on the walls? You should not be too much afraid of appearing *country-bred;* the magnificence of London has drawn exclamations of astonishment from travelled men, experienced in the world, its wonders and beauties. Have you yet seen anything of the great personages whom the sitting of Parliament now detains in London—the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Earl Grey, Mr. Stanley, Mr. O'Connell? If I were you, I would not be too anxious to spend my time in reading whilst in town."'—*Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 135, 136.

A want of the faculty of hearty surprise is a sign with her of a weak character: in 'Villette' we find it ascribed to the selfish school girl, 'who must have had good blood in her 'veins, for never was any duchess more perfectly, radically, 'unaffectedly *nonchalante* than she; a weak, transient amaze 'was all she knew of the sensation of wonder.'

When the friend returns from London, she is greeted with congratulations at her unshaken constancy; the letter is curious as showing that the habit of scrutinising observation had set in. We see what was the basis of her knowledge of human nature; not only that unreasoning instinct which enables men to *act* in society, but careful study, which stands in the way of free personal intercourse, but without which there can be no successful delineation of character.

'"My *own* DEAR E., '"June 19th.

'"I may rightfully and truly call you so now. You *have* returned or *are* returning from London—from the great city which is to me as apocryphal as Babylon, or Nineveh, or ancient Rome. You are withdrawing from the world (as it is called), and bringing with you—if your letters

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enable me to form a correct judgment—a heart as unsophisticated, as natural, as true, as that you carried there. I am slow, *very* slow, to believe the protestations of another; I know my own sentiments, I can read my own mind, but the minds of the rest of man and woman kind are to me sealed volumes, hieroglyphical scrolls, which I cannot easily either unseal or decipher. Yet time, careful study, long acquaintance, overcome most difficulties; and, in your case, I think they have succeeded well in bringing to light and construing that hidden language, whose turnings, windings, inconsistencies, and obscurities, so frequently baffle the researches of the honest observer of human nature. . . . I am truly grateful for your mindfulness of so obscure a person as myself, and I hope the pleasure is not altogether selfish; I trust it is partly derived from the consciousness that my friend's character is of a higher, a more steadfast order than I was once perfectly aware of. Few girls would have done as you have done—would have beheld the glare, and glitter, and dazzling display of London with dispositions so unchanged, heart so uncontaminated. I see no affectation in your letters, no trifling, no frivolous contempt of plain, and weak admiration of showy persons and things."'—*Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 137, 138.

At this period, by the way, we observe a propensity to the use of long words; no bad sign in youth and inexperience, whatever it may be afterwads. Long words are a stage which we fancy every good style has passed through. After an interval of home she became teacher in Miss Wooler's school; Emily Brontë undertook a similar situation amongst strangers, and suffered frightfully in the uncongenial labour, which, after a few months, was discontinued. Poor Charlotte, on her side, sank into low spirits, and became a victim to nervous terrors, under which it was sad to see her pursuing her labour, with a morbid perseverance which would not permit her to accept of relaxation. She writes penitential letters to her friend about her miserable touchiness of character; and is evidently passing through another stage of those trials by which her intellect was forming itself for its work, at the cost of all the light-heartedness of youth.

Whatever religious experiences are communicated to the reader belong to this period of life, and are met with in her correspondence with this schoolfellow, who, we presume, sought to lead her mind in its distress to seek rest in religion. Charlotte's replies are in a strain which seem to tell of some temporary excitement with which her state of nerves had probably to do. It stands not only apart, but at variance with the tone of later life. We meet with no recurrence of thoughts like these; the impression seemed to pass away and leave no trace; and yet they are impassioned and striking words from such a source, and awaken pity and sympathy.

'"May 10, 1836.

'"I was struck with the note you sent me with the umbrella; it showed a degree of interest in my concerns which I have no right to expect from any earthly creature. I won't play the hypocrite; I won't answer your kind, gentle, friendly questions in the way you wish me to. Don't deceive

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yourself by imagining I have a bit of real goodness about me. My darling, if I were like you, I should have my face Zion-ward, though prejudice and error might occasionally fling a mist over the glorious vision before me—but I *am not like you.* If you knew my thoughts, the dreams that absorb me, and the fiery imagination that at times eats me up, and makes me feel society, as it is, wretchedly insipid, you would pity and I dare say despise me. But I know the treasures of the *Bible;* I love and adore them. I can *see* the Well of Life in all its clearness and brightness; but when I stoop down to drink of the pure waters they fly from my lips as if I were Tantalus." '—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 154.

And again,—

'"My *dear dear* E.—I am at this moment trembling all over with excitement, after reading your note; it is what I never received before—it is the unrestrained pouring out of a warm, gentle, generous heart. . . . . I thank you with energy for this kindness. I will no longer shrink from answering your questions. I *do* wish to be better than I am. I pray fervently sometimes to be made so. I have stings of conscience, visitings of remorse, glimpses of holy, of inexpressible things, which formerly I used to be a stranger to; it may all die away, and I may be in utter midnight, but I implore a merciful Redeemer, that, if this be the dawn of the gospel, it may still brighten to perfect day. Do not mistake me—do not think I am good; I only wish to be so. I only hate my former flippancy and forwardness. Oh! I am no better than ever I was. I am in that state of horrid, gloomy uncertainty that, at this moment, I would submit to be old, grey-haired, to have passed all my youthful days of enjoyment, and to be settling on the verge of the grave, if I could only thereby ensure the prospect of reconciliation to God, and redemption through his Son's merits. I never was exactly careless of these matters, but I have always taken a clouded and repulsive view of them; and now, if possible, the clouds are gathering darker, and a more oppressive despondency weighs on my spirits. You have cheered me, my darling; for one moment, for an atom of time, I thought I might call you my own sister in the spirit; but the excitement is past, and I am now as wretched and hopeless as ever. This very night I will pray as you wish me. May the Almighty hear me compassionately! and I humbly hope he will, for you will strengthen my polluted petitions with your own pure requests. All is bustle and confusion round me, the ladies pressing with their sums and their lessons. . . . . If you love me, *do, do, do* come on Friday: I shall watch and wait for you, and if you disappoint me I shall weep." '—*Ibid,* vol i. p. 155—157.

At this time, too, she reads religious biographies, is 'fascinated' by Legh Richmond's domestic portraiture, and exhorts her friend to read the life of Wilberforce by his sons. A little further on we come again to the same despondency.

'"If I could always live with you, and daily read the Bible with you—if your lips and mine could at the same time drink the same draught, from the same pure fountain of mercy—I hope, I trust, I might one day become better, far better than my evil, wandering thoughts, my corrupt heart, cold to the spirit and warm to the flesh, will now permit me to be. I often plan the pleasant life which we might lead together, strengthening each other in that power of self-denial, that hallowed and growing devotion, which the first saints of God often attained to. My eyes fill with tears when I contrast the bliss of such a state, brightened by hopes of the future, with the melancholy state I now live in, uncertain that I ever felt true contrition, wandering in thought and deed, longing for holiness, which

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I shall *never, never* obtain, smitten at times to the heart with the conviction that ghastly Calvinistic doctrines are true—darkened, in short, by the very shadows of spiritual death.—If Christian perfection be necessary to salvation, I shall never be saved; my heart is a very hot-bed for sinful thoughts, and when I decide on an action I scarcely remember to look to my Redeemer for direction. I know not how to pray; I cannot bend my life to the grand end of doing good; I go on constantly seeking my own pleasure, pursuing the gratification of my own desires. I forget God, and will not God forget me? And, meantime, I know the greatness of Jehovah; I acknowledge the perfection of His word; I adore the purity of the Christian faith; my theory is right, my practice horribly wrong." '—*Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 177, 178.

We would not throw any doubt on the language of true contrition; but here, surely, it is the *nerves* rather than the unexcited heart or conscience that speak.

It might be guessed beforehand that these sisters would be indifferently fitted by disposition and habit for the position of governess. Charlotte tried it with ill enough success; and her experience is added to that of some score others, proving the vulgar selfishness of wealth, and that dark side of respectable human nature which, she says, only a governess can realize. We own we do not attach much weight to her gloomy picture of this state of existence. When she says, writing to Emily Brontë, 'You may imagine the miseries of 'a reserved wretch like me, thrown at once into the midst 'of a large family—proud as peacocks and wealthy as Jews '—at a time when they were particularly gay—when the 'house was filled with company—all strangers, whose faces I 'had never seen before!' We can guess all the rest. A mutual dislike would spring up on the spot. It is the nature of reserved (which are, as we have said, exclusive) minds to take unfair views of persons outside themselves; those whom they admit into their inner sanctum are unduly exalted; because a certain selfishness pleases itself in setting up the objects of *their* love on an undue eminence, while those outside this paradise are cold, dull, stupid, vulgar, or whatever is the last form of degradation and disparagement in their minds. We do not doubt that Miss Brontë was repulsive to the ladies in whose house she served. The cold, reserved, victim-like way in which she would perform her duties would be irritating. The very saying, 'What, love the governness, my dear!'—which will possibly pass into a by-word of that cruelty and want of feeling of which a woman may be guilty—*may* admit of a different interpretation. It may not have expressed contempt of a dependent condition, of intellect and cultivation condemned to serve wealth for hire; but simply that the good lady had not the manners to repress her astonishment that her child should love anything so unloveable as the governess showed herself to her. We are not saying

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that the position of governess, in many instances, is not most trying to health, spirits, and temper, but that in Miss Brontë's case there were faults in herself which would certainly aggravate the evil indefinitely, and separate her case from ordinary experience. The state of her own feelings is well described in the following passage, which, we think, throws some light upon the real state of things.

'"I have striven hard to be pleased with my new situation. The country, the house, and the grounds are, as I have said, divine; but, alack-a-day! there is such a thing as seeing all beautiful around you—pleasant woods, white paths, green lawns, and blue sunshiny sky—and not having a free moment or a free thought left to enjoy them. The children are constantly with me. As for correcting them, I quickly found that was out of the question; they are to do as they like. A complaint to the mother only brings black looks on myself, and unjust, partial excuses to screen the children. I have tried that plan once, and succeeded so notably, I shall try no more. I said in my last letter that Mrs. —— did not know me. I now begin to find she does not intend to know me; that she cares nothing about me, except to contrive how the greatest possible quantity of labour may be got out of me; and to that end she overwhelms me with oceans of needlework; yards of cambric to hem, muslin nightcaps to make, and, above all things, dolls to dress. I do not think she likes me at all, because I can't help being shy in such an entirely novel scene, surrounded as I have hitherto been by strange and constantly changing faces. . . . . I used to think I should like to be in the stir of grand folks' society; but I have had enough of it—it is dreary work to look on and listen. I see more clearly than I have ever done before, that a private governess has no existence, is not considered as a living rational being, except as connected with the wearisome duties she has to fulfil."'—*Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 191, 192.

Wherever the fault lay, it is clear she never once let her heart go out towards these people; she suffered at the time and pondered over her wrongs, some of which at least read like real ones, studied her oppressors and impaled them all in her books. The 'gay company' are, no doubt, that swan-like bevy of fine ladies whose entrance is so well pictured in 'Jane Eyre.' The mother of her pupils we might fancy Mrs. Reed, aggravated in her deformity as her unloving portraits always are—and her own feelings through it all are Jane Eyre's. Under unkindness, we can well fancy that the imagination would indemnify itself by picturing circumstances which might brighten up so dreary an existence, and give the neglected governess a part to play and interests of her own, even more bright and flattering than those she witnessed. It was a part of her life which, though lasting but a little while, strengthened and gave direction to her powers. Though her heart slept amongst strangers, her observation kindled in the new field, and her imagination was stimulated to frame itself a home far away from the disagreeable present, though suggested by it. While we cannot but reflect upon this habit of making her social experiences

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minister with so little disguise to the demands of her genius, we must not forget to admire the voluntary self-sacrifice in undertaking such irksome employment for the purpose of relieving the family purse and aiding in the establishment of her brother —considerations all powerful with Charlotte, and duties from which she never shrank. Emily Brontë really tried to do the same: having once failed to endure school existence as a pupil, she tried it again as teacher, with the same success.

'Emily—that free, wild, untameable spirit, never happy nor well but on the sweeping moors that gathered round her home—that hater of strangers, doomed to live amongst them, and not merely to live but to slave in their service—what Charlotte could have borne patiently for herself, she could not bear for sister.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 160, 161.

It would not do. It was settled that Emily must be *the* one to stay at home, where she shrank from no labour, made all the bread for the family, and learnt German in the kitchen while it rose.

Coming in amidst these school and governess experiences we have some characteristic home scenes. While all the sisters happened to be at home, Tabby, the old servant, broke her leg. She was at this time nearer seventy than sixty, and the prudent aunt urged on Mr. Brontë the wisdom of removing her to her sister's in the village, attending upon her there, and finding a substitute more helpful and vigorous. There would have been no hardship in this, for Tabby had saved a competency for her rank of life. It was clearly the thing to do—the best for all parties. But the sisters in their narrow, short-sighted sense of duty thought otherwise.

'Miss Branwell urged her views upon Mr. Brontë as soon as the immediate danger to the old servant's life was over. He refused at first to listen to the careful advice; it was repugnant to his liberal nature. But Miss Branwell persevered; urged economical motives; pressed on his love for his daughters. He gave way. Tabby was to be removed to her sister's, and there nursed and cared for. Mr. Brontë coming in with his aid when her own resources fell short. This decision was communicated to the girls. There were symptoms of a quiet, but sturdy rebellion, that winter afternoon, in the small precints of Haworth Parsonage. They made one unanimous and stiff remonstrance. Tabby had tended them in childhood; they, and none other, should tend her in her infirmity and age. At tea-time, they were sad and silent, and the meal went away untouched by any of the three. So it was at breakfast; they did not waste many words on the subject, but each word they did utter was weighty. They "struck" eating till the resolution was rescinded, and Tabby was allowed to remain a helpless invalid entirely dependent upon them. Herein was a strong feeling of Duty being paramount to Pleasure, which lay at the foundation of Charlotte's character, made most apparent; for we have seen how she yearned for her friend's company; but it was to be obtained only by shrinking from what she esteemed right, and that she never did, whatever might be the sacrifice.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 181, 182.

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Of course it was not really *right*, though we respect the scruple that thought it so at the expense of a pleasure. But it was their characteristic to drive a *few* duties into extremes, which can never be done without casting *all* the rest into shade and oblivion. This 'Tabby,' in the end, became one of the shadows of the house, because she was in her wrong place. In the village, as a humble friend to be visited, she would have been useful. The habit of attention to her would have loosened the terrible coil of reserve which bound and restricted them all. In the house she was an unmitigated evil, filling an office for which she grew more and more unfit; troublesome, jealous, exacting—fostering their most unhappy family peculiarities. When Charlotte Brontë found herself desolate and alone, this old woman of ninety was a hindrance to congenial society. Her time was taken up in the commonest drudgery, secretly supplying her deficiencies of service, lest she should be made aware of the truth that her days of useful labour were over. She had to take her out upon the moors to shout family secrets into her ears, because she resented concealments, and was too deaf for confidences within walls. And how was Tabby the better for all this sacrifice of friends, comfort, cheerfulness, time, and general usefulness in her exclusive service? In no one respect; we do not doubt it did her a great deal of harm. It is the useless, fruitless, indolent, self-sacrifices of this life which are amongst its most important lessons and warnings. We say *indolent*, because they were made in obedience to temperament and instinct, and in despite of reason. But we shall have more to say on this head, and a more signal example to bring forward.

This same chapter is remarkable for two incidents generally thought important in the life of a young lady, and characteristically treated by Miss Brontë. In spite of her deficiency in personal beauty, she could inspire both admiration and attachment. While visiting at the house of her friend she received an offer of marriage from a clergyman, which she thus comments upon. She is now three-and-twenty:—

'"March 12, 1839.

. . . . '"I had a kindly leaning towards him, because he is an amiable and well-disposed man. Yet I had not, and could not have, that intense attachment which would make me willing to die for him; and if ever I marry, it must be in that light of adoration that I will regard my husband. Ten to one I shall never have the chance again; but *n'importe*. Moreover, I was aware that he knew so little of me he could hardly be conscious to whom he was writing. Why! it would startle him to see me in my natural home character; he would think I was a wild, romantic enthusiast indeed. I could not sit all day long making a grave face before my husband. I would laugh, and satirize, and say whatever came into my head first. And if he were a clever man, and loved me, the whole world, weighed in the balance against his smallest wish, should be light as air."

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'So that her first proposal of marriage was quietly declined and put on one side. Matrimony did not enter into the scheme of her life; but good, sound, earnest labour did.'—*Ibid.* p. 186.

The motives which influenced her rejection are drawn out at length in 'Jane Eyre' with the truth and force which we now see were the fruits of experience. It is often sad to see a woman's nature checked and half its powers wasted, even in a marriage of affection, where the tastes are uncongenial. This gentleman and the incident of his offer suggests the St. John of 'Jane Eyre.' There was probably something unimpassioned in his manner of making the proposal which furnished food for speculation. We see that her own heart would not interfere with the free exercise of the intellect on an occasion usually so confusing and embarrassing. The imagination was free to construct a character from this one exhibition. She had, in fact, an ideal which no reality could come up to, and which kept her cool. Marriage she believed ought to bring the highest happiness. She despised everything short of this; and the considerations which influence tenderer or weaker characters were powerless with her. Neither sordid temptations nor gratitude weighed with her one feather. The next proposal finds her equally unimpressionable. It came from one of the race of curates who began at that time to 'revolve around Haworth,' and was the consequence of *one* evening's lively conversation; for she explains to her friend:—

'"At home, you know, I talk with ease, and am never shy—never weighed down and oppressed by that miserable *mauvaise honte* which torments and constrains me elsewhere."'—*Ibid.* p. 198.

She seems to have regarded the letter, expressed in ardent language, which followed, as a piece of impertinence, which it probably was; instead of moving her gratitude, the circumstance probably enhanced her sense of antagonism against the whole class. This gentleman also went down in her books; at least the fact of his being an Irishman, and the Malone of 'Shirley,' figuring in the character of suitor, seems to identify him—though it is not for the interest of courtship and matrimony to suppose that a woman can really be so cold-blooded, so little sensible of the homage paid to her attractions, as to make capital (as the Americans say) of her own conquests, and turn them into the hard coin of rich scenes and ridiculous situations.

Her tendency, we always observe, is to exaggerate in her books her own first unfavourable impression. She understood her art too well to put living persons as they stood into her books, but some real character was the germ, and recognisable germ, of her feigned ones; and, if her prejudices were at work,

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often suffered rudely under the process. Exaggeration is in this case her only attempt at disguise. The feeling settles, hardens with time, and develops out of a lively, not unindulgent picture of peculiarities, into hard satire and unsympathising contempt. We can hardly recognise her first notice of these worthies:—'Mr. W., delivering a noble, eloquent, High Church, 'apostolical discourse, in which he banged the dissenters fear-'lessly and unflinchingly:' and Mr. C., 'who did not rant, who did 'not cant, who did not whine, who did not sniggle, but who just 'got up and spoke with the boldness of a man who was impressed 'with the truth of what he was saying, whose sermon she lis-'tened to for an hour and yet was sorry when it was done'—for the Malone, Donne, and Sweeting, who make so conspicuous, and amusing, and ridiculous a figure in 'Shirley,' with whom we are told we must identify them. Here, while she says her conscience will not allow her to be 'Hookist or Puseyite,' she admires the noble integrity which dictated a fearless opposition to a strong antagonist—in her book she represents them as incapable of thought on any subject—as spending their whole time in an absurd round of visits to one another—in disputing on the most puerile questions of externals; weak, gossiping, or venomous triflers, whose interests were beneath the inquiry of a rational being. But time never softened a difference or a prejudice in Miss Brontë; it hardened dislike into antipathy—opposition into rancour. And she makes attack on these gentlemen in 'Shirley' quite deliberately; she even expects her opening chapter to be objected to, but defends it as being as true as the Bible. She never denies that her three notable curates are her living neighbours, and so far from meeting with apology or redress from herself or her biographer, Mrs. Gaskell contemns these gentlemen for making a joke of their peculiar position, and Miss Brontë thinks herself ill-used because they avenged themselves for her gratuitous onslaught by jestingly alluding to her attack as she entertained the Bishop and themselves at her father's table. Of course the whole affair sounds odd to southern ears, and betrays a state of society at variance with our ideas.

But we are anticipating the period of authorship, which at this time was not a fact but an aspiration. These sisters had early conceived the ambition of being heard and felt beyond their own narrow circle. Cut off by constitution and circumstances from the pleasures and distinctions natural to their age, and yet conscious of power—which cannot be felt without a longing for its exercise—to invent, to write, and to print, were inevitable ideas. The habit of 'making out,' as they called it, *i.e.*, letting the imagination loose to devise plots and scenes, had been theirs from childhood. They had long indulged these notions and dis-

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cussed these fancies, at the one period of the day when, casting aside household cares and restraints, they assumed their own wild natures, and thought their natural thoughts.

'It was the household custom among these girls to sew till nine o'clock at night. At that hour Miss Branwell generally went to bed, and her nieces' duties for the day were accounted done. They put away their work, and began to pace the room backwards and forwards, up and down, —as often with the candles extinguished, for economy's sake, as not,—their figures glancing into the fire-light, and out into the shadow, perpetually. At this time, they talked over past cares, and troubles; they planned for the future, and consulted each other as to their plans. In after years this was the time for discussing together the plots of their novels. And again, still later, this was the time for the last surviving sister to walk alone, from old accustomed habit, round and round the desolate room, thinking sadly upon the "days that were no more."'—*Ibid.* p. 161.

Poetry is commonly the first serious literary effort of young minds. There is something in verse which covers obvious deficiencies and dictates a mould for thought. It is a dress for shivering, doubting, uncertain bashful ideas. These sisters therefore wrote poetry, and had a 'modest confidence' that they had achieved success, but feared to trust each other's partial praise. In this mixture of confidence and misgiving, Charlotte conceived the bold idea of writing to Southey, and asking his opinion. Her letter is not in being, but his answer, which came weeks after all hope for one was relinquished, is a model of kind and good advice on the general question of female authorship. He answers her as a writer of *tolerable* verses. He could not foresee her peculiar power in another department of literature, or he would have applied himself rather to the right direction than to the suppression of her gift. It is a question—in women as well as men—of power. Facility many a woman has (he gives Charlotte Brontë credit for this, and no more), and it is well to discourage an ambition prompted merely by ease in writing and rapid flow of ordinary ideas. To such it is well to say, 'Literature cannot be the business of woman's life, and it ought not to be;' but a vivid imagination and a forcible style—be they gift of man or woman—are given them for use. They are responsibilities which are alike abused by misuse or slothful neglect; therefore, while we commend the letter, we excuse Miss Brontë for not eventually acting upon it. Her first impulse was absolute acquiesence. She replied at once in a grateful strain; gives him a little sketch of her life and education, and concludes,—

'"Once more allow me to thank you with sincere gratitude. I trust I shall never more feel ambitious to see my name in print—if the wish should rise I'll look at Southey's letter, and suppress it. It is honour enough for me that I have written to him, and received an answer. That letter is consecrated; no one shall ever see it but papa and my brother and sisters. Again I thank you. This incident, I suppose, will be renewed no more;

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if I live to be an old woman, I shall remember it thirty years hence as a bright dream. The signature which you suspected of being fictitious is my real name. Again, therefore, I must sign myself, C. BRONTË."' —*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 174.

Southey replies by giving her a friendly invitation, should she ever visit the Lakes. Years after, when she did visit them, she was an acknowledged authoress, in the society of another equally well known and successful, her friend and biographer; but Southey no longer lived to compare the abstract wisdom of his counsels with their adaptation to the particular instance in point. To both ladies he might have offered some stringent criticisms; to neither of them would he have shown such blindness and disregard to genius, as to say, 'Do not write at all; your sphere of duty lies elsewhere.' For a little while Charlotte had no other thought but submission. She resigned herself to governess life, 'which she hates and abhors;' and, in the meanwhile, feels herself in paradise 'so long as she can black-'lead the stoves, make the beds, and sweep the floors at home, 'which she prefers to living a fine lady anywhere else.'

These rugged household labours, uninviting as they sound, no doubt supplied the place of relaxation to these sisters. As children, they could not play; as women, they were alike alienated by taste and circumstances from the amusements of society. What are called trifles found no entrance into their minds. Their father nipped these vanities in the bud, and with it the cheerful power, which lies in woman's nature, of extracting and imparting pleasure from little things—exercising wit and ingenuity on airy nothings—and surrounding themselves with an atmosphere of cheerfulness, which can be felt and enjoyed, but not analysed. All this was out of their sphere; they could play and sport no more now than as little girls. But no minds can always work and 'make out;' and when wearied with such efforts any exercise for the body would be welcome.

She presently resigns herself to the dreaded necessity, and enters on another situation, where she realizes that, in the most favourable circumstances, such a life is not tolerable to her. The perpetual small occupations, the never-ending calls on her time, the constant subjection to another's will, and, above all, the want of leisure to pursue any train of thought, and the consequent languishing of the imagination, made up a life of perpetual strain and resistance to the demands of her nature. Moreover, she knew nothing of children. She had never been a child herself—she could not sympathise with her charges; and added to all this, was the having to 'live in other people's houses,' which to her was the ascending '*altrui scale*,' the worst feature of Dante's banishment. She grew anxious,

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and with too much reason, about her youngest pet sister Anne's health, and longed to be with her. These things, together, led to the determination to attempt a school on their own account; and in order to carry out this plan with success, it was resolved that she and Emily should place themselves at a school in Brussels, to perfect themselves in French. The first part of the scheme was carried out; its purpose and object fell to the ground, or rather changed into furnishing materials and groundwork for her subsequent third and last novel, 'Villette.' The sisters seem to have made a sensation in the school by their industry and ready talent; and Emily, while she stayed, not less by her sullen reserve. M. Héger, husband of the lady at the head of the establishment, and whom we suspect to be the germ of M. Paul Emmanuel, observing Charlotte's capacity, gave, in the course of his systematic instruction in French composition, very valuable lessons in the art of composition in any language, by which we have no doubt her style profited. But the banishment from country and home brought on unusual depression. She endured, in the *grandes vacances*, just such nervous miseries as are described in her novel. She was haunted by bad news from home (by which might generally be understood the excesses of her brother Branwell), and her father had fears of becoming blind. No discouraging reports, however, could allay the thirst for old haunts and familiar faces. She writes to Emily, who is at home again:—

'"Dec. 1, 1843.

'"This is Sunday morning. They are at their idolatrous 'messe,' and I am here, that is, in the Refectoire. I should like uncommonly to be in the dining-room at home, or in the kitchen, or in the back kitchen. I should like even to be cutting up the hash, with the clerk and some register people at the other table, and you standing by, watching that I put enough flour, not too much pepper, and, above all, that I save the best pieces of the leg of mutton for Tiger and Keeper, the first of which personages would be jumping about the dish and carving-knife, and the latter standing like a devouring flame on the kitchen-floor. To complete the picture, Tabby blowing the fire, in order to boil the potatoes to a sort of vegetable glue! How divine are these recollections to me at this moment!.... Tell me whether papa really wants me very much to come home, and whether you do likewise. I have an idea that I should be of no use there—a sort of aged person upon the parish. I pray, with heart and soul, that all may continue well at Haworth; above all in our grey half-inhabited house. God bless the walls thereof! Safety, health, happiness, and prosperity to you, papa, and Tabby. Amen."'—*Ibid.* pp. 302—304.

Not long after this she leaves Brussels, where she latterly acted as teacher, parting with great kindness from M. Héger. With Madame H. she had differences, which lead us to suspect that she also may be reproduced in 'Villette;' but all was smoothed over at the last, and her pupils expressed a regret at losing her, which took her by surprise, but did not, it seems, alter the deli-

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berate opinion she had formed of foreign girlhood so far as to withhold another portrait of Belgic character more candid than flattering.

She returns home again, but the scheme for keeping school falls through, for one main reason, that Branwell's home, whenever he chose to return to it, was no fit place for girls. For a long time the sisters seem to have shut their eyes to his failings, or sought the consolation so fatal to elevation and refinement of character, of involving *all* men in the same sins; it was to the interest of their blind affection to believe that he was only like other men of 'any strength of character;' they fell, Mrs. Gaskell says, into the usual error of confounding strong passions with strong character—a notion at the bottom of what is blameable in all their books.

We have already questioned the nature and quality of their intense exclusive family affection; whether it was possible to be devoted to Branwell to the very last, we do not know, but it is clear he was their hope and pride long after he should have been their shame, and that they tolerated his society, and sacrificed every consideration to him, when intercourse was contamination. He was idle; he drank; he degraded himself with vice; he insulted their ears by infamous confessions, and made them familiar with the foulest blasphemies; he stupified himself with opium; they lived in terror of their lives, from his threatened violence; their home was miserable, their nerves and health shaken; and yet they endured his presence, not in hope of reclaiming him, but in simple endurance, without, it seems, a wish or thought of emancipation. We know not where the fault lay, or who was chiefly answerable for this state of things; but we wish to say that such endurance *was* a fault and not a merit. It is, we know, a difficult question (for he bore their name and was of their blood), and self-sacrifice is not too common and easy a virtue that we should disparage it, or treat slightingly its manifestations. But, in the first place, there was the indulgence of a weak affection to counterbalance the suffering; and next, it is certain that a servile, heavy, dead, unreflecting self-denial—the acquiescence in pain or degradation as if they were our *fate*—never can be a virtue.

For after all, people have to choose between one form of self-devotion and another; we cannot nourish and cherish a brother Branwell and do our duty to society at large. This monster took all, consumed their means which they could have applied usefully, their time which might have benefited others, their friendship which could have cheered better natures; *all* happiness, credit, love, friendship, purity of mind, innocence of evil, all were laid upon this altar.

Unhappiness is by no means neccessarily beneficial; we ought

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not to acquiesce in it for ourselves, if a way of escape or relief offers itself, without very clearly satisfying ourselves that it is right to endure. Misery and disgrace, borne stolidly, do not point the mind heavenwards, it needs some spring and cheerfulness to lift the mind so high. Self love is a divine instinct under proper bounds, and so is self respect. There are sufferings in their nature elevating; pain, poverty, bereavement, all may be turned to noblest uses, but not constant forced intercourse for years with shameless vice. If we are to judge of the worth of the sacrifice by its fruits, we can be at no pains to decide. All the sisters, in some degree, suffered in moral tone from this familiarity with evil; 'like the dyers' hand' their own minds became tinged by the habitual soil. In the two younger, Emily and Anne, the result, to judge by their books, was frightful; all the wickedness of the world seems to be at their fingers' ends, and they have no perception that society at large has not been subject to the same contamination with themselves. Not that they manifest any *love* for vice, which is the reason most people write about it; the tone towards it is cold, moral, and misanthropical—but there it is unblushing and rampant, because as such they saw it in the only man (except their father) with whom they were brought into close contact—whose mind they could read. We have no means of judging who was the main cause of this incubus not being removed, but even if it was the father's wish, the daughters' submission was ill timed; they would have done well to remonstrate and urge their claim to consideration. But probably the question was never mooted, and never even occurred to any of them as a question; for the Brontës had the most extraordinary way of enduring evils that might have been remedied. There is a notable unanimity in this respect. To begin with Mr. Brontë: he sends four daughters to one school; two of them die from causes connected with the climate and diet of the school: he goes on sending the other two—it does not occur to him to change his plan: the authorities of the school have to decline the charge. His house and its situation prove unhealthy, there is no thought of a change; his servant becomes incapable, but she is never replaced. He begins to dine alone, and dines alone to the end of his days, until, poor man, there is no one to share his meals. Branwell embitters their existence, destroys the health of body and mind of his sisters—they bear with him; no one thinks of placing him under salutary restraint and privation elsewhere. Finally the daughters die one by one, in consequence, as it really seems, of this system of blind acquiescence—one at least rejecting every attempt to avert the danger, clinging to the routine of existence to the last moment. The remaining daughter struggles on in loneliness and depression, her instinct is to reject alleviation;

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she feels herself under a fate: finally comes a lover offering to cheer her existence, and the father violently opposes himself, for no other reason than that it is a threatened *change*—as if the resolute pursuit of one unvarying course had answered. In fact they were a sort of zoophyte, at once rooted and sensitive; their habits were scarcely under the influence of reason, but of a blind necessity—and the result, a singular mixture of apathy and self-will, conspicuous in all, but modified in our heroine by some practical common sense and much real resignation, and reasonable, not simply blind and stolid patience and submission. Here is a sad picture of dejection caused by this brother. About this time, when they were giving up hope, she had been visiting her friend Mary, and writes:—

'"I begin to perceive that I have too little life in me, now-a-days, to be fit company for any except very quiet people. Is it age, or what else, that changes me so?"

'Alas! she hardly needed to have asked this question. How could she be otherwise than "flat-spirited," "a poor companion," and a "sad drag" on the gaiety of those who were light-hearted and happy? Her honest plan for earning her own livelihood had fallen away, crumbled to ashes; after all her preparations, not a pupil had offered herself; and, instead of being sorry that this wish of many years could not be realized, she had reason to be glad. Her poor father, nearly sightless, depended upon her cares in his blind helplessness; but this was a sacred pious charge, the duties of which she was blessed in fulfilling. The black gloom hung over what had once been the brightest hope of the family—over Branwell, and the mystery in which his wayward conduct was enveloped. Somehow and sometime, he would have to turn to his home as a hiding place for shame; such was the sad foreboding of his sisters.'—*Ibid.* pp. 318, 319.

'Mary,' who was then going to Australia, says—

'"When I last saw Charlotte (Jan. 1845), she told me she had quite decided to stay at home. She owned she did not like it. Her health was weak. She said she should like any change at first, as she had liked Brussels at first, and she thought that there must be some possibility for some people of having a life of more variety and more communion with human kind, but she saw none for her. I told her very warmly, that she ought not to stay at home; that to spend the next five years at home, in solitude and weak health, would ruin her; that she would never recover it. Such a dark shadow came over her face when I said, 'Think of what you'll be five years hence!' that I stopped, and said, 'Don't cry, Charlotte!' She did not cry, but went on walking up and down the room, and said in a little while, 'But I intend to stay, Polly.'"'—*Ibid.* pp. 319, 320.

And in a few weeks after, Charlotte writes:—

'"I can hardly tell you how time gets on at Haworth. There is no event whatever to mark its progress. One day resembles another; and all have heavy, lifeless physiognomies. Sunday, baking-day, and Saturday, are the only ones that have any distinctive mark. Meantime, life wears away. I shall soon be thirty; and I have done nothing yet. Sometimes I get melancholy at the prospect before and behind me. Yet it is wrong and foolish to repine. Undoubtedly, my duty directs me to stay at home

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for the present. There was a time when Haworth was a very pleasant place to me; it is not so now. I feel as if we were all buried here. I long to travel; to work; to live a life of action. Excuse me, dear, for troubling you with my fruitless wishes. I will put by the rest, and not trouble you with them. You *must* write to me. If you knew how welcome your letters are, you would write very often. Your letters, and the French newspapers, are the only messengers that come to me from the outer world beyond our moors; and very welcome messengers they are."'—*Ibid.* pp. 320, 321.

To return to the influence of Branwell on her general estimate of human nature and manners. In spite of the familiarity with evil, which we are led to suppose the unrestrained tone of conversation amongst the few men of her acquaintance brought upon her, it is satisfactory to find an honest repugnance to its open professors. In speaking of a bad man—a curate—whose wife brought complaints of him to her father, she says:—

'"She expressed great disgust and contempt towards him, and did not affect to have the shadow of regard in any way. I do not wonder at this, but I *do* wonder she should ever marry a man towards whom her feelings must always have been pretty much the same as they are now. I am morally certain no decent woman could experience anything but aversion towards such a man as Mr. ——. Before I knew, or suspected his character, and when I rather wondered at his versatile talents, I felt it in an uncontrollable degree. I hated to talk with him—hated to look at him; though as I was not certain that there was substantial reason for such a dislike, and thought it absurd to trust to mere instinct, I both concealed and repressed the feeling as much as I could; and, on all occasions, treated him with as much civility as I was mistress of. I was struck with Mary's expression of a similar feeling at first sight; she said, when we left him, 'That is a hideous man, Charlotte!' I thought 'he is indeed.'"'—*Ibid.* pp. 222, 223.

These feelings she never lost in contact with actual mischief-working, misery-causing evil; she was severe on the great satirist whom she so intensely reverenced and admired, because she thought him too lenient to Fielding's course of life; she shuddered because she remembered Branwell; but something warped her judgment, where sin is seen in a more subtle shape; mere speculative deviations from the moral law do not outrage her in the same manner. It is the *way* a man has erred that revolts her more than the sin itself; thus George Sand's novels do not offend her as they ought, though of course she does make some protest; but the situations are too ideal to reach her resentments. And where she sees a sort of apology for Mr. Rochester in his unhappy marriage, her principles are not shocked, or her sense of (we must say) decency outraged, by the extraordinary confidences he imparts to Jane Eyre. Mrs. Gaskell says that in girlhood she had been used to hear that sort of language herself; female ears did not enjoy the immunity they do now in all but the most unprincipled society; and Branwell had confidences and pretended confidences which

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would throw Mr. Rochester's into the shade. The long habit of finding excuses for him before he reached his latest degradation had lowered her standard; she did not *want* to believe in perfection. It is a noticeable fact that 'Jane Eyre' was composed in the midst of the most poignant distresses caused by Branwell, and while she was, by her contact with him, most hardened to the free discussion of immorality—suffering from it—bitter against it, but with the subject necessarily always uppermost.

For now the notion of composition, with the ultimate end of publishing, was assuming a settled form in the sisters' minds. The discovery of a MS. volume of Emily's verses led to a critical inspection of their joint stores, and then followed a determination to print at their own risk. Charlotte was right, we think, in giving the first place to Emily; some of her poems convey an impression of remarkable force and vigour. The whole volume, indeed, exhibits thought, fancy, and power of versification of no common order. We wonder it made so little impression on the public mind; but the crudities and prolixities of young authors are drawbacks to account for any neglect of what is so little likely to excite attention as a volume of poetry with unknown signatures (for here they first assumed the names of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, at once preserving their initials and concealing their sex); and the subjects, in many cases harsh in themselves or in their mode of treatment, would awake little sympathy. However, the volume was printed and scrupulously paid for, and the sisters then began to feel their way in prose; all writing at the same time, and under the same impulse, but with very different ultimate success, though Charlotte's first great experiment could little prepare her for her future triumph. Her novel, 'The Professor,' was offered to all the world of publishers in vain. The public is promised the opportunity of judging how far this universal rejection was merited, for 'The Professor' is now in the press. 'Wuthering Heights' and 'Agnes Grey,' by Emily and Anne, found a publisher. In contrast with Emily's strange story, we approach 'Jane Eyre' with respect. There we see the purifying influence of genius, which can discriminate between power and brutality—which knows what to choose and what to reject—which, under every disparagement and hindrance, has an intuitive sense of beauty, grace, and fitness—which can clothe intensity of feeling in reasonable language—which can shake even a rude heart to its foundations, and reveal its human passion, not its veriest dregs. After tasting her sister's 'fierce ragouts,' we do not wonder that she could not understand what people meant by charging her story with coarseness. With such specimens in her own family

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of utter unscrupulousness of diction on paper, or *viva voce*, she must have been rather conscious in herself of a guarded scrupulosity of decorum. Our readers must not suspect us of approving of Mr. Rochester, either in his conduct or tone of conversation, but these strange revelations extenuate some points. The woman who drew such a character had not to go out of the way for his worst features. She thought real men were all that sort of thing,—selfish, somewhat grovelling, with no guiding principle, but redeemable through their purer affections. She gives her heroine these sentiments. Resolute and unyielding in her own sense of duty, such as it is, her heart is not repelled by the act of treachery her lover all but carried out against her. His affection was an extenuation at the time when she fulfilled the 'intolerable duty' of leaving him; it was a *claim*, not for a moment to be disputed, when the barrier against their union was removed.

'Jane Eyre' was begun under the additional anxiety of her father's threatened blindness. She had accompanied him to Manchester, where the operation for cataract was successfully performed; and here, in spite of the discouragement of her first story being returned upon her hands, she set about proving the view she had recently laid down to her sisters, that it was a mistake to make a heroine always handsome. 'I will prove to you that 'you are wrong; I will show you a heroine as plain and as small 'as myself, who shall be as interesting as any of yours.' When once in the train of the story she wrote continuously; we are not surprised that by the time she had effected her heroine's escape from Thornfield she had wrought herself into a fever. Certainly it was a dazzling power to find herself possessed of. What masculine force of style—what vivid life in the scenes—what daring originality in the situations—what a grasp of detail! The whole course of that abortive wedding-day is a masterpiece of bold and powerful writing. This time she had no repulse to complain of. She sent her book to Messrs. Smith and Elder. The firm seem successively to have sat up all night reading the MS.;—it was accepted, and published within two months, and 'Currer Bell' was famous. But who was 'Currer Bell?' The name and the style were masculine, and yet, looking at it now, we cannot but wonder how there could be a moment's doubt as to the sex of the writer. The scenes are all seen through woman's eyes; there is an identification of the author with the heroine which could not be assumed. These considerations, as we look at them now, outweigh the difficulties presented by either vigour of style or unscrupulousness of expression and execution. But then the publishers were as much in the dark as the world at large. Difficulties began to beset the sisters, who

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were charged with being one and the same; a more stupid mistake 'the public,' or any portion of it, never fell into; and Mrs. Gaskell makes a very pretty romance out of the two sisters'—Charlotte and Anne's—sudden journey to London to prove that they were two. Their arrival at the Chapter Coffee-house,—their short walk to the publishers, prolonged to an hour's length by their fear of the crossings. Mr. Smith's astonishment—

'when Charlotte put his own letter into his hands; the same letter which had excited so much disturbance at Haworth Parsonage only twenty-four hours before. "Where did you get this?" said he,—as if he could not believe that the two young ladies dressed in black, of slight figures and diminutive stature, looking pleased yet agitated, could be the embodied Currer and Acton Bell, for whom curiosity had been hunting so eagerly in vain.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 68.

Their shy rejection of his hospitable invitations, and determination to remain unknown, which also influenced their refusal to meet well-known names—the visit to the Opera in their country-shaped dresses—the frightful headache, the consequence of so much excitement—the return home, 'grey, and very old,' as she describes herself—all this would have answered to nobody's ideas of the author of 'Jane Eyre;' as little would the patient return to her dreary home after this brilliant episode:—

'"Branwell is the same in conduct as ever. His constitution seems much shattered. Papa, and sometimes all of us, have sad nights with him. He sleeps most of the day, and consequently will lie awake at night. But has not every house its trial?"'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 75.

Two months later, after three years of outrageous conduct, during which all respects seem to have been thrown aside, he died. She records that—

'"His mind had undergone the peculiar change which frequently precedes death, two days previously; the calm of better feelings filled it; a return of natural affection marked his last moments. He is in God's hands now; and the All-Powerful is likewise the All-Merciful. A deep conviction that he rests at last—rests well after his brief, erring, suffering, feverish life—fills and quiets my mind now."'—*Ibid.* p. 77.

This too ill-founded consolation is derived, not from temporary feeling, but from a persuasion early established amongst these sisters against the doctrine of eternal punishment. We meet with it in 'Jane Eyre,' where Helen Burns (her sister Maria) enunciates it. And also in Anne's novel.

Within a few months in the same year a far heavier blow fell on Charlotte—Emily's health failed, and she sank rapidly before their eyes, her extraordinary temper showing itself in its utmost exaggeration as bodily disease gained upon her. She rejected their sympathy and all medical assistance; the sisters dared not notice her failing limbs and panting breath; she would receive help from none. The day of her death—

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'One Tuesday morning, in December, she arose and dressed herself as usual, making many a pause, but doing everything for herself, and even endeavouring to take up her employment of sewing: the servants looked on, and knew what the catching, rattling breath, and the glazing of the eye too surely foretold; but she kept at her work; and Charlotte and Anne, though full of unspeakable dread, had still the faintest spark of hope. On that morning Charlotte wrote thus,—probably in the very presence of her dying sister:—

'"Tuesday.

'"I should have written to you before, if I had had one word of hope to say; but I have not. She grows daily weaker. The physician's opinion was expressed too obscurely to be of use. He sent some medicine, which she would not take. Moments so dark as these I have never known. I pray for God's support to us all. Hitherto He has granted it."

'The morning drew on to noon. Emily was worse: she could only whisper in gasps. Now, when it was too late, she said to Charlotte, "If you will send for a doctor, I will see him now." About two o'clock she died.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 83, 84.

Months after Charlotte writes:—'I cannot forget Emily's 'death-day; it becomes a more fixed, a darker, a more frequently 'recurring idea than ever. It was very terrible. She was torn 'conscious, panting, reluctant, though resolute, out of a happy 'life.' What a powerful and terrible picture of a death, as far as we are told, without a thought beyond! There are some lines by Ellis Bell (Emily Brontë), which sadly bear out the same impression. A girl addresses her dying lover, and implores him not to cross the Eternal Sea:—

'I hear its billows roar,
I see them foaming high;
But no glimpse of a further shore
Has blest my straining eye.

'Believe not what they urge
Of Eden isles beyond;
Turn back from that tempestuous surge
To thy own native land.

'It is not death, but pain
That struggles in thy breast;
Nay, rally, Edward—rouse again—
I cannot let thee rest!'

Emily Brontë is altogether an enigma. We perceive a power about her which could not find reasonable vent or utterance, so shut in was it by her repulsive and unsocial qualities. The intense love of life is as strange a feature as any. Why should she care for life, who would not endure intercourse with her fellow-creatures—who would receive no influence or impressions, even from her sisters? Her leanings and affinities were all of a weird character; the wild hold of her affections on the locality of her home,—the strange sympathy with the brute creation, so that one who knew her said, 'she never showed regard for any human creature, all her love was reserved for animals:' the

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knowledge of their nature, which gave a magic power over them, as we are to judge by her management of her bull-dog 'Keeper,' whom we regard as her familiar. It is thus reported:—

'Keeper was faithful to the depths of his nature as long as he was with friends; but he who struck him with a stick or whip, roused the relentless nature of the brute, who flew at his throat forthwith, and held him there till one or the other was at the point of death. Now Keeper's household fault was this. He loved to steal up-stairs, and stretch his square, tawny limbs, on the comfortable beds, covered over with delicate white counterpanes. But the cleanliness of the parsonage arrangements was perfect; and this habit of Keeper's was so objectionable, that Emily, in reply to Tabby's remonstrances, declared that, if he was found again transgressing, she herself, in defiance of warning and his well-known ferocity of nature, would beat him so severely that he would never offend again. In the gathering dusk of an autumn evening, Tabby came, half triumphantly, half tremblingly, but in great wrath, to tell Emily that Keeper was lying on the best bed, in drowsy voluptuousness. Charlotte saw Emily's whitening face, and set mouth, but dared not speak to interfere; no one dared when Emily's eyes glowed in that manner out of the paleness of her face, and when her lips were so compressed into stone. She went up-stairs, and Tabby and Charlotte stood in the gloomy passage below, full of the dark shadows of coming night. Down-stairs came Emily, dragging after her the unwilling Keeper, his hind legs set in a heavy attitude of resistance, held by the "scuft of his neck," but growling low and savagely all the time. The watchers would fain have spoken, but durst not, for fear of taking off Emily's attention, and causing her to avert her head for a moment from the enraged brute. She let him go, planted in a dark corner at the bottom of the stairs; no time was there to fetch stick or rod, for fear of the strangling clutch at her throat—her bare clenched fist struck against his red fierce eyes, before he had time to make his spring, and, in the language of the turf, she "punished him" till his eyes were swelled up, and the half-blind, stupified beast was led to his accustomed lair, to have his swollen head fomented and cared for by the very Emily herself. The generous dog owed her no grudge; he loved her dearly ever after; he walked first among the mourners to her funeral; he slept moaning for nights at the door of her empty room, and never, so to speak, rejoiced, dog fashion, after her death."'—*Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 309, 310.

But strange as everything is about Emily Brontë, the strangest thing by far is her book, over which such passages as these throw a certain light. We cannot read many pages of 'Wuthering Heights,' without being driven to construct a theory. Without such a refuge it would be impossible to proceed beyond the first chapter. But philosophers are never revolted or disgusted; what shocks plain incurious natures stimulates the analyser of causes and motives. And here her sympathy with *animals*, and utter want of sympathy with *human* nature, together with certain animal qualities in herself, as, for instance, a *dogged temper*, supply a solution to what would otherwise be an impenetrable mystery—how a quiet, reserved, as far as we are informed, steady and well-conducted young woman, a clergyman's daughter, living all her life in a remote parsonage, and

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seeing nobody, could have conceived such scenes, or couched her conceptions in such language. With this fresh scent, as it were, we can pursue the story to the end, not without amusement, for the language is vigorous, and the scenes energetic.

If the respectable bull-dog Keeper could have been endowed with the ambition and the power to describe graphically the passions of his race—if you could put a pen in his hand and tell him to delineate the springs and impulses which prompt the displays of dog nature, with the outer workings of which we are alone familiar—if he could tell us the secret causes of every yelp, bark, and snarl, and spring, and bite, which we know now only in their effects—he would write precisely such a book as 'Wuthering Heights;' and as 'Life in the Kennel,' it would be a very striking and clever performance. Just such instinctive, soulless, savage creatures as compose a pack of hounds, form the *dramatis personæ* of this unique story. A vicious dog, if he were endowed with human organs, would no doubt swear as well as growl, and shoot and stab as well as bite, if he understood the use of weapons. And because they are called men and women, and are invested with human attributes, these accomplishments are added in the story to their canine powers of offence and annoyance. But the disguise of humanity is, after all, but feebly assumed, and constantly disappears altogether; the whole company drop on all fours as the authoress warms with her subject. Her heroines *scratch*, and *tear*, and *bite*, and *slap;* their likings are merely instinctive, without a thought of reason or moral feeling; their mutual rivalries and triumphs, antipathies and hatreds, are brutal (we use the word in its merely literal sense) in the most extreme degree; that is, they are impossible in human nature, and natural to brutes. The men are even more furious and inhuman in their dog-nature. We see that it is *in* them all; the idea of change or reform is out of the question; they roll, and grapple, and struggle, and throttle, and clutch, and tear, and trample, not metaphorically, but with hands, and feet, and teeth. The thought of murder is habitual to them, the idea of conscience never interferes with their revenges. Their love is as vicious and cruel as their hate, they will *strike* the objects of their affection, and the spaniels do not resent it, and curse them in life and in death, and are savage in their grief. Their terrors and fears are animal shudderings; they say of themselves that they have no pity; the one solitary deed of kindness in the book is the cutting down a dog that is being hanged; they liken one another to dogs; they act 'the dog in the manger;' they turn tail. We meet with such phrases as 'his mouth watered to tear him with his teeth'—'she ground her teeth into splinters'—not here and

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there, but in every chapter. Finally, their meals are dog-meals; if they begin with the thin disguise of tea and cake, they degenerate quickly into porridge and bones. They spill, and scatter, and 'slobber,' and snarl over their food, and grudge if they be not satisfied.

Our reader will think this a strong picture; let him read for himself if he will, and judge if we have not furnished the key to this phenomenon. Inasmuch as our interpretation throws the bad language into the background, the oaths and execrations, we have given only too favourable a report, and misjudged the animal creation, in representing the soul of a dog as possessing this turbid and sullen human nature, and using its gifts to his own purposes. Glancing over Emily's poems after the perusal of this monstrous performance, we the more regret that this phase of her nature should ever have found expression. Verse was her real utterance; here we find her 'clothed and in her right mind.' If she were our main subject, we would give our readers the opportunity of judging of what we cannot but think their unusual merit. Daring and questionable thoughts there are, but alleviated by tender human feeling, and set off by clear vivid imagery, in flowing harmonious numbers.

This singular young woman, the object of her sister's devoted and somewhat unaccountable attachment, had no sooner passed away, than the youngest, Anne, began to show symptoms of disease, which rapidly developed into consumption. Here, however, there was the comfort of nursing and tender attention. Anne was not unnatural; the whole history of her illness is interesting, and impresses us most favourably. Charlotte divided her cares between her father and the sinking invalid, and showed the highest qualities of her nature—all its love, intensity, and scrupulous sacrifice of inclination to duty—in those few months of anguish which preceded the laying her last sister in the grave, not beside Emily, but at Scarborough, where she went actually *dying*, without either Charlotte or herself being aware how near the end was. It was illuminated by the Christian's peace and hope; a remarkable calm pervaded her last hours; she would have nothing go on differently because she was dying. She urged upon her kind attendants that they should attend divine service as usual. She wished, if it had been possible, to go herself. She placed her full, deliberate trust in her Redeemer's merits, and bade her weeping sister 'take courage,' and commended her to the kind offices of her faithful friend.

'"Ere long the restlessness of approaching death appeared, and she was borne to the sofa. On being asked if she were easier, she looked gratefully at her questioner, and said, 'It is not *you* who can give me ease, but soon

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all will be well, through the merits of our Redeemer.' Shortly after this, seeing that her sister could hardly restrain her grief, she said, 'Take courage, Charlotte; take courage.' Her faith never failed, and her eye never dimmed till about two o'clock, when she calmly and without a sigh passed from the temporal to the eternal. So still and so hallowed were her last hours and moments. There was no thought of assistance or of dread. The doctor came and went two or three times. The hostess knew that death was near, yet so little was the house disturbed by the presence of the dying, and the sorrow of those so nearly bereaved, that dinner was announced as ready, through the half-opened door, as the living sister was closing the eyes of the dead one. She could now no more stay the welled-up grief of her sister with her emphatic and dying 'Take courage,' and it burst forth in brief but agonizing strength."'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 109, 110.

It is quite fitting that we should dwell on details like these, and find comfort in them, and contemplate them in juxtaposition with the eccentricities of *her* authorship, which would be very astounding indeed, if Emily's was not more so. Not that the 'Tenant of Windfell Hall' suggests the same ideas as her sister's; we are amongst men and women, such as they are—but such a set! Anne set it before her as a conscientious duty, to represent the progress from bad to worse of vice. Nothing should deter her from this mission, which she seemed to think her own circumstances imposed upon her. The book is not so clever as 'Wuthering Heights;' there is not the same force or swing; but, instead, a deliberate, careful, step by step delineation of what only a very morbid conscience could think it to the interests of society to delineate. We are led by Mrs. Gaskell, who has something to do to reconcile these rough, coarse details of her subject with the refined tone—the shadow of interesting melancholy—she would willingly throw over her picture, to understand that this book does really represent Anne's experience of life, particularly of life seen in her brother Branwell's. And such a record of ruffianism surely no woman ever undertook to chronicle. The coarseness of manners and unfathomable vulgarity of tone, the brutality of the men and general offensiveness of the women, the atmosphere of low society that pervades every scene, make the story unique as a *moral* one. On this point it forms a marked distinction from Emily's, who sets no such task before her: but here there is a very serious and moral strain maintained throughout. All the villanies are recorded with the good intention of disgusting us with vice, and showing sin in its native deformity. If we wanted an argument against the fancied duty of keeping such a fellow as Branwell in free intercourse with his unhappy sisters, we should find it in the evidence of stain and contamination this book furnishes. Anne Brontë grew used to the idea of men, as *such*, being vain and unfeeling in their manner, and insolent and unblushing in their vices. We presume she means her reader to feel interest in the two principal personages of her

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story—we will not call them hero and heroine—the latter of whom, by her imprudent marriage, furnishes the lesson of the book. This young woman is positively represented as listening before marriage to her brutal lover's stories of his past dissipation, told not in sorrow, but in triumph, and with an accumulation of aggravating circumstances which it is a wonder a woman could become acquainted with. The author has apparently no taste—at any rate no conception of a man of decent behaviour and principles—for the young farmer who succeeds to this monster in the lady's affections is hardly more to our taste than himself. Violent in his temper, rude in his impulses, fickle in his attachments, ungrateful, sullen, vain, and loutish—this picture of what she thinks attractive gives us a more dreary picture of the destitution of all things lovely and of good report in which she lived, than even the more glowing atrocities to which these qualities form a contrast. She clearly thinks it an interesting trait, an example of noble, vigorous nature, that in a fit of unreasonable and impertinent jealousy he should strike his friend with the butt end of his whip, and leave him for dead on the road, and not even be moved or softened by the sight of the mischief he had done; while the way he treats a poor girl whom he had flirted into a liking of himself, would constitute him the *villain* of any well-trained young lady's novel. Her gentle imagination could hardly have conceived anything so bad as Anne Brontë's best. Not that anything will make us believe that any state of English society is represented by such unmixed repulsiveness. But it needs imagination, which Anne had not, to reproduce the world a writer lives in. A mere matter of fact transcript of certain errors and crimes and a certain false tone of morals, is sure to make things worse than they are, for all the redeeming points are forgotten, and the deformities stand out as they can hardly do in real life. But these sisters seem to have had an eye for defects. Great sins had a sort of fascination for them, not from the smallest desire to participate, but because activity and vigour in wrong doing offered an exciting contrast to their own existence. It cannot but be wished that they had sometimes seen a gentleman (we speak more especially of Emily and Anne), though how far they would have been accessible to his refining influence, or appreciated his refinement, we cannot guess. They never seem to have been sensible of a want in this respect. There are no elegant disguises in their novels; they speak of life exactly as they see it. The kitchen is the scene of half the events. Very comfortable its homely cheerfulness feels in 'Shirley;' we do not at all object to it there; but somehow Anne's and Emily's kitchens are *low*, and tell a tale. It is no wonder to find afterwards that Charlotte felt the task of revising these tales for

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another edition 'exquisitely painful and depressing,' and that there is a hint of regret, in vague language—all, no doubt, that she dare express even then—that nothing would make Emily conscious that every page was 'surcharged with a sort of moral electricity.' But we ought to apologise for having dwelt so long on what only indirectly concerns our main subject.

After her sisters' deaths, Charlotte's life assumes a new aspect; it becomes a literary, and as such, a public one. That is, her interests were mainly with her books, and, following on their progress and success, with the friendships into which this publicity led her. Not that her own nature or habits changed. She lived with her father, haunted by fears for his health and her own, in a solitude which sometimes became frightful to her, but which she could seldom be prevailed on to leave. It was some relief to tell these feelings to her friend, it made them more endurable. She thus pathetically describes her first return to her desolate home. It is sad to find that vigorous pen expressing as forcibly her own keen anguish as the scenes of her imagination.

'"July, 1849.

'"I intended to have written a line to you to-day, if I had not received yours. We did indeed part suddenly; it made my heart ache that we were severed without the time to exchange a word; and yet perhaps it was better. I got here a little before eight o'clock. All was clean and bright, waiting for me. Papa and the servants were well; and all received me with an affection which should have consoled. The dogs seemed in strange ecstasy. I am certain they regarded me as the harbinger of others. The dumb creatures thought that as I was returned, those who had been so long absent were not far behind.

'"I left Papa soon, and went into the dining-room: I shut the door—I tried to be glad that I was come home. I have always been glad before—except once—even then I was cheered. But this time joy was not to be the sensation. I felt that the house was all silent—the rooms were all empty. I remembered where the three were laid—in what narrow dark dwellings—never more to reappear on earth. So the sense of desolation and bitterness took possession of me. The agony that *was to be undergone*, and *was not* to be avoided, came on. I underwent it, and passed a dreary evening and night, and a mournful morrow; to-day I am better.

'"I do not know how life will pass, but I certainly do feel confidence in Him who has upheld me hitherto. Solitude may be cheered, and made endurable beyond what I can believe. The great trial is when evening closes and night approaches. At that hour, we used to assemble in the dining-room—we used to talk. Now I sit by myself—necessarily I am silent. I cannot help thinking of their last days, remembering their sufferings, and what they said and did, and how they looked in mortal affliction. Perhaps all this will become less poignant in time."'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 111, 112.

And, soon after, she writes:—

'"My life is what I expected it to be. Sometimes when I wake in the morning, and know that Solitude, Remembrance, and Longing are to be almost my sole companions all day through—that at night I shall go to bed with them, that they will long keep me sleepless—that next morning I shall wake to them again,—sometimes, Nell, I have a heavy heart of it.

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But crushed I am not, yet; nor robbed of elasticity, nor of hope, nor quite of endeavour. I have some strength to fight the battle of life. I am aware, and can acknowledge, I have many comforts, many mercies. Still I can *get on*. But I do hope and pray, that never may you, or any one I love, be placed as I am. To sit in a lonely room—the clock ticking loud through a still house—and have open before the mind's eye the record of the last year, with its shocks, sufferings, losses—is a trial."'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 113.

In the midst of gloom like this she began 'Shirley,'—which in parts expresses the sadness of the period; and found the employment the only alleviation to mental distress. It was one feature of her literary character to desire to know *every* thing that was said of her books. She lived in two spheres, that of the woman, and the author; as the one narrowed the other expanded—and in the author's world, criticism and the opinions of the press were her society. She could never bring herself to talk freely with strangers, however interesting to her by reputation and character, so that it is no wonder that such contact as she could have—the world's judgment, sympathy, and even censure—any comment that could reach her without invading her reserve—would have a peculiar interest and weight, not known to writers who can take their part in the stir and bustle of life. The first criticism of which we read as affecting her, is a sharp attack on 'Jane Eyre,' in the 'Quarterly,' of which she writes:—

'"Margaret Hall called 'Jane Eyre' a 'wicked book,' on the authority of the 'Quarterly;' an expression which coming from her, I will here confess, struck somewhat deep. It opened my eyes to the harm the 'Quarterly' had done. Margaret would not have called it 'wicked,' if she had not been told so.

'"No matter,—whether known or unknown—misjudged, or the contrary,—I am resolved not to write otherwise. I shall bend as my powers tend. The two human beings who understood me, and whom I understood, are gone: I have some that love me yet, and whom I love, without expecting, or having a right to expect, that they shall perfectly understand me. I am satisfied: but I must have my own way in the matter of writing. The loss of what we possess nearest and dearest to us in this world, produces an effect upon the character: we search out what we have yet left that can support, and, when found, we cling to it with a hold of new-strung tenacity. The faculty of imagination lifted me when I was sinking, three months ago; its active exercise has kept my head above water since; its results cheer me now, for I feel that they have enabled me to give pleasure to others. I am thankful to God, who gave me the faculty; and it is for me a part of my religion to defend this gift, and to profit by its possession."'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 121, 122.

It is curious to contrast with the public triumphs and reverses of this time, her home employments and interests, which were attendance on Tabby and Tabby's assistant, during the illness of both, and performing all the household work herself—a state of things which would not a little have surprised the Reviewer, who had probably anything but a domestic notion of his victim.

Her future friendships were formed on purely literary grounds,

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A friendly criticism, a warm, discriminating letter of commendation, opened her heart. The principles of her correspondents, the part they took in controversy, the line in religion or irreligion, would not come in question, and would enter little into her consideration, even when the bare knowledge of their opinions reached her. The sympathy she received was from the ultra-liberal party, and therefore from that time she fraternised with them, and with Miss Martineau at their head, without any real agreement with abstract scepticism. The tone of 'Shirley' is not at all this. There is a refreshing flavour of the old church and king school in Helstone; and her spirited account of a Sunday-school fête, the processions meeting in the narrow lane, and the victory over the dissenters, would wake no echo in her new allies. But something in 'Jane Eyre' did; not only its remarkable genius, but a certain laxity in viewing moral questions, a defiance of restraints to the free exercise of the imagination, showed an affinity with their party which in act she could never have carried out.

She was very sensitive of criticism on moral points, and indeed showed a general soreness and susceptibility for which we respect her, though we think it inconsistent with her own method of impaling living persons, obnoxious to her feelings or taste, in her own works. How she could have the face to resent anything, after her behaviour to so many of her own neighbours and acquaintance, we do not see. It proceeds from the same short-sightedness which allowed her to be sensitively nervous in concealing her authorship, while she betrayed herself in every chapter by her portraits from the life. It was this custom of hers of writing from the life—a practice evident from the style (though the circumstances and persons were all, we are assured, unknown, down to the author herself)—which, we believe, led the writer of an article on 'Villette,' which appeared in this Review, to use the offensive word 'alien' as applied to her.[1] No person, living on friendly, cordial terms with those about her, could, it was assumed, have adopted such a style of writing. And reserve did *alienate* her. No person living out of her exceedingly *narrow* circle had the slightest hold on her tenderness or sympathy; it is the tendency of all reserve. But the word *alien* might have another meaning, and as such, she complains of it in the following pathetic letter, which we are sure will interest our readers. Any one taking the trouble to refer to the article in question, will see that no such interpretation as she says some persons (not herself) drew from the words, could fairly be given, but that it was so understood by any, and thus caused her undesigned pain, is subject of regret:—

[1] *Christian Remembrancer*, April, 1853, vol. xxv. p. 423.

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'TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

'Haworth, near Keighley, Yorkshire, July 18, 1853.

'SIR,—I think I cannot be doing wrong in addressing you a few remarks respecting an article which appeared in the "Christian Remembrancer" for last April. I mean an article noticing "Villette."

'When first I read that article I thought only of its ability, which seemed to me considerable, of its acumen, which I felt to be penetrating; an occasional misconception passed scarce noticed, and I smiled at certain passages from which evils have since risen so heavy as to oblige me to revert seriously to their origin. Conscious myself that the import of these insinuations was far indeed from truth, I forgot to calculate how they might appear to that great Public which personally did not know me.

'The passage to which I particularly allude characterises me by a strong expression. I am spoken of as *an alien,—it might seem from society, and amenable to none of its laws.*

'The "G———" newspaper gave a notice in the same spirit. The "E———" culled isolated extracts from your review, and presented them in a concentrated form as one paragraph of unqualified condemnation.

'The result of these combined attacks, all to one effect—all insinuating some disadvantageous occult motive for a retired life—has been such, that at length I feel it advisable to speak a few words of temperate explanation in the quarter that seems to me most worthy to be thus addressed, and the most likely to understand rightly my intention. Who my reviewer may be I know not, but I am convinced he is no narrow-minded or naturally unjust thinker.

'To him I would say no cause of seclusion such as he would imply has ever come near my thoughts, deeds, or life. It has not entered my experience. It has not crossed my observation.

'Providence so regulated my destiny that I was born and have been reared in the seclusion of a country parsonage. I have never been rich enough to go out into the world as a participator in its gaieties, though it early became my duty to leave home in order partly to diminish the many calls on a limited income. That income is lightened of claims in another sense now, for of a family of six I am the only survivor.

'My father is now in his seventy-seventh year; his mind is clear as it ever was, and he is not infirm, but he suffers from partial privation and threatened loss of sight; as his general health is also delicate, he cannot be left often or long: my place consequently is at home. These are reasons which make retirement a plain duty; but were no such reasons in existence, were I bound by no such ties, it is very possible that seclusion might still appear to me, on the whole, more congenial than publicity; the brief and rare glimpses I have had of the world do not incline me to think I should seek its circles with very keen zest—nor can I consider such disinclination a just subject for reproach.

'This is the truth. The careless, rather than malevolent insinuations of reviewers have, it seems, widely spread another impression. It would be weak to complain, but I feel that it is only right to place the real in opposition to the unreal.

'Will you kindly show this note to my reviewer? Perhaps he cannot now find an antidote for the poison into which he dipped that shaft he shot at "Currer Bell," but when again tempted to take aim at other prey—let him refrain his hand a moment till he has considered consequences to the wounded, and recalled the "golden rule."

'I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

'C. BRONTË.'

Though criticism was never more needed than in the case of Currer Bell, yet this is inevitably a sad book for critics,

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We do not blame ourselves for what has been said in our pages of the author of 'Jane Eyre.' We could not do otherwise than censure what was censurable. Where would books get their deserts, how could judgment be given, if private considerations had weight to restrain independent public opinion? Critics would then be no better than partial friends. But such revelations as this book gives us are a lesson to weigh words. We should never forget that the unknown author has a known side; that he is not an abstraction. And here we are taught that the private side of a character may be in strong contrast to its public manifestation; that it needs rare discernment to form a true estimate of a writer from his works; and that the boldest, most fearless style, may emanate from a nature which has its sensitive, shrinking, timid side. We believe that all the critics thought they had a tolerably tough nature to deal with, that there was no need to sugar the bitter draught in this instance; and when a woman assumed a masculine tone, wrote as well or better than any man amongst them, and showed herself afraid of nothing, that gallantry and patronising tenderness which is commonly bestowed upon women was changed to gall. And now the administrators of the potion have to reflect on the private most feminine sorrows of this Amazon; of a patient life of monotonous duty; of the passionate hold the purest domestic affections had on her character; and which amongst them, if he could rewrite his criticism, would not now and then erase an epithet, spare a sarcasm, modify a sweeping condemnation? We own it wounds our tenderest feelings to know her sensitiveness to such attacks; and when she sheds tears over the *Times* critique—of all things in the world to weep over—our heart bleeds indeed.

But besides the judgment of the press, she had friendly criticism more to her taste to reply to. Mr. Lewes had commended Miss Austen to her as a model, and she answers—

'"Why do you like Miss Austen so very much? I am puzzled on that point. What induced you to say that you would have rather written 'Pride and Prejudice,' or 'Tom Jones,' than any of the Waverley Novels?

'"I had not seen 'Pride and Prejudice' till I read that sentence of yours, and then I got the book. And what did I find? An accurate daguerreotyped portrait of a common-place face; a carefully-fenced, highly-cultivated garden, with neat borders and delicate flowers; but no glance of a bright vivid physiognomy, no open country, no fresh air, no blue hill, no bonny beck. I should hardly like to live with her ladies and gentlemen, in their elegant but confined houses. These observations will probably irritate you, but I shall run the risk."'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 53, 54.

And again:—

'"What a strange lecture comes next in your letter! You say I must familiarise my mind with the fact, that 'Miss Austen is not a poetess, has no "sentiment" (you scornfully enclose the word in inverted commas), no eloquence, none of the ravishing enthusiasm of poetry,'—and then you

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add, I *must* 'learn to acknowledge her as *one of the greatest artists, of the greatest painters of human character*, and one of the writers with the nicest sense of means to an end that ever lived.' . . . . Miss Austen being, as you say, without 'sentiment,' without *poetry*, maybe *is* sensible, real (more *real* than *true*), but she cannot be great."'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 55, 56.

We do not wonder that Charlotte Brontë could not enter into Miss Austen. With certain powers in common, their education, training, and experience of life were so absolutely different, that no chord in harmony could be struck between them. Miss Austen described life as she saw it, genteel, decorous, every-day domestic life. Her disciplined mind and easy temper saw in this aspect of existence all that satisfied the wants of her nature. She could take her part in it well. Herself fortunate in a pleasing person, agreeable address, and friends in the sphere of society she depicts, what she drew she shared in. She knew perfectly how people acted in the intercourse of every day; she had insight into deeper currents of feeling, as experienced by the society to the delineation of which she devotes her powers. For, we must assure Mr. Lewes and Miss Brontë, Miss Austen *was* a poet. It would be just as reasonable to deny the title to Gray, because he was precise in his dress, and careful not to soil his shoes in his search of the picturesque and sublime, as to refuse it to the author of 'Persuasion,' because her characters are all well-behaved gentlemen and ladies. Her imagination knew how to work in such decorous, veiled excitement as 'society' gives room for. The happy stir of domestic love, the thrill of a reciprocal passion, the trials of unrequited tenderness in a chastened, well-regulated nature—all this, as disciplined by the will or by the conventionalities of society, she drew as no one else can do. She wrote of human nature precisely as she heard and saw it. She never attempted what she had no pattern for, and Miss Brontë's rough and ready specimens never came in her way. She would not have taken to them as Miss Brontë did if they had presented themselves.

Now, into society, technically so called, Miss Brontë had no insight, because she never saw it, never was in it, and knew nothing about it. Men and women never were viewed by her as united by one social bond, as acting upon one another in a certain acknowledged and received relation. The persons we come in contact with under her guidance are in no such connexion; they are independent of any social code. They expatiate in a freedom which persons once feeling themselves members of a body cannot attain to. Moreover of these she saw but little, and conversed with them still less. There was little active companionship; they were studies rather than acquaintance. Shyness and self-consciousness kept her apart from her fellows. Again we cannot doubt that curiosity (such as she attributes to that clever boy

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Martin Yorke, in 'Shirley') influenced her intercourse with others rather than good fellowship. She was so much an artist, that her liking was for whatever would make a good picture and *tell.* She was lenient therefore to picturesque vices; they were so many books given her to study. She mused over them, she pondered, she looked anatomically into their construction. She entered into their motives; and what we can sympathise with and enter into, we are lenient with. All this in contrast to her rival, if we may call her so. But to go on: her life was a silent one, an ascetic and recluse one. She did not see enough of life, so called, or hear its speech, to know how it talked in its careless, common-place moods. Her study of the heart, her interest in its deeper emotions, made her know how it would act when stirred; she put the excitement into words, and the reader, recognising as true the *feeling* in that utterance, does not trouble himself to consider whether it is true as *spoken.* When she says Miss Austen is more *real* than *true,* she expresses this difference between them; the one tells us what people *say* on any given occasion, the other what they *think.* The distinction is carefully noted and acted upon by Miss Austen, and totally disregarded by Miss Brontë. Hear Mr. Knightly, in 'Emma,' on this point:—

'Another thing must be taken into consideration, too—Mrs. Elton does not talk *to* Miss Fairfax as she speaks *of* her. We all know the difference between the pronouns he, or she, and thou, the plainest spoken amongst us; we all feel the influences of a something beyond common civility in our personal intercourse with each other—a something more early implanted. We cannot give any body the disagreeable hints that we may have been very full of the hour before. We feel things very differently.' —*Emma,* p. 225.

This most true distinction never seems to have entered Miss Brontë's mind. The things, for example, that people say to one another in 'Shirley' are perfectly out of the question from one human being to another, though so precisely what they would *think,* that the reader is hardly aware of the impossibility. They are the *mute* responses, the *solitary* revenges the mind indulges in: bitter musings, unspoken reflections of a spiteful, an angry, or an eloquent heart. As soliloquies on the one hand, and the answers of the heart to provocation on the other, they could not be better; but no living being could really dream of giving either utterance in words. There are occasions, rare in each man's life, when all the barriers of custom break down; then the heart speaks out regardless of the chains of habit. These occasions are Miss Brontë's opportunity. There is hardly any analogy between ordinary life and such moments. Experience of the measured movements of society may even hamper the imagination, from penetrating, as it otherwise would, into the eccentricities, the grotesqueness, the rude power of a nature

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standing free from every restraint, and speaking out from wounded feeling, injured pride, or awakened passion. This certainly is not Miss Austen's sphere. The argument carries us further. Without being misunderstood, may we not say that there are things that may be *thought* of which should not be written or talked about? The mind flies on to consequences. There are subjects which, in the nature of things, pass through the mind, which it is not fitting should pass the lips, except on rare and compulsory occasions. It is the peculiarity of Miss Brontë, that she never knew, owing to her share in the almost insane family reserve which shut them out from all general conversation, the boundary-line which separates thought—the musings and reasonings of the heart—from what passes the lips. Moreover, the exceeding curiosity we have noticed to look into the human heart may not be compatible with scrupulous feminine delicacy. Women generally portray best what they hear—either society as it is, or as they think it ought to be, if men were influenced by higher motives and a larger and more spiritual view of life. But Miss Brontë liked men best as she knew them; she liked their roughnesses, and to look into their hearts, and divine what their undisciplined natures would lead them to under trial and temptations. She disclaims any attempt at a perfection. She recoils from a perfect character as we do from a ghost, and for the same reason, the predominance of the spiritual element. Humanity, even in its most vulgar temptations—even to its love of money—she can allow for; she sees in fact they are inseparable from the men she knows of: she likes what she is used to, whatever it is, better than any unfamiliar amendment. She likes breezes, and storms, and rough scenes, or whatever shows nature's strength; and because Miss Austen is not at home in them she will not care for her works.

We are not surprised to find that Miss Brontë was a deliberate writer; whatever fault may be found with the matter, the manner deserves unalloyed praise. She was conscientious in always doing her best; even with applause sounding in her ears and every motive stimulating to authorship, she would always bide her time. She knew her own strength and weakness; she felt that she had not a large experience to draw upon, and she would not exhaust herself by rapidity. Her writings are from imagination, not cleverness, which is a perennial spring, and will bear a greater drain than any but the most prolific genius. Mrs. Gaskell calls the attention of the reader to her excellent choice of words. Few women have attained to such precision and force of style; few so absolutely express what they mean. It is interesting, then, to know how she attained to this excellence; and we find what we suspect is the case with all clear, exact, luminous styles, that she took her time—

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she waited for the right thing to say—she waited for the right word to say it in.

'Any one who has studied her writings,—whether in print or in her letters; any one who has enjoyed the rare privilege of listening to her talk, must have noticed her singular felicity in the choice of words. She herself, in writing her books, was solicitous on this point. One set of words was the truthful mirror of her thoughts; no others, however apparently identical in meaning, would do. She had that strong practical regard for the simple holy truth of expression, which Mr. Trench has enforced, as a duty too often neglected. She would wait patiently, searching for the right term, until it presented itself to her. It might be provincial, it might be derived from the Latin; so that it accurately represented her idea, she did not mind whence it came; but this care makes her style present the finish of a piece of mosaic. Each component part, however small, has been dropped into the right place. She never wrote down a sentence until she clearly understood what she wanted to say, had deliberately chosen the words, and arranged them in their right order. Hence it comes that, in the scraps of paper covered with her pencil writing which I have seen, there will occasionally be a sentence scored out, but seldom, if ever, a word or an expression. She wrote on these bits of paper in a minute hand, holding each against a piece of board, such as is used in binding books, for a desk. This plan was necessary for one so short-sighted as she was; and, besides, it enabled her to use pencil and paper, as she sat near the fire in the twilight hours, or if (as was too often the case) she was wakeful for hours in the night. Her finished manuscripts were copied from these pencil scraps, in clear, legible, delicate traced writing, almost as easy to read as print.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 9, 10.

When publishers urge haste, and desire to press forward her labours, she answers:—

'"It is not at all likely" (she says) "that my book will be ready at the time you mention. If my health is spared, I shall get on with it as fast as is consistent with its being done, if not *well*, yet as well as I can do it. *Not one whit faster.* When the mood leaves me (it has left me now, without vouchsafing so much as a word or a message when it will return) I put by the MS. and wait till it comes back again. God knows, I sometimes have to wait long—*very* long it seems to me."'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 237.

She felt herself almost superstitiously under the influences of her genius. To Mrs. Gaskell—

'She said, that it was not every day that she could write. Sometimes weeks, or even months, elapsed before she felt she had anything to add to that portion of her story which was already written. Then, some morning she would waken up, and the progress of her tale lay clear and bright before her, in distinct vision. When this was the case, all her care was to discharge her household and filial duties, so as to obtain leisure to sit down and write out the incidents and consequent thoughts, which were, in fact, more present to her mind at such times than her actual life itself. Yet notwithstanding this "possession" (as it were), those who survived, of her daily and household companions, are clear in their testimony, that never was the claim of any duty, never was the call of another for help, neglected for an instant. It had become necessary to give Tabby—now nearly eighty years of age, the assistance of a girl. Tabby relinquished any of her work with jealous reluctance, and could not bear to be reminded, though ever so delicately, that the acuteness of her senses was dulled by age. The other servant might not interfere with what she chose to consider her exclusive work. Among other things, she reserved to herself the

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right of peeling the potatoes for dinner; but as she was growing blind, she often left in those black specks, which we in the North call the "eyes" of the potato. Miss Brontë was too dainty a housekeeper to put up with this; yet she could not bear to hurt the faithful old servant, by bidding the younger maiden go over the potatoes again, and so reminding Tabby that her work was the less effectual than formerly. Accordingly she would steal into the kitchen, and quietly carry off the bowl of vegetables, without Tabby's being aware, and breaking off in the full flow of interest and inspiration in her writing, carefully cut out the specks in the potatoes, and noiselessly carry them back to their place. This little proceeding may show how orderly and fully she accomplished her duties, even at those times when the "possession" was upon her.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 8, 9.

We doubt this 'possession' in the distinct marked way in which she puts it. Beyond the bare fact that she was some days in better cue for composition than others, we think the notion superstitious. Such an impression always gives a writer an undue confidence in the efforts of his brain—as though he himself were not responsible under the divine *afflatus*—which approaches to a belief in his own inspiration. Our perceptions, at least of right and wrong, truth and error, do not depend on times and seasons, and happy moments; and yet it sometimes seems as if she made them do so, and justifies herself under misconstruction by the feeling of having obeyed an impulse which her conscience dared not resist. But she was too real and strong a character for conceit. There is no vanity of successful authorship. She never for a moment loses her head. Old associations, and affections, and friendships, lose nothing of their sway. When fame comes, and she is sought out and pointed at and courted, her home and her father are still the most potent influences. After being made a lion in London, and men of note and distinction, in their several ways, pressing their acquaintance upon her; after, as far as her shy timid nature and weak health allowed, she had tasted the charm of literary intercourse and brilliant society; after having conversed with her hero—her Titan—Thackeray, and breakfasted with Rogers; after scientific men had shown her the Crystal Palace, and artists had shown her pictures, and fellow authoresses had sought her intimacy, here is still the picture of her oppressively quiet home life. We give some sentences from Mrs. Gaskell's report of her visit to Haworth:—

'"I went round the house to the front door, looking to the church;—moors everywhere beyond and above. The crowded grave-yard surrounds the house and small grass enclosure for drying clothes.

'"I don't know that I ever saw a spot more exquisitely clean; the most dainty place for that I ever saw. To be sure, the life is like clock-work. No one comes to the house; nothing disturbs the deep repose; hardly a voice is heard; you catch the ticking of the clock in the kitchen, or the buzzing of a fly in the parlour, all over the house. Miss Brontë sits alone in her parlour; breakfasting with her father in his study at nine o'clock. She helps in the housework; for one of their servants, Tabby, is nearly

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ninety, and the other only a girl. Then I accompanied her in her walks on the sweeping moors: the heather-bloom had been blighted by a thunder-storm a day or two before, and was all of a livid brown colour, instead of the blaze of purple glory it ought to have been. Oh! those high, wild, desolate moors, up above the whole world, and the very realms of silence! Home to dinner at two. Mr. Brontë has his dinner sent into him. All the small table arrangements had the same dainty simplicity about them..... I soon observed that her habits of order were such that she could not go on with the conversation if a chair was out of its place; everything was arranged with delicate regularity. We talked over the old times of her childhood; of her elder sister's (Maria's) death,—just like that of Helen Burns in 'Jane Eyre;' of those strange, starved days at school; of the desire (almost amounting to illness) of expressing herself in some way,—writing or drawing; of her weakened eyesight, which prevented her doing anything for two years, from the age of seventeen to nineteen; of her being a governess..... We have generally had another walk before tea, which is at six; at half-past eight, prayers; and by nine, all the household are in bed, except ourselves. We sit up together till ten, or past; and after I go, I hear Miss Brontë come down and walk up and down the room for an hour or so."'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 297—300.

This was the aspect of her home when cheered by the presence of a congenial friend; but that was not often; and we read admissions 'of solitude fearfully aggravating other evils;' of a craving for support and companionship, such as could not be expressed; 'of sitting day after day in her chair, saddest memories her only company;' allowing her mind to range over an immoral or sceptical literature as a change for her own thoughts; and yet resolved to stay, refusing every kind solicitation of friendship; restricting herself even in the pleasures of correspondence, lest letters should interfere with the exclusive claims of home, from a mingled sense of duty and fatalism. We cannot judge depression and lowness of spirits, otherwise we should say that what she now wanted was an object of faith out of herself; her rigid, restricted, partial notion of duty was a sort of heathen god to her and held her down. Her mind needed to be taken upwards, away and far above perpetual self-questioning. Temptations came with solitude, in the shape of gloomy earth-born musings, standing alike in the light of human and divine comfort. How true is it that extraordinary gifts are a gift to the world and not to their possessor; and that those who amuse, rouse, and divert others often sink for the want of their own stimulants! So poor Charlotte Brontë sat at home, alone, late, late into the night, conversing with the spirits of the dead, and longing for them, till their voices seemed to reach her ears in the wild storms of wind that raged around. She had such fancies: when some one objected to the supernatural summons in 'Jane Eyre,' where Rochester calls her miles away, she replied in a low voice, and drawing her breath, 'But it is a true thing; it really happened.' All her life she had shuddered at death. She thought of it only as

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'cold obstruction.' Though living in a churchyard, she could not, as a girl, walk over a grave unawares without turning faint. The loss of an acquaintance made a ghastly void which she feared to think of. Her realizing power was her tyrant—for such a nature and temperament as hers solitude was terrible.

But now came a real legitimate diversion from loneliness and gloom—not in fame and success, which only brought a transient and fitful relief, but in a straightforward proposal of marriage, made, not in admiration of her genius, but herself. In her heart she did not care for being thought *clever*—she thought the term meant 'a shrewd, very ugly, meddling, talking woman;' but here was one who loved her for herself, at an age when women value and are more grateful for attachment than in youth. However, Mr. Brontë liked things to go on as they had done. He objected to his curate's marrying his daughter; and the exemplary daughter of thirty-seven submitted to his decision, and dismissed her lover. She could not vex *him* by her opposition to whom she had shown implicit obedience her whole life. We are not told how, after some months, the subject was revived, and the father's consent obtained, not for his daughter to leave him, but for her husband to share her charge—a charge which he felt so binding, that when subsequently he was offered a living he declined it, as feeling bound to Haworth while Mr. Brontë lived. In brief terms we are told of Charlotte Brontë's wedding-day, the only witnesses her two oldest friends, Miss Wooler and E., of whom we have heard so much. The father had a consistent return of reluctance at the last moment, which made him, we have no doubt characteristically enough, refuse to be present. So Miss Wooler, in the emergency, had to give her faithful friend and pupil away. It is one of Charlotte's best traits, her keeping up a lasting steady friendship with this good lady. She was married June 29, 1854. Then follow the simple mention of months of great happiness and remarkable contrast to a life of trial and depression, too soon brought to an end by some imprudence of over-exertion.

'Soon after her return, she was attacked by new sensations of perpetual nausea, and ever-recurring faintness. After this state of things had lasted for some time, she yielded to Mr. Nicholls's wish that a doctor should be sent for. He came, and assigned a natural cause for her miserable indisposition; a little patience and all would go right. She, who was ever patient in illness, tried hard to bear up and bear on. But the dreadful sickness increased and increased, till the very sight of food occasioned nausea. "A wren would have starved on what she ate during those last six weeks," says one. Tabby's health had suddenly and utterly given way, and she died in this time of distress and anxiety respecting the last daughter of

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the house she had served so long. Martha tenderly waited on her mistress, and from time to time tried to cheer her with the thought of the baby that was coming. "I dare say I shall be glad sometime," she would say; "but I am so ill—so weary——" Then she took to her bed, too weak to sit up.' —*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 321, 322.

Two last letters are given to her friend E—— and a Brussels schoolfellow. In the last she speaks of her father—'of course I could not leave *him*'—and her husband, 'No better, fonder husband than mine, it seems to me there can be in the world'—'I do not want now for companionship in health and the tenderest nursing in sickness;' and then in a very few weeks the end came.

'About the third week in March there was a change; a low wandering delirium came on; and in it she begged constantly for food and even for stimulants. She swallowed eagerly now; but it was too late. Wakening for an instant from this stupor of intelligence, she saw her husband's woe-worn face, and caught the sound of some murmured words of prayer that God would spare her. "Oh!" she whispered forth, "I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us, we have been so happy."

'Early on Saturday morning, March 31st, the solemn tolling of Haworth church-bell spoke forth the fact of her death to the villagers who had known her from a child, and whose hearts shivered within them as they thought of the two sitting desolate and alone in the old grey house.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 324.

Who can sum up such a character? who can reconcile its contradictions, account for its eccentricities, nicely discriminate and mark out its good and evil, bring the whole nature into harmony? We have not attempted the task. A strong original character vividly portrayed has its lesson, whether we fully understand and master it or not. If to some we have seemed over-lenient to certain grave errors it discloses, to them we would protest that our tenderness has not been won by mere admiration for strength of intellect; but we cannot realize the contrast, and almost antagonism between mind and temperament, without perceiving a force of temptation and trial to which few are exposed, and respecting, and even reverencing accordingly, that sense of duty, dim and narrow as it often was, which directed her daily steps and influenced her whole existence. How can we do otherwise than pity that life of 'labour and pain,' where duty was a harsh master, and gave so few rewards; and trust that in the period of late happiness which preceded her end, she may have been guided to the easy yoke and light burden which should have been her service in the heat of her dreary day.

We have already commented on the one great blot and failure on Mrs. Gaskell's part. As a work of art, this biography cannot be too highly commended. When we consider how her task must have appeared to herself at its

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commencement, what small store of incident lay before her out of which to frame a narrative, how uneventful and externally insignificant was the life given her to portray, we own we wonder at her courage and success. When some local worthy passes from the scene, prominent, almost necessary, in his own sphere, and his friends contemplate the gap and loss, it is a universal impulse to write his life. One so important, so loved, so missed, should not be forgotten. The world must certainly be told of his excellences, and learn to know him. So Mr. So-and-so is deputed to write a biography. If this gentleman is a dull man, he probably accomplishes his task, and does not know that he has failed. Our readers may guess how Miss Brontë would fare under his hands. If he has taste, experience, and discernment, he presently becomes aware that this life, so impressive in its sphere, presents, under his handling, no points sufficiently distinguishing to awake new interest. Peculiar traits so pleasing to friends cannot be conveyed to strangers. The good deeds are common-place where the face, and form, and voice that set them off, are away. He feels that so far from doing honour to the dead, he would be committing the injustice of exposing him to an unfair ordeal, of parading him where he was not understood or cared for. And after weighing and deliberating for a sufficient length of time, he comes to the conclusion that most men's lives are to be witnessed, not recorded; that their example is for their own generation, not a future one. Mrs. Gaskell understood her work better, and realized from the first what she had to do—not the comparatively easy task of recording events, but delineating a character without the aids which incidents and adventure always furnish. Impressed by her subject, she was roused rather than repelled by its difficulties. Her fellow-feeling as an authoress, her tenderness as a friend, sympathy and admiration, pity, resentment, all stimulated her to the effort—for an effort it must have been—of presenting this various, contradictory, yet strong, interesting and remarkable woman, to the world. The wants and voids of that mind she could not feel as we must feel them. Therefore she is sustained throughout by undoubted reliance on the intrinsic excellence as well as genius of her subject, and rejoices to bring all her own powers to her task. And admirably suited they are to the purpose—her pathos, her romance, her graphic descriptions, her skill in drawing character, her singular felicity of arrangement and combination, all join to produce a picture harmonious, thrilling, impressive; which, if it rouses criticism, demands attention, and compels interest, and forms, as every forcible history of an original mind must do, a valuable addition to the world's experience.

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ART. V.—*L'Angleterre au dix-huitième siècle; Études et Portraits pour servir à l'Histoire du Gouvernement Anglais, depuis la fin du Règne de Guillaume III.* Par M. CHARLES RÉMUSAT, de l'Académie Française. Deux Volumes. Paris, 1856.

THE reign of Queen Anne interests us in a way for which neither the grandeur of the characters which played out their parts in that scene, nor the greatness of the results of their policy, can account. Hardly a single personage acted without a consciousness of selfishness and insincerity fatal to the very conception of noble undertakings. At the end of the reign no generous or profound principle had been enunciated for the first time; no new phase of the constitution had developed itself. The battle-field of that constitution was far away, and the echoes of the conflict, prolonged from the militia debates of Charles I.'s last Parliament and the Civil Wars, and through the reciprocal anathemas of the petitioners and abhorrers of his son and namesake's government, even to the brief but decisive struggle for liberty against James II., had long since subsided. Only the prominence of party badges told through what dangers the State had passed, and by what means it had escaped. But, though the storm of civil discord had almost died away, men's passions still, as it were, rose and fell with the uneasy swell of suspicions and plots which enabled bystanders to measure the height of yesterday's waves.

From this point of view the period in question derives its main historical interest. The memories in which names or nominal distinctions were steeped invested them with an unreal importance, and excited politicians to contend in mock-serious combat for principles which had been determined already, and foregone conclusions. Parties or factions might make the Stuart's cause a war cry, and carry the country with them; but, as soon as ever the question was put, 'Will you give up a 'single privilege which the Civil Wars or the Revolution esta-'blished?' the nation which had made a martyr of Sacheverell ignored its own enthusiasm, and refused to hold solved problems any longer for open questions. Party zeal needed badges and watchwords for party purposes; but even parties, when called upon to make good their own professions, turned a deaf ear to all propositions which might compromise England. They suffered George I. to be proclaimed, Bolingbroke and Ormond to flee their country, and Charles Edward to march into England,

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without stirring a foot, or raising their voice for their favourite cause. Their leaders might well be deceived by the contrast between the apparent sense of terms, and the obligation to action, which they were not understood to connote. We, from our vantage-ground of time, can better compute what the state of public feeling really was. The importance of the study of the period consists to us in the observation, how the grand innovations, fought for and won on other occasions, had gradually worked their way into the national system, and modified all the relations of parties and society in accordance with themselves. In William's reign the progress towards this result had begun; but the contest was still too recent, and the indignation against the old *régime* still too little affirmed by the recognition of the new. Under George I., and Walpole, the contested principles were practically allowed, and any exceptional violation of them considered just matter for censure and explanation. The regular appeals of ministers to the people, through the press, and through Parliament; the responsibility of administrations to the nation for the sovereign's acts, spite of any plea of the sovereign's personal intervention; and, yet more, the felt inability of an almost unanimous cabinet, backed up by a strong Parliamentary majority, and the personal inclinations of the monarch, to rescind the nation's vote of exclusion of the Stuarts, make the reign of Anne the debatable ground, well marked out and defined, between the old and the new aspects of the constitution.

But, even more than this, more even than the causes which have erected a period, prolific chiefly in party tracts, into the 'golden age' of literature, what engages our fancy is that strong personal element, which manifests itself so clearly, as well in that literature, as in the conduct of affairs. Queen Anne's era bears the same relation to sober history which Mr. Disraeli's novels do to a serious political treatise. It is as though the spirit of the Parisian coteries of the time of Louis XIV., and the regency of Orleans, had blended with the violent humours and passions of an English electioneering season. Not till the issue of the struggle, which surprises us from its complete independence of the vicissitudes of the struggle itself, can we discover the true national pertinacity of adherence to a deliberate decision. The intermediate period is given up to a chaos of drawing-room schemes, back-stairs' plots, and the intrigues of club-committees. We feel (and there is a certain charm in the discovery) that the State is, after all, not an abstraction, but an aggregate of living beings, moved by the same impulses, and susceptible of the same vexations and pleasures, with the rest of mankind. Posterity is brought more

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behind the scene than at other times; and more of character appears in the prominent agents, than can usually be perceived in the instruments of a nation's will. Above all, these instruments and agents of national policy did not pass away with the measures they originated. Round one of them, the master-spirit of an administration once, gathered subsequently all the strength of opposition. It is he whose influence we trace in each more important act of the reign, and who, by fashioning the most brilliant of political and literary societies, when out of power, and even half an outlaw, has brought both within the verge of the same sympathies. Those sympathies are the same which explain our delight in 'personal talk,' and the curiosity whence arise the sudden life and animation infused into a grave Parliamentary debate by the slightest infusion of personal malice or feeling.

From Henry St. John's mere genealogy it might have been predicted that he would, if possessed of any genius, assume a conspicuous position in politics. It might have been predicted, further, that his career would be daring and adventurous, extreme in this or that direction, perhaps, at different times, in both. Violent partisanship ran in the blood of the race. His ancestors, when they did act, chose no safe or moderate course, but delighted seemingly in everything ultra. The grandeur of the family dated back from the marriage of a scion of the Saxon de Post, of Basing, with the heiress of the Norman St. Johns, of Bletsoe. It had never been obscured since the days of the Conquest, though, till the seventeenth century, chiefly conspicuous in the details of county history. During the whole of that century, and far into the following one, it was in the van of all political movements. Henry St. John could count in the male line among his near relatives the Earls Bolingbroke of the Parliament, and the chivalrous Viscount Grandison of Clarendon's History, one of the first victims of Charles's cause. Through females, he was grandson of that gloomy Solicitor-General of the Commons, and nephew of the High Church and Tory Earl of Nottingham. He himself was destined to run the gauntlet of principles seemingly contradictory, and to illustrate in his own life the extreme conclusions of the most adverse political factions of the preceding age. Too small a portion still stands to testify to the splendour of the old house at Battersea, the gift of Charles I. to the St. Johns, Viscounts Grandison: with its forty rooms on one floor, the cedar parlour, where Pope loved to compose, and the terrace overlooking the Thames, so often paced by the statesman and the poet, only in death estranged. There he was born. In his education was displayed that unfortunate combination of strict

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theoretical principles, with the example of a lax private morality, which could not but deprave a disposition such as his. The contrast of the stern discipline maintained by the old Puritan, his grandfather, throughout the household, even to his death, in 1708, with the precedent before his eyes of the life of a libertine father, who made a jest of all political and religious principle, might have corrupted good dispositions. It was the worst possible training for one whose very versatility of character disposed him to mimic tenets, and only to be consistent in obedience to the passion at the moment in possession.

His school-days at Eton, where he had Walpole for a contemporary, seem to have foreshadowed that strenuous idleness, that petty ambition of supremacy in licentiousness and genius, which distorted into a something, at once grotesque and picturesque, repulsive and attractive, the whole course of his life. It is easy to imagine in the boy a historical Vivian Grey, leader of the school and terror of masters, already preparing the minds of his friends to expect the statesman, and to fancy the keen aversion which his quick perceptions, and rather inconclusive judgment, must have instinctively conceived for the astute careless-seeming temperament of his life-long rival. Unhappily for the hypothesis, however certain it may be that the child is father of the man, the very completeness of the parallel between the relations of two individuals, as children and as men, makes one doubt the truth of the facts as to the earlier period. A disposition may be developed early, and the circumstances into which it may lead its possessor typified; but the complication of the relations of two individuals in after years is very seldom anticipated in their boyhood. We know more about his life at Christ Church. There, under the auspices of Dean Aldrich, famous for port and music, architecture and logic, 'Priest of Bacchus,' as Whigs styled him, 'Champion of the Church,' as Tories, a licence was, at that time and long after, allowed students of noble families, which would astonish the present generation. St. John, however, possessed that perilously happy constitution, both of mind and body, which both enabled and tempted him, like Alcibiades, to enter into excesses, which must have else quickly degraded him to the condition of one of his future partisans of the October Club. It was his ambition to become the Rochester of his time, not him of James's and Anne's reigns, but the brilliant friend and rival of Charles II., whose genius had a spontaneous bouquet, or fragrance, about it, which however has, in its evaporation, left behind it nothing but a deposit of vapid immorality. In emulation of his model, and the wits, he became a poet, as poets were then, in the mere effervescence of youth, and various very wretched com-

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positions are ascribed to his muse, too weak and poor, with a few exceptions, even for Dodsley's Collections. He had already propitiated the favour of Dryden with eulogistic verses on his Virgil, and been admitted to the deliberate orgies over which he presided. In him all this licence was not, as in so many, a mere result of youth, but an indication of the inquietude and restlessness of organization, to which Aristotle attributes much of men's intemperateness. The manners of his family had not implanted in him any fixed principles. The manners of the time were not likely to supply the defects of such an education. Of all men he was the most incapable of supplying it for himself. Not a man of that class of intellect, which implies the union of a high moral tone and energy with acuteness and subtlety—in fact, the character which Lord Shaftesbury (the philosopher) denominates 'wisdom'—he yet possessed a capacity and abilities which the world has rarely seen in so complete a state of development. There was nothing for which they were not prepared. Still, they were a mere instrument, of the finest temper, but wanting a hand and heart to guide. Without enough of conscientious patience to conceive and maintain principles of action for himself, in that age when factiousness was the only consistency; and without enough of the moral sagacity and self-restraint, needed for comprehending the fundamental theory of a party, and identifying himself with it, heart and soul, as Nottingham among the Tories, and Cowper among the Whigs;—he only cared to guess, with his marvellous shrewdness, the petty selfish motives which instigated the policy of parties. Then, as soon as he had thus worked himself into all their schemes, and become their administrator and guide, he could not refrain from prosecuting the party measures, even *ad absurdum*, in the same petty, selfish spirit, and boldly ignoring the existence of that public state-conscience, which shames men into cloaking their selfishness, even in themselves, under the guise of patriotism. He possessed the instinct of guiding men, or rather of constituting himself the guide of men, in perfection; but the spirit with which he inspired them was not his own, but theirs, only heated and enkindled with that fiery energy, and consciousness of power, which carries one in a crowd beyond his fellows. In the days of Henry VIII. he would have probably been another Cromwell of Essex; under the Commonwealth he might have emulated his maternal grandfather, though with less of stern consistency; in the semi-literary, semi-political agitations of Queen Anne's reign, he became the representative of the Gallican partisanship and the Court intrigues of the second Charles, and the new philosophico-political spirit of the Hanoverian dynasty.

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Between the wit and debauchee of Oxford, and the hard-drinking bigot of the October Club, lay no such wide interval. It was the doom of his nature to be ever eager to constitute itself the centre of a faction rather than a party, of a knot of personal adherents, who would make his conduct their lode-star, and look on his conduct, however various, as a law and its own theory. No period could be found better adapted for the rapid growth of his special temperament than that commencing with the year 1700, when he first entered the House of Commons. At all times he must have proved himself a remarkable man, full of the statesman-like power of seizing opportunities, however wanting in the unerring sagacity which teaches the best and most prudent use of them. He could not but have become the somewhat factious leader of an Opposition, and sometimes high in the ranks of the forlorn hope of an Administration. But portions only of his character and powers would have been then matured and manifested. The attraction and repulsion of other luminaries in the political hemisphere would have restrained his aberrations, and kept him in one certain orbit. The revolutionary aspects of William's reign, and the unstable basis on which rested the boasted legitimacy of Anne's title, with its regular inconsistency of party-badges, and glaring contradictions in political creeds, formed a lurid and troublous atmosphere, in which blazed and strayed at will the baleful comet-like genius of Bolingbroke.

The same year in which he entered Parliament as member for Wotton Basset, in Wiltshire, the seat of his own and his wife's interest (for he had made a marriage of convenience, if, at least, we may judge from the fact that his wife possessed a fortune of forty thousand pounds, and that they lived in a state of perpetual discord, though never legally separated), was signalized by the return of Robert Walpole for Castle Rising, in Norfolk. Both were unscrupulous in the details of political morality, both free in their maxims of private conduct. But there was something in the nature of Walpole, which at once attracted him to the ranks of the great Revolution party; and something in that of St. John, which, notwithstanding, or even perhaps partly in consequence of, early associations, drew him to the side where all was yet to be won, and a party constructed from the foundation. The very anarchy and humiliation of the Tories served only to attract St. John. He was no mere country gentleman, like Walpole, nor had he his cold determined thirst for power for power's own sake. Of the best blood in England, he felt the same envy and jealousy of the close oligarchy of the Whartons and the Churchills, which might have roused a young noble of the Greek or Middle Age Republics of Italy to seek

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in a tyranny revenge against the ruling Houses. With the consciousness of originality and resource sufficient for a whole cabinet, he wanted no established system, no groove, along which the wheels of his policy might safely glide. Followers were what he needed, and not champions or counsellors — a strong cry, and not previously settled rules of action.

It was the epoch of the peace of Ryswick, the title of the Revolution dynasty was recognised at home and abroad. Now at last, might the Tories argue, had arrived the time for illustrating the benefits brought about by the expulsion of the Stuarts. What if the Protestant Government desired to rule by the same military arm which had terrified Church and cavaliers into revolt from the son of the 'Blessed Martyr!' William unhappily possessed no facility of temper. If the nation proved resolved on a measure, he could not but acquiesce; but the manner was most ungracious. His enemies pretended they saw in his reluctance an evidence rather of a tacit protest or reservation of assent, than of the good faith and extorted resignation to what could not be avoided, which was so noble a contrast to his uncle Charles's readiness of concession and facility of retraction. In short, though William felt himself bound by the will of the majority, he was ever too open in his denunciations, and too bold in his expressed forebodings of the evil consequences thence likely to ensue. The King threatened to abdicate if the army were disbanded. The Whig leaders supported him in vain. Their arguments had been too deeply imprinted on the minds of the mass of their followers, and afforded too convenient a handle for the Opposition. Strangely enough, William construed this defeat by a coalition of Whigs and Tories into a sign of a sure majority on the side of the latter, and at once replaced Somers, Sunderland, Shrewsbury, Orford, and Montague, by Rochester (Lawrence Hyde), and the pliant conservatism of Godolphin.

St. John soon flashed his maiden sword in the battle of parties. He had cast in his lot with Harley, that pre-eminently clever upholder of principles, at least not Tory, by the help of Tory adherents. With him he had supported the Act of Settlement, and carried the insertion of clauses meant to coerce the prerogative of the new family. With him too, and all the chiefs of the 'Young England' Tories, did he carry up an impeachment of Portland, Somers, Orford, Halifax (of the second creation), to the Peers, in April, 1701. Now it was that the young statesman felt for the first time, what he experienced so often in his long political career, that the Tory majority in the Commons, though elected by the nation, in its dissatisfaction at the conduct of a Whig

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ministry, was watched with suspicion by their own constituents. They were sent up to Westminster to gratify a popular pique; but, their work once done, the kingdom had no intention of letting them, to use Aston's expression on the final triumph of the long Parliament, 'go play.' St. John was among the foremost in inflaming the ready passions, and not so ready courage, of his fellow members against the Kentish petitioners. The imprisonment of these persons for what was called a libel gave the Whigs a watchword and an argument, which they employed so successfully as to ruin their adversaries. This *faux pas*, and the ineffectual menace of impeachment thrown out against the late Government, provoked the incomparable efforts of Swift and Defoe, so soon to become opponents. The House of Commons felt how powerless it was but as the representative of the people, and succumbed to the storm it no longer dared openly resist. William's last days were cheered by a more unanimous sentiment of loyalty than had ever attended his acts, even among his own political partisans. Anne, on her accession, found a Tory majority in Parliament (headed by Mr. Speaker Harley, the experienced successor to the all-accomplished Marquis of Halifax, in the leadership of the Trimmers), and eager to employ the prestige of office which still lingered about them, in gratifying all her blind instinct of animosity to the memory of her brother-in-law. She found the powerful revolution families lying exposed to popular rancour; charged with a subservience to the monarch's will—in the letter—and, as they themselves, if the sovereign had been any one else, would have allowed, most unconstitutional; with abnegation, finally, of the right of Parliament to discuss all the preliminaries of all great and permanent measures. But she also found the principles of the Revolution recognised, and registered in the Act of Settlement, which she could not impugn, since her own title depended on the same basis. Abroad, besides the obligation imposed by the despotic friendship of the Duchess Sarah, and the mighty genius of her lord, the complication in affairs, arising from the utter failure of the Partition Treaty, for allowing which to pass unchallenged the Whig Cabinet had incurred so much obloquy, compelled the reluctant continuance of hostilities with France.

In this state of things her first ministry, though composed of Tories, was scarcely a representative of that party. The sovereign's personal predilection was rather their title to admission, than the fact that they were the organs of a certain pronounced policy. Harley and St. John were still left without office. There were great Tory families as there were great Whig families. The Finches, Earls of Nottingham, Godolphin, sure of place, from his long experience, his wariness,

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and his connexion with Marlborough, and Rochester, as son to Clarendon, and the Queen's uncle, had a sort of hereditary claim to be employed. When not courtiers of the King, they had been courtiers of the heir; and to them the sovereign naturally looked as the legitimate chiefs of Opposition. It had been so throughout the life of William, but, during that period, a strong and genuine Tory confederacy had been growing up, not a small knot of statesmen—political Tories (our modern Conservatives), with certain traditionary tactics in Parliament,—but the tremendous country interest, that true conservative party, which must ever exist in a kingdom having at once commercial and agricultural interests. These, whom we may be allowed to term 'social Tories,' Tories not because there were Whigs, but, with characteristics deeply marked in the entire tenor of their lives and circumstances, had put Harley into the Speaker's chair, and maintained him there in Anne's first Parliament. They recognised him and his lieutenant, St. John, as their spokesmen, but they did not adopt measures at their mere dictation. There is always this practical distinction between political bodies, that one gathers together for the sake of advocating some certain line of policy, while another, with its ultimate objects no less definite, has its intermediate course marked out by its chiefs. Harley had a decided bias, in many respects, to the Nonconformists, but he only committed himself to vague professions, and never compromised his position by a vote. St. John was a libertine in practice and doctrine; yet he protested against latitudinarianism in doctrine and discipline, along with the most vehement country members.

The new Parliament, which had met in the October of 1702, soon manifested its tendencies. Its first act was to vote thanks to the General, while they interpreted this as designed rather to reflect on the late King than to exalt so doubtful a Tory as Marlborough, by refusing him a pension on the Post-office revenue. But the most significant motion was that against 'occasional Conformity.' The bill was vehemently supported by St. John, but dropped for this time, in consequence of a quarrel between the the two Houses artfully inflamed by the leading Whigs. There had existed, since the Revolution, two fruitful sources whence the thirst of the two great factions for reciprocal calumny might be readily quenched. The Whigs accused the Tories of advocating the cause of arbitrary power, and the Tories the Whigs of culpable laxity in religion. Never was a motion introduced reflecting on the one side, but forthwith —'blast and counterblast'— came retaliation in the shape of a bill reminding the nation what it had to fear from the other. The Whigs had saved themselves on this occasion by a manœuvre of analogous kind to those so often practised by Shaftes-

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bury. Their turn had now arrived. It was moved that every attempt to disturb the Protestant succession as established by the Act of Settlement should subject the offender to the penalties of treason. Harley, with the Trimmers, could not reasonably oppose a resolution, superfluous perhaps and supererogatory, yet in affirmation of a measure of which they boasted as their peculiar work. St. John took an independent part. It was even now his ambition to be identified with the Tories, while he acted with Harley. None of these measures were strictly what we should call Ministerial. A Whig administration really was the voice and representative of the Whig party. Not so with the Tories. In Godolphin's cabinet, as originally constituted, the majority was Tory; but, not having been called to office by the voice of a party, its members did not conceive themselves pledged to any special course. Doubtless Parliamentary influence was taken into account in the selection of them; but as a sign of official ability, rather than as a tribute to the power of the Houses. So, when Rochester had resigned the Lieutenancy of Ireland in a fit of jealousy at Godolphin's superiority in the council, and Lord Nottingham, after finding his reiterated complaints of the sway there of the Whig Dukes of Somerset and Devonshire disregarded, had retired, there was nothing self-contradictory in the appointment of Harley, Hedges, and St. John; the two former to be secretaries of state, and the last at war, in 1704. Considering the matter from the modern point of view, it might be supposed that the acceptance of place by the favourite D.C.L.'s of Oxford, in the cabinet which had cashiered two such notorious champions of the Church as Rochester and Nottingham, would have roused suspicions of apostasy in every manor-house and rectory of England. Harley's policy had been too cautious, and his station as Speaker too neutral (though less so then than now), to have involved him inextricably in Tory pledges. But what could be said for his friend, who was always advocating extreme measures, and who confesses that he had from the first been 'dipped in the spirit of party!'

In fact, as has been suggested already, these politicians represented a different body to that which gathered round the late Lieutenant and Secretary. The Hydes and Finches were themselves parties in the State; their successors were influential Parliamentary partisans. The treasurer might, in those days, adopt means for the exclusion of men who were personal rivals. Such procedure exposed him to no imputation of treachery to his party. It evidenced neither the wish nor the power to resist the royal determination to maintain the Tory element in the Government. The whole change was the result of an intrigue in the cabinet, however clearly the victory of

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Godolphin foreshadowed a future divergence from the pronounced opinions of his defeated colleagues. The absence of all appearance of defection on the part of Harley's and St. John's Parliamentary following, and the signature of Godolphin to the Lords' protest on the rejection of the 'Occasional Conformity' Bill, indicate this more unambiguously than the silence of Harley on the same occasion, and the vote of his adherent, on constitutional grounds, against the 'tack' of the supplies to the motion, prove *their* secession. The ministry was, in truth, the last one openly formed on the old principle that the sovereign, as responsible for the executive, had a right to choose the most capable subordinates he could discover. The accession of the House of Brunswick, which depended originally for its mere maintenance on the throne upon the Whigs, caused this doctrine to be obscured for half a century. George III., whose title was more secure, revived it. For many years every minister forced into office by the voice of the nation had to endure the presence in his administration of certain men, who, under the name of 'King's friends,' deemed themselves chartered to play the spy in council and the public informer in Parliament. Yet that faction but partially resembled this discordant element in the Godolphin Government. There was one great distinction. It represented no known party in the State, while Harley and St. John were admitted, actually as leaders of the Tories. Further, their junction with Godolphin could be called neither a coalition nor a defection. It was no coalition, for they succeeded to the posts of notorious Tories; it was no defection, since their chief voted for Tory resolutions. If Walpole found, in the reconstitution of the ministry, a seat at the Admiralty Board, the appointment of Simon Harcourt to be Attorney-General might be a sufficient guarantee to their party that their leaders were no apostates.

But the two friends were far too acute not to comprehend the tendencies of the ministerial changes. The sagacity of the elder, especially, was seldom at fault, when his own interests were concerned. Instead of being the dark, mysterious statesman, who made official reserve a disguise for the grossest incapacity, facts show him to have been a politician as subtle as Danby, and less stubborn. He saw in his own elevation a design of warding off Tory opposition by securing the co-operation of Tory placemen in half-concealed Whig measures. When the chiefs should have been thus compromised, they might be cashiered with impunity. He calculated that, whatever the present views of the premier himself, the instinct of Marlborough, 'the dictator,' must teach him to look to the party of the Revolution as the only permanent support for his war policy. Finally, he understood that the day had long gone by,

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when the representatives of two antagonistic interests could meet in the same cabinet, and, confining themselves to the business of their departments, treat all the great topics of the era as open questions, and free neutral territory. For the present, especially since the elections of October, 1705, which overclouded the prospects of their party, the two new ministers addressed themselves exclusively to the work of their offices. The brilliant abilities of the Secretary at War proved no bar to the display of capacity for business and industry, which won golden opinions from the great captain, whose commissariat he superintended. Repeatedly, in his correspondence, does the latter entreat the treasurer to confide in Mr. St. John. In Parliament they were less conspicuous than formerly. It was at once dangerous to provoke dismissal by too violent a partisanship, while their plans were still immature, and to offend the Queen even by the appearance of active cooperation with the other side. As it was, the now open Whigism of the majority in the cabinet, and the inveterate mistrust conceived by all of Harley, united in bringing about the catastrophe of the bed-chamber plot between the latter, Mrs. Masham, and Anne, against the tyranny of the Marlboroughs and the family compact of the administration. The expulsion of the most active offender, and the triumph of his adversaries in the new Parliament of 1708, succeeded. Godolphin himself, no longer now even a traditional Tory, yielded himself absolutely to the counsels of the 'Junto,' Somers, Orford, Halifax, Sunderland, and Wharton. Harley had well earned his dismissal. The red eyes of the Queen, remarked by the suspicious curiosity of the courtiers, bore witness to many a midnight conference, enlivened only by an infinity of tea. St. John had scarcely an opportunity for displaying his knowledge of character and his ability for intrigues. Yet his resignation accompanied that of Harley. Walpole, who always dogged his steps, succeeded to his office. He had the additional mortification of finding himself excluded from Parliament. His seat, gained by a combination of family influence and presumed adherence to the political creed of his Whig grandfather, had been retained by the prestige of place. Now, a suspected Tory, and a known foe of Government, he had to betake himself, with a poor attempt at self-congratulation, to literary pleasures, and, probably, also to others which were not quite so innocent. He had scarcely yet attained to the sublime stoicism or hypocrisy which could elicit the lofty sentiment, 'no life should admit the abuse of pleasures; the 'least are consistent with a constant discharge of our public duty, 'the greatest arise from it!'

This very unanimity, however, of country and Parliament,

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was quietly preparing the downfal of the ministry. All those complicated forces implied in the Greek 'Nemesis'—the supernatural principle of envy of all self-confident prosperity—were at work to overset this too strong cabinet. There was haughtiness and ingratitude, real or supposed, to a host of adherents, who were for the most part no genuine Whigs, but scenters of the carcase of patronage—a crowd, which, as comprehending all would-be placemen, could hardly complain with reason of not being all gratified with lucrative offices. There was a growing discontent at the burdens of taxation, which, as the condition of Marlborough's grandeur, Sunderland and Godolphin felt themselves pledged to sustain. Harley, who knew by instinct all the ins and outs of faction, nursed this increasing disaffection. He hoped to be enabled to turn it to account by means of the naturally anti-Whig prejudices of the Queen, now exasperated and roused by the capricious insolence of Lady Marlborough. Again, St. John had only a subsidiary part in this long and dexterous extra-parliamentary campaign. When the object was to seduce from a rival the affections of his partisans, never existed, as Harley found to his cost, a more incomparable intriguer than he. He possessed, in perfection, the chamelion, or Mephistopheles-like capacity of displaying himself in the aspect most attractive to each man's peculiar temperament. But it is one thing to win over an individual, another to have grown by long study and habituation so morbidly sensitive to every thrill and throb of national or party feeling, as to be able to predict infallibly the direction which a popular movement will take. Harley was sole 'undertaker' for opposition. But it was not till the impeachment of Sacheverell for impugning the doctrines of the Revolution, and calling the Lord Treasurer 'Volpone,' that the secret interviews of Anne with him were renewed. The latter was at his country seat, and at table, when news came of the rash step to which ministers had committed themselves. He set off for London the same hour. The Whigs found that they had indeed, in St. John's language, burnt their fingers in trying to roast a priest. Hardly could the managers, Boyle, Smith, Walpole, and Stanhope, prevail with the House of Peers, the natural stronghold of the Revolution, to impose a sentence of two years' suspension. The Doctor employed the beginning of his leisure in solemnly visiting all the churches of the metropolis, to offer up thanks for his virtual deliverance. Bonfires, and addresses, and civic banquets (not that the great seat of the moneyed interest could be aught at heart but Whig), shouts, and substantial presents, proclaimed the dormant strength of the party, which the semblance of a Tory element in the Government, in the person of Godolphin, had lulled to sleep.

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Jealousy of the Dutch, our rivals in commerce and in the Protestant confederacy, and suspicion of a subsidizing foreign policy, were the common ground on which the nation met the party. The cry raised was loud enough to overbalance, for a time, the gratification of the people's pride from the sweets of military glory after the dreary interval of William's campaigns.

Harley's time was come. Not a High-Churchman at heart, he had ever found matter for sarcasm in Harcourt's interpretation of the sermon, as an exposition of the doctrine of non-resistance to the two Houses of the Legislature, the true sovereign power in the State. His feeling to the man was no more friendly than to his discourse. Swift says of Sacheverell, April, 1711: 'He 'hates the new ministry mortally, and they hate him and pre-'tend to despise him too. They will not allow him to have 'been the occasion of the late change.' His words in public conveyed a different impression, as did also his suggestions to the Queen.

The scheme of government which he laid before her was both in itself plausible, as everything which originated with Harley, and most dexterously adapted to her peculiar temperament. She had naturally a great jealousy of the appearance of subservience. The new fact in the English constitution of the necessity of choosing a Ministry wholly from one party, conveyed no idea to her mind. It seemed to her, naturally enough, to reduce the sovereign from a personally influential agent to the condition of a mere organ for registering the results of a party contest. Her secret adviser recommended an administration chosen on a different principle, men influential indeed in the Houses, yet not chosen in the mass for their party prominence, but selected, from this party one, and from that section another, according to the character of the departments which they were required to fill. The plan was plausible enough. It was in time to come St. John's plan. It has been the plan of all oppositions, when struggling against the seemingly irresistible power of a party in possession. But the Queen's extreme aversion to all connected with the then Ministry, Cowper and the Somersets excepted, doomed the scheme at once, however well suited to her own theory of the royal prerogative. Otherwise, with the precedent before the eyes of the Whigs, of their own facility of ejecting men of opposite views from the Godolphin cabinet, the first experiment must have demonstrated the impracticability—the superintending control of Parliament once acknowledged—of carrying on a Government without reciprocal confidence in the members of it. The dread of a colleague's Parliamentary manœuvres and intrigues must have vitiated all unison of operation. Doubtless, with no very sublime or patriotic design of

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destroying party rancour, but with the less exalted love of coalitions—a radical feature in all his policy—and the hope of warding off the violence of the Whigs, or even the vehemence of the undisciplined Toryism, of which he seems to have conceived an instinctive dread, he did make the attempt. Lord Cowper and Walpole emphatically repulsed his overtures. In vain did the First Lord insinuate that 'a Whig game was intended at bottom.' The Chancellor declares in his diary that he saw how shuffling were all Harley's explanations, and that, 'in a little time, when any Tory of interest would press for the place, he must have it.' Probably the prejudice against the new minister's candour made Cowper unjust. It was certainly Harley's constant policy to temper the Tories with the Whigs, lest he should become an instrument of Jacobite intrigues. But as well was their policy of an opposite sort, as it was impossible for St. John and Walpole to continue to serve together.

In fact, after a flourish of trumpets in the dismissal of some subordinates, Godolphin closed the pageant of Harley's triumph with the surrender of his beloved white staff. Marlborough lingered yet, but his fall was the slow but sure consequence of the overthrow of his connexions. The Treasury was put in commission, the conqueror being head of the Board. Rochester, as President of the Council, in the absence of a lord treasurer, was in rank Premier; and St. John assumed, with a Secretaryship of State, his historical position, as a statesman, and no longer the mere occasional orator.

The suddenness of St. John's elevation to be the most marked man in the kingdom, dazzles the student of history. He had spoken often, and with effect; he had discharged the duties committed to him with zeal and tact; but he was never looked upon but as the follower of Harley, rising and falling with him. Even the revolution, by which his promotion was achieved, was not of his planning. To his chief the honour belonged, if honour there were, and yet St. John reaped the lion's share of the profit. He had been lost in a party; the nation resounded with the voice of the Cabinet Minister, and Europe, for half a century, felt the effects of his policy. Harley knew better than any man how to beguile political partisans by adapting himself to weaknesses. St. John compelled their adhesion from admiration. The one could never lead a party boldly and decidedly; the other could never collect a party; but he was made to be the spirit and soul of one already formed. The wit and originality of conception, which only provoked fear in his adversaries, gave confidence to friends. Few joined his ranks convinced by his acts or arguments, but, once gathered round him, they

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could not admit a single thought of secession or mistrust; yet he did not entrench himself in the camp of Toryism. This was not recognised as the national policy. Whig principles were alone constitutional, Whig statesmen the only authorized interpreters of the Constitution. The aim and object of the Harley cabinet was to impugn the deductions from the one, and the integrity of the others, without actually attacking the premises on which the inferences were based, and on which the men acted. St. John was an instrument in carrying out this policy, and by the aid of the press; but his aim was higher and more independent. In that aim is to be found the link between his Toryism and Radicalism—that subtle bond of connexion which so often escapes those who set out with the assumption that Toryism and Conservatism are identical. Shaftesbury was by turns a Republican and a Tory, and we shall see that the royalist St. John could recognise, at one time, an obligation in the sovereign to consult the popular will on every occasion; at another, to govern his territories according to the absolute bias of his own, and that both theories flowed from the same mental character. The dislike to a vexatious oligarchy is an original sentiment in certain minds, and no invention of Mr. Disraeli's imagination. St. John appealed from the mechanical force, as it were, of great lords, among whom it enraged him that he was not himself counted, to the individual majesty of the sovereign, and the collective majesty of the people. Thus it was not the capriciousness of a disposition ever attempting innovation for the sake of showing its dexterity, which inspired his peculiar political career. It was not even disgust at the cold disdainfulness of the Whartons and the Churchills, trusting in their pocket-boroughs. It was rather hatred of that policy which makes a man the mere instrument for carrying out traditionary measures, the projects of a faction, which the faction itself can hardly account for on plausible selfish motives, but has taken up simply because their party always did so. As in some degree his natural genius fitted him for the work, so his feelings moved him to adopt that cause in which he would be most of a real agent—the organ, it might be, of a monarch; it might be, of a democracy, but, at all events, at liberty to adopt original plans.

In mere numbers the Tories probably exceeded the Whigs; but those men of all classes who take their opinions on trust, and who, in fact, constitute the majority in every people, thought, however they might feel, with the latter. The Whigs had achieved the Revolution; in that the doctrines of their adversaries had been defeated and renounced by the nation. To win over the neutrality of this multitude—to secure, not their incor-

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poration in the Ministerial, but their defection from the opposite party—was the object of the eager patronage now extended to literature. From this scheme of action the characteristic lustre of the last four years of the reign is derived, contrasted as they are by the neighbourhood of Walpole's administration. Now especially, not a few isolated exceptions, as Addison and Montague, among writers, were caressed by cabinets; all were accepted as, of right, equals in society, by their employers and patrons. Literary men of the same political opinions were courted for the aid they brought, and, if of different, for the harm they might do, and out of compliment to the profession to which partisans belonged. Not only were Prior and Swift reckoned high among statesmen, but Steele retained his Commissionership, and Addison was always an honoured guest of St. John's. Authors felt a sort of pride at seeing politicians ambitious of a high place in their fraternity, which called out a spirit and manifest consciousness of power over affairs, unknown in the days of Charles II. The sight of so much versatility, equality in literature, and prominence in that practical faculty of ruling men, which unpractical men appreciate so intensely, made professional writers at once sworn advocates of the policy of such statesmen, and protectors of their fame. Robertson attributes the most unwarrantable glory of Francis, as contrasted with the very indifferent reputation of his rival the Emperor Charles, to his zealous patronage of letters. The vitality of the name of St. John may at least equally be charged to the openness with which he acknowledged the power of literature, and the manner in which he conciliated the admiration of its professors by his own devotion to the art.

The high rank maintained by the reign of Anne, as the Augustan age of English literature, will be found to be connected with the favour shown to authors by the minister on whose subsequent fame the celebrity of some of them has so signally reacted. A necessary condition to the promotion of any especial epoch to this rank, is a high state, not of caste, but of national culture; that state in which a whole people is able clearly to appreciate a production, and in proportion to the natural distinctions of social grade. Then only will the author write so as to move a nation, when his countrymen are in a condition to be stirred profoundly by him; and then only will the spirit of a nation be so changed or modified by the influence of mind, that it can become a cause reproducing a like effect in the minds of after generations. When in such circumstances great authors do arise, as great authors surely will (for a people at all stages of its civilization has about the same quantity of the raw material of genius waiting to be wrought and rough-hewn), they

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must exercise a sure and permanent influence. But place them, with this same condition of general intellectual culture fulfilled, in a crisis of political agitation, or social progress, and enforce among them the recognition of a standard, by forming them into a community for reciprocal criticism, and the influence of the era will be discoverable in the tone of all future time. Not this alone; the works in which this tone appears will be directed to the training of national and political feeling, and will exert an ever fresh and living power. They may be scarcely intelligible as to their immediate aim and objects, when these have been obsolete for centuries; but they can never lose that interest with which a thorough perception of popular tastes and temper must invest them. Gulliver's Travels and Sir Roger de Coverley's Club can never become obsolete or unmeaning. Which shall be the golden age of letters will be determined by this circumstance of a popular taste for literature coinciding with the call to advocate popular objects. We are justly proud of the Elizabethan age, as evincing how great are the heights to which the English mind can aspire. But the age of Addison, and Swift, and Pope, and Steele, and Defoe, and Bolingbroke, is still practically our model, and the standard by which we test the works of our contemporaries.

All the literary strength had hitherto been on the side of the Whigs. Defoe, Steele, Addison, and Swift, then a *protégé* of Somers, were a host. St. John perfectly comprehended the importance of such an engine in the uncertain political state of the kingdom. Later, wearied with the various attacks on his measures, and without the hopefulness of the youth of an administration to sustain him, or in the confidence of power, he vainly brought forward a sweeping enactment against the freedom of political tracts. He did persuade Parliament to lay a heavy tax upon newspapers and pamphlets. At present, as he could not, or would not, curb the Opposition press by force, he was resolved to write it down. The 'Post-boy,' a most virulent party paper, and, less completely and directly, the 'Examiner,' commenced August 3, 1710, appeared under his auspices. The benefit to be obtained by the Government from a clever literary organ could not be overrated. It was in a most exceptional position. With the decided confidence of the House of Commons, and, by inference, the squirearchy, it was regarded by the most energetic portion of the community, by the middle classes and the trading interest, as a faction exemplified by its leaders—some the personifications of selfish unscrupulousness, some careless of everything but the gratification of personal ambition, or personal vanity. It was no answer to this that their opponents were also as a mere faction; that they did not care for the interests of

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their country, or for the liberties of the people; that they had always been ready to intrigue for party ends with foreign powers, and actually did, in this reign, concert with Marlborough and the Elector a scheme for introducing Hanoverian troops to secure the Protestant succession. The success of their design for changing the dynasty had stamped all their measures with the authority of legitimacy. Both alike were factions, utterly regardless of the English principle of abiding by the will of the majority. Both would have been inclined to sympathise with the spirit of the Duchess of Marlborough (who loved to dabble in philosophy), when she denounces the patience of Socrates under a legal sentence awarded by a villain's majority. The difference still remained, that the one faction seemed to have none but private aims, the other to have identified private with public. To offer to its own party a plausible theory of their leaders' conduct and the calumnies of enemies, was the object of the new periodical. It was supported, not only by St. John, in whose style the language seemed at last to have reached its ultimate perfection, and the fierce but cold humour of Swift, but, moreover, by the confident tone, which assurance against pillories and actions of libel, and acquaintance with secrets of State, naturally taught its contributors. As 'The Review,' edited by Defoe, exhibited, with a certain residuum of positive Whiggism, the conciliatory tendencies of Harley, so 'The Examiner' displayed against Steele's and Addison's 'Tattler' the Secretary's uncompromising hostility, not to the principle of the Revolution, at least openly, but to the deductions to be drawn from it, and the characters of its agents. The sentiments which flowed so freely from his pen he would probably have justified on his tenet, that, 'to form a good and great character, 'the heart must be touched with esteem and contempt, with love 'and hatred.' While Swift poured forth the imputation of mean rapacity on the General, and of analogous conduct to that of David towards Uriah, and of bigamy, against the great Whig Chancellors, Somers and Cowper respectively, St. John vented, in a letter to 'The Examiner,' his hatred of the ambitious Duchess, 'that Fury, who broke loose to execute the vengeance 'of heaven on a sinful people, (but who now) is restrained, and 'the royal hand reached out to chain up the plague.' State measures were freely discussed, and in a way to provoke, even invite, free discussion on the other side. Steele answered Swift, and Cowper St. John. This was St. John's own design. His instincts told him, and truly, that the one thing to be dreaded by ministers was the feeling of a mystery and concealment, which made the nation suspect more than met the ear in everything done or attempted.

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When the first start was fairly made, he had resigned the editorship to hands strong enough to uphold the most dubious cause—to the portentous combination of mad fury and shrewd common sense which existed in the mind of Swift. Swift was, above all, St. John's literary representative. His melancholic and diseased constitution, both of body and disposition, was not fitted for the fine balancings of party, which were Harley's peculiar delight. The writer who stigmatized the Chancellor (himself no half partisan) as 'Trimming Harcourt,' for disapproving such libels, as the charge of cowardice against the most accomplished of English generals, could be no sincere adviser of coalitions, unless as temporary manœuvres. Like St. John, whatever he undertook he lent his whole being to achieve; but, unlike him, he had a capacity of believing in his work, of never doubting the obligation which lay on him to do what he had undertaken, as a matter of conscience. Now, too, at last, disappointed ambition had driven him into the party which really suited his nature. He loved to fashion men's thoughts and institutions after a model furnished by his own fancy. There was in him an element of destructiveness, but controlled and balanced by a passion for reconstructing. A Church-establishment which should endure no occasional conformity, a monarchy which should not be at the beck and call of an oligarchy of birth or riches, such were the two fundamental conceptions in the soul of Swift. As with St. John, there was an assumption in his projects, that the Church and the monarchy should be exactly fashioned after his own, and not other men's ideas; and that as abstractions cannot act, their organs should be himself and his friends. But, to effect all this, the present state of things must be changed; and the change could only take place through an appeal, not to the great revolution families, but to the people. In this, the Radical side of his politics, as of St. John's, is the point of contact between the two. Yet he does not appear to have altogether liked the minister. One party could scarcely afford free scope for the constructive genius of two such men. Each had sufficient self-confidence and ambition for the rebuilding the entire edifice of society, and each had discovered in himself an infallible touchstone for all measures. But, besides this, there was a sort of *grand seigneur* air, at times, about St. John, as about Byron and Frederic the Great, in his intercourse with literary men. The demeanour of a man affecting to look on such employments as a graceful condescension, not perhaps in the statesman, but in the man of the world, could not but disgust sometimes his companion's earnestness and energy. The one had never known what leisure meant, and still remembered, with a feeling of loathing, the lofty graciousness of Sir

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William Temple. A man whose life had been never free from anxiety about petty wants, and who threw himself, with all his heart, into the work before him, could not be satisfied to see another profiting by his efforts; but professing to look upon all this as not the real business of life, as not to come into competition with a saunter in the Mall or an assignation. Harley's complaisance and spirit of concession were more to the Doctor's taste. That statesman had learnt, in his partly neutral position of Speaker, not to affront his clients with the ostentation of patronage. Even when he annoyed the proud spirit, which rated its services at least at a mitre, with the offer of 50*l.* for his parallel between the late and present cabinets in the 26th number of 'The Examiner,' the blame was laid by the offended author rather on a want of delicacy of perception, than on the contemptuousness of a man who thought money could pay for everything. Letters and sayings betray a deeper sentiment of friendship for Harley, even while he was the admirer of the genius of the colleague, his own more immediate coadjutor.

That peculiar force of character which at length made Swift recognise in St. John the chief of the party, while he deprecated his patron's deposition, soon after the formation of the cabinet, began to be exerted against the latter. Not only was the foreign policy initiated by the Secretary as of course; but the scope and end of the general policy of the administration was also mainly marked out by him. The office of countenancing the cabinet, and giving it favour in the eyes of the hereditary Tory families, was left to Rochester, otherwise a mere obstructive. Harley's genius was rather adapted for conciliating opponents. He did not hope to gain over professed partisans, but to appease the rancour of their hostility, and to gain the votes of dubious members. The respectable appearance made by the Whigs in the new Parliament was calculated to please him. It would give scope for the practice of the art of management of the House of Commons, which no man understood more exactly, and, he hoped, for an escape from the slavish thraldom to party principles and violence, which he abhorred. As Swift represented St. John, so, as intimated above, Defoe expounded, though with more of bitterness and earnestness, the views of Harley, to whom he owed his release from Newgate. He had been sentenced for the authorship of 'A Short Way with the Dissenters,' a sarcastic burlesque on the policy of the 'Establishment,' which was, it is said, for a long time applauded by the combination room of Cambridge, as a grave and judicous suggestion to Government. Thenceforward, at peace with the ministry, though, like his benefactor, belying his professions by

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his acts, he advocated with him a larger comprehensiveness and a widening of the basis of party.

But Harley was not a statesman of originality or far-sightedness sufficient for such an undertaking. Any union of parties effected by him could be only a coalition, a junction of men, and not a reconciliation of principles, by tracing them up to and concluding them within something higher. Unhappily for him, there was a spirit at work in the country, and an unquiet spirit astir in his own cabinet, which swept away the cobwebs of his intrigues, and made all his clever Parliamentary tackings vain. The 'country party' was at last thoroughly roused, and, in the height of its vigour and the unpopularity of the war policy of the late administration, complained of his conciliatory schemes, as treason against them, and a violation of the right of the conquerors. It had a leader now far superior to Rochester or to Nottingham, and him they resolved to make head of the Government, as he was already of the party. Even the attempt on the life of the 'First Lord' by Guiscard, a French Abbé, part *roué*, part infidel, which, well managed, might have caused the evil day to be put off indefinitely, did not defer for long the transfer of the pre-eminence. Yet at the moment his wound excited a degree of national enthusiasm and generous sympathy, only to be paralleled by the feeling of the country on the murder of Mr. Perceval. He was held up as a sort of martyr to the vengeance of disguised Jesuits, and elevated to the peerage. The opportune death of the Lord President opened his way to the High Treasurer's staff, a badge of headship which could not be bestowed in Rochester's lifetime. The growth of the bitterness between the colleagues, which gives so painful and personal an interest to the catastrophe of the administration, dates from this event. St. John, who had at first manifested all becoming indignation at the crime of Guiscard, grew envious of the glory his friend had acquired thereby, especially as the assassin's previous request of a private conference with himself seemed to indicate him as the original object of his fury. It was hard to see the luck of Harley, not only in the increase of his popularity with the nation at large, but as deferring, and perhaps for ever, the elevation which the Secretary's influence over the Tories had given him a right to expect. Nor was it his envy only which was roused. His vanity was wounded by the subsequent conduct of the Premier. And vanity was no powerless passion in him. A morbid craving for opportunities of action and of exercising his abilities is the key to his career; but there was also in his nature that which does not rarely accompany this, the determination not only to be, but to seem, the prime mover of the Government policy. To be left undisputed

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leader in the House of Commons he thought but a small thing beside the heraldic honours of the De Veres and Mortimers. Perhaps Harley's perception of his little comparative lustre in the council, where sat his subordinate, made him feed the flames of jealousy in *his* breast by a kind of proud sequestering of himself, while he resolutely reserved the exclusive distribution of all patronage. 'We who are reputed to be in Mr. Harley's 'intimacy,' writes St. John to Lord Orrery, May, 1711, 'have 'few opportunities of seeing him, and none of talking freely with 'him. As he is the only true channel through which the Queen's 'pleasure is conveyed to us, there is, and must be, a perfect stag-'nation till he is pleased to open himself, and set the waters flow-'ing.' This festering prejudice had been nursing itself in the hearts of the two, before their mutual friends discovered its existence. In February, Swift expressed his satisfaction to Lord Peterborough of their love for one another, in spite of the scandal of inconstancy under which court friendships lie. In May, he was forced to write, 'I am not now so secure.' Well might he doubt. It was never likely that so ambitious a man as St. John would long consent to be a subject in the cabinet to which he dictated. It was even improbable that he would consider it prudent to rest quiet in a position, in which all his plans had to be submitted to the carping and timorous supervision of such a principal. When the two were become secret foes, the improbability can hardly be regarded as diminished. The very delay, which he was forced to acquiesce in, only added spite to his appetite. The time was not ripe in the moment of national sympathy for a 'bed-chamber plot,' which should rudely set aside the popular idol. But it was not in St. John's nature ever to forget a scheme of aggrandizement. Friends might, as Swift attempted, demonstrate it to be fraught with ruin to himself, as well as his adversary. It might be well as a fairy dream in itself. Nevertheless, he was sure to devote all the resources of his genius to the fulfilment of it, till the nation, hurried to the very point of gratifying him, and confronted with the project, beheld it, not as idealized by him into something highly feasible and sensible, but in its true colours, as a mere chimera.

As he had converted the press into a powerful machine for cementing his party, by concentrating round himself a vast amount of literary power to be pointed and directed by him; so now he devoted his care to the task of impressing his political associates with a sense of his own talents, as contrasted with his rival's incapacity. His force of character, and mastery over the mysteries of social intercourse, enabled him to employ with this object the system, and collective weight, and the electric sympathy of mind with mind, which are essential incidents to

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political clubs. The taverns of London had been from of old, before the tone of good society had become a tone of reserve, the favourite resort of men of pleasure and leisure. Every one will remember the brilliant picture of this state of things in the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' The coffee and chocolate houses were of later origin; they did not supersede the life of taverns, but they extended it, and affording, as any number of the 'Spectator,' or the details of Addison's own day indicate, a more habitual resort for the purposes of conversation or business. They had their several principals, and were frequented by regular customers—'Button's' and 'Will's' have become names of history; yet they were obviously ill adapted for centres of political movements, however well they served for rendezvous of men of like opinions. 'Clubs' filled up the void. The name is an anachronism, when applied previously to the age of the Revolution. The Greek Hetæreia was hardly a convivial association, though it may have often had an 'Eranos' for its nucleus. Not even was the conception realized in the assemblies which listened to the republican schemes of Harrington and Sidney. It was reserved for the comparatively free epoch of the reign of William, and the daring adventurousness of the statesmen of his successors. The 'Kit-cat Club' was founded by Lord Somers, in conjunction with the poet-diplomatist, Prior, the dramatist, Congreve, and Jacob Tonson, the bookseller. It met in summer at the 'Upper Flask,' on Hampstead Heath; the rest of the year in Shire Lane, at the house of that inauspiciously-named baker of mutton-pies, Christopher Cat. We need scarcely say it was Whig, heart and soul. Whig 'sentiments' alone were given; Whig, *i. e.* anti-Tory, witticisms only allowed; and Whig beauties, as we learn from Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who herself enjoyed the distinction, the only toasts. It was the most exclusive of clubs; wit or rank were necessary conditions of admittance; and dinner was served at the ultra-fashionable hour of three. Hard drinking (a common term in all) seems to have been at once the principle and art of the notorious 'Beef-steak Club,' rather than politics. The Presbyterian Liberals do not appear to have had any such society. The 'Calves'-head Club' was rather a reunion for the remnant of the implacable Cromwellians, being designed to commemorate the execution of Charles I. The 'October Club,' so called from the devotion of its members, mostly honest country gentlemen below the rank of nobles, to the famous October ale, the favourite beverage of all but courtiers, was instituted for party purposes, and comprehended almost a third of the Commons. Harley was no favourite within the walls of the 'Clock' tavern, in Westminster, where they met. They supported his measures, but they did not dis-

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guise their dislike to his character, nor even their suspicion of his ulterior intentions. St. John, on the contrary, they received with open arms; the licence of his private life was excused in their eyes by his persecution of everything unorthodox, in a generation which had no spare energies for the maintenance of morality, whether against a Wharton or a Bolingbroke. They may have thought him too clever; but his fierceness atoned for much of this. But even of St. John they would make no prophet; he must first gain their confidence. At a subsequent period, he wrote bitterly of the House of Commons and the Tory members, that 'they grew, like hounds, fond of the man 'who shows them game, and by whose halloo they are used to be 'encouraged.' (Letter to Windham.) Other and more implicit confidence was kept for men of the standing of Nottingham, or, still more, Rochester. The death of the latter did not merely remove an obstruction from the path of the Treasurer, but also, by depriving the Tories of their hereditary leader, betrayed them, as it were, to the conduct of the younger statesman; yet the latter required a more manageable and more obedient centre, whence his theories and principles might be propagated through the nation. The society of 'The Brothers'—for they would not call it a 'Club'—instituted in June, 1711, for twelve, and afterwards sixteen members, included, besides St. John, the Dukes of Ormond and Shrewsbury (the latter a discontented Whig and a most fatal convert to Toryism), Swift, Prior (a co-founder of the 'Kit-cat'), Arbuthnot, and Windham; but neither the Treasurer nor Harcourt, though their sons were admitted. In it was contained the germ of the literary 'Scriblerus Club,' far better known to posterity. The members and their wives were supposed to be linked together by the closest friendship. It was, in fact, but an extension or modification of the Saturday dinner at Harley's house. There, before the breaking out, in May, of the bitter mutual jealousies, the Secretary Swift, Lords Harcourt, Rivers, and that capricious, faithless genius, Peterborough—the Tory hero, and the Don Quixote of his age, in valour, though not in truthfulness—met regularly to dine and confer. There, over their beloved champagne, or more beloved tokay, they listened reverentially to the counsels of the great Dean, as Scipio and Lelius to the poet Ennius, only the viands were rather superior to the potherbs which, on Cicero's authority, we must believe formed the staple of those banquets. The 'society' was meant as a counterpoise, in the higher ranks of the party, to the influence among the Whigs of the 'Kit-cat.' 'The first regulation,' says St. John's proposals for the formation of it, 'and that which must be 'inviolably kept, is decency. None of the extravagance of the

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'Kit-cat is to be endured.' The founder required such a standpoint from which to move popular opinion. All his friends became apostles to spread his views: some of them are accepted as of finer intellect than their master; but from him came the impetus which set their minds working. He might safely embellish his projects with their wit and thought, or even borrow an idea from them; just as Mirabeau pressed all the *chefs-d'œuvre* of ancient and modern eloquence into his service. All came forth bearing the genuine stamp of his genius, and the authors themselves gave him the praise.

The defect of his nature was, that the outlines were not sufficiently filled in; that there was not sufficient ballast for this weight of sail. He would be first always; and not borrow, but initiate a system. His talents made him always a leader; but there was not enough of judgment, or even power of conception, or, above all, the *morale*, which manifests itself in what we call prudence and consistency, to make a successful leader. The consequence of his career, in all its several divisions, was ever the same—a great impression of force, and a real influence to be traced in cotemporary literature, but a most evanescent effect as regarded his own undertakings. So fugitive, indeed, was the effect, that even his immediate survivors were unable to explain the reason of the sudden decline of his influence, when once the man, with all his contagious strength of will, was gone from amongst them; while posterity is unable to detect the reason of his having exerted so great an influence at the first. In his own day, the momentum and energy of his character, joined to an extraordinary subtlety and to keen perceptions, produced an extraordinary effect. His is one of the periods when an individual moved Europe. The proper circumstances were given; the spot on which the machinery was to be set up had been prepared. He had reorganized and collected the scattered powers of the Tories, turning against the Whigs their own peculiar artillery—the press. The author and head of the cabinet had been reduced by the general feeling of his follower's capacity to the rank of a subordinate, his friends detached from him, and his policy forgotten. The sole agent in all these great changes now put forth his strength to achieve a measure which he regarded as the index of his own and his party's predominance, and a patent for it of perpetuity. The hatred of a league with the Dutch, conceived by the Tories, was only equalled by their hatred of a war with France. Yet they had found it necessary to accede to both these measures, from the patriotic fear of royal treachery, in the reign of Charles II., of popular feeling, in their brief intervals of power under William. Godolphin's originally Tory administration had succumbed to

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this incubus. Harley, and the majority of his Tory colleagues, though backed by the Queen, did not venture to throw it off. St. John, however occasionally wanting in moral fortitude, had abundance of political courage. The difficulties which deterred others were inspiration to him; he preferred having the whole of the risk, and the whole of the glory. It would be a noble exploit, he thought, in itself; and would ensure his preponderance, at once, among his adherents, and with Anne. The negotiation of the peace of Utrecht was the great glory of his term of office. It was not merely the conclusion of a sanguinary war; it was the inauguration of a change of European policy, which lasted till towards the retirement of Walpole, when that great minister resigned his peaceful tactics in deference to popular clamour.

Even at this distance of time, there will be a vehement clashing of opinions as to the real policy of this peace, apart from any suspicions of treachery in its author. His own declared contrition for having compromised the security of the balance of power by leaving too much strength in the hands of the Bourbons, and deserting the United Provinces, when we might have carried the breach in the brazen wall of France, will not be taken at more than its proper value. The confederacy of Walpole and Fleury was wonderfully efficacious in opening his eyes to the want of patriotism, which entering into alliance with France indicates. There could be no doubt of the danger to Europe from the not improbable union of two contiguous countries like France and Spain, should the Duc de Berri die, and Philip disavow his renunciation of the French succession. The sagacity to foresee the certainty of a forgetfulness of family ties, should the two crowns remain separated, could not be expected from statesmen of those, and indeed any times, especially as the subsequent alliances of those powers against us prove this probable forgetfulness to have been no matter for safe calculation. Yet, on the other hand, a nation has a right to consider both whether there be any proximate hope of success in an undertaking, by deserting which no sacred obligations (waiving our engagement to the Catalans) could be compromised. It might even hesitate to pronounce authoritatively, that a free nation shall take a sovereign of another's choosing, and not the next heir. Again, whatever the arguments alleged to prove the peril from the present union of the empire of Germany and Spain, in the person of Charles, less than from the possible future conjunction of France and the Peninsula, so nice a balancing of risks could hardly be anticipated in that age. Men then still believed in the traditions of Spain, as head and fountain of Catholic propagandism, by war and not by

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teaching, in the tales of the might of Charles V., and of the single sceptre of Philip II. They were not able to discern, as we can, that the apathy of Spain respecting the Netherlands in William's reign was really the result, not of corrupt government merely, but thorough national exhaustion. In addition to all this, we must remember the character of the Imperial House of Austria, always ready to demand subsidies, and to break its own engagements, which might frighten some statesmen from caring to put into its hands the keys of West Indian commerce. All ministers felt the impracticability of dealing with a policy so essentially and hereditarily selfish. It was not only Harley's cabinet. In 1710, Stanhope and the very men who had so severely reprobated the desertion of Charles of Hapsburgh, confessed that they were induced to form the quadruple alliance, with a view of binding down the grasping covetousness of the Emperor to some specific demand.

In fact, St. John's motives in concluding the treaty which left Spain under the Duke of Anjou, are estimated generally by the light of his subsequent connexion with the Pretender. Yet the syllogism, by which we arrive at this conclusion, is rather inconclusive. Put out thus;—all who are friends of France are friends of the Pretender; all who make peace with France are friends of France; *ergo*, all who make peace with France are friends of the Pretender; St. John made peace with France; *ergo*, St. John was a friend of the Pretender;—it might appear doubtful, whether either the major or the minor premise of the first syllogism ought to be allowed. But when men actually had before them the facts, that St. John did make a peace with France, and that he did afterwards join the Stuarts, they found no difficulty in imagining, indistinctly, a sort of union, in the way of cause and effect, between these two events. As it appears, their conclusion was true. The question of St. John's sincerity in his negotiations with James at the end of this reign, is now a foregone conclusion. The Stuart papers, and his own confession to Lord Marchmont, prove it completely. If he acknowledges so much, we are perhaps justified in conjecturing an earlier, though not so complete a collision with the court of the exiles. His misfortune it was, that this, which the country had no right to infer from the mere facts of the negotiations at Utrecht, is fully believed on the uncertain evidence of party, or anti-French prejudices. In truth, partly circumstances, and partly the bias of St. John's disposition, are chargeable with the obloquy attaching to him on the score of this treaty. It was his own peculiar work, and transacted by him with that appearance of self-confidence and selfish exclusiveness, which made him so bad a coadjutor in any political

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enterprise, unless it were something in the nature of an attack. Secrecy and mystery might be necessary in preparing an assault, but are scarcely popular qualities when the captured fort is to be governed.

Hence the peace became the natural point of aggression, both for former friends, or open enemies. Harley, as head of the cabinet, was, of course, a party to the conclusion, but almost a tacit agent, excluded from all active participation in the preliminary manœuvres, which he would not have had the courage to initiate. His personal friends, aware of this, bore no good will to a peace, which was a mark of their chief's humiliation. We may be sure that he himself, the clever parliamentary trimmer, the friend of the Nonconformists, while leading the Tories, would hardly care to conceal the fact from the Opposition. On the contrary, he blazoned abroad his own insignificance. 'While this was doing,' writes the latter, 'Oxford looked on, 'as though he had not been a party to all which had passed; 'broke now and then a jest . . . . ; and, on those occasions, when 'his station obliged him to speak of business, was absolutely 'unintelligible.' The whole Whig connexion felt itself aggrieved by such an end to such a war. The memory of this great 'deliverer' was insulted by so common-place a termination to all his confederacies and toils. They exclaimed, that the pledges of England to the Protestantism of Europe, had been dishonoured, and the presidency of the league against the revoker of the edict of Nantes deliberately disowned. Even many Tories, while rejoicing for these very reasons, had expected more from all the burdens they had borne, and the glory with which Marlborough, whom they affected to depreciate in comparison of Webb, had suffused the national name. There were, it has already been stated, two great divisions of the party, united generally against the Whigs, always suspicious of each other, not seldom at open war. These were the Parliamentary and Tories, and the great 'country party,' the abhorrers of Charles II.'s reign, and the cavaliers of his father's campaigns. It was not so much fear for the Constitution which had made the latter recognise the *de facto* government of William, it was fear for the 'Church.' They liked the old peaceful foreign policy of England, though they nourished a prejudice against France, not the less for the thought, that there the Stuarts had learned the doctrines which made them unfit rulers of England. William's policy, however, as Shaftesbury's two reigns before, had caused this national dislike to be transferred to Holland and the allies generally. A war with France had become the watchword almost of the Whigs, and the dreaded Hanoverian dynasty was bound up with the same idea. Thus, with this section the

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peace was decidedly popular, although, as soon as it was agreed upon, the old jealousy of our neighbours revived, and prevented any concert of resistance to the murmurs of opposition. But the other division, under Lord Nottingham, had been for the most part themselves implicated in the Revolution, and had too much to lose to approve of any measure which might pave the way for the restoration of the Stuarts. They had conceived, besides, a rooted distrust and hatred of the leaders of the larger portion of their own party. The country gentlemen had chosen chiefs of their own, not those hereditary chiefs who became at last fixtures in a party, but active instruments for carrying out and representing their views. Of these they suspected Harley, but they absolutely feared St. John. They saw in him an unscrupulousness, whether rightly or wrongly, which would lead him into any situation best fitted for a display of ingenuity. His evident determination to gratify an inordinate vanity, as his enemies would term it, his talent for administration, and a proper desire to display it, according to his friends, dismayed them, unchecked as it was by the least moral self-restraint, as to the choice of means or occasions. Stanhope and Nottingham, moreover, alike saw in him a resoluteness, which would, to accomplish a party measure, make him conspire, though in office, against the present order of things.

All this opposition made his position yet more difficult. He had, at once, to allure the French Court into a discovery how much they would concede before peace could be guaranteed by England; to outbid the Dutch and Austrians in popularity at home; and to conceal his procedure, till he should have so far compromised the nation, as to make it almost impossible for Parliament to draw back. With such an array of friends and foes against him, Whigs and Tories, he could have scarcely a right to hope to escape from a similar storm to that which broke upon Somers and Portland towards the end of the last reign. Yet, unhappily, he had so morbid a love for working, like the mole, in darkness, that he ensured himself against the mercy of parties in the hour of that utter fall which public men might in those times count upon with certainty. No nation, no party, suffers itself with impunity to be circumvented, to be duped, even into being done good to, against its consent. This was what, according even to his own interpretation of his conduct, he did. He deceived the kingdom into deliverance from a war, which had certainly become a heavy incubus, but which henceforth became invested in the popular fancy with a sort of ideal lustre. England was tricked into a peace which, however necessary, was an inadequate compensation for so much glory and exhaustion. In vain was the captious rejection of more

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advantageous conditions, offered at Gertruydenburg, retorted upon the Whigs. They rejoined, that nothing had occurred to justify the acceptance of terms so inferior, or, yet more, to extenuate the infamy of abandoning the Catalans. Secretaries of State might wonder at what they deemed 'the stupid obstinacy' of patriots, fighting for their hereditary liberties (see Bolingbroke's letter to the Queen, Dec. 17, 1713); but nations often have a conscience, which party leaders, as Walpole, who have it not themselves, know how to rouse, for selfish purposes, against official violators of justice.

The whole affair was involved in mystery. Secret agents, the Abbé Gautier and Prior, traversed, in disguise, England and France. Mesnager, and the future statesman Dubois, appeared in London. Informal powers (the converse of the offence for which St. John had joined in impeaching William's favourite ministers), countersigned by no minister, not sealed with the great seal, were forwarded from Windsor; Harley and Shrewsbury were hurried on by the self-reliant Secretary; and, suddenly, the nation woke up to find the campaigns of Marlborough matters of history, and itself committed to articles which no party, no statesman approved of but a man with the reputation of a political adventurer.

Yet his work was by no means over. The allies might rouse the nation to disavow its diplomatists. Marlborough and Eugene might open a campaign so brilliant as to necessitate a rise in our demands. The Parliament might even refuse to ratify what had been, in truth, so informally done as to be the act of an individual, and not of a cabinet. Swift's journal to Stella well depicts the confusion of parties, and anxiety of St. John, whose spirit rose to the level of the occasion. An amendment to the Address was actually carried in the Lords—since the Revolution a Whig assembly—to the effect, that no peace could be safe and honourable which left the Spanish Indies and the Peninsula in the hands of the Bourbons. Harley, who did not dare to cast off his dangerous colleague, yet who would not openly subscribe to his measures, was not present. The friends of the Secretary and himself affected surprise at the apathy of the head of the Government, as though in all this procedure he did not feel his degradation from that pre-eminence, though without the boldness to break with the man, now the only link between him and the Tories. In the Lower House the genius of St. John kept the party together. The same amendment was rejected there by 232 to 106. All the resources of intrigue and faction were called out by his inventive mind. Defoe, ever grateful to the Treasurer for his pardon, though calling himself a true Whig still, wrote, unconscious of the estrangement of the latter from his col-

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leagues, to vindicate the peace from the charge of being a desertion of William's lifelong policy. Swift, with a less scrupulous partisanship, poured forth a whole hail-storm of Grub-street parodies and invectives, on the leader of the 'Hanoverian' or 'whimsical' Tories (to use St. John's phrases)—

> 'The orator dismal of Nottinghamshire,
> Who has forty years let out his conscience for hire'—

whose junction with the Opposition on the question of peace now silenced their resistance to the long-mooted 'Occasional Conformity Act.' The same scourge fell, in the 'Windsor Prophecy,' on the Whig Duchess of Somerset, against whom the Dean enigmatically warned the too partial Queen, 'beware of carrots;' and on the great General, who had been long used (though he never grew callous) to the names of 'Harpy' and 'Crassus.' At last, the peace party felt strong enough to strike openly at their adversaries. It was not Swift's insulting pen, nor the unpopularity of a tedious war, nor Ministers' majority in the House of Commons, which left them at liberty to commence the assault. It was the Queen's detestation of the whole family connexion of the Churchills, comprising the Godolphins, Sunderlands, and the Duke and Duchess themselves, which cut the knot. St. John had leave to propose in the Commons a Committee of Inquiry into the public expenditure of the late Lord Treasurer. In vain did Walpole declaim and argue. The October Club had its eye on him also, though for the moment there were greater victims to be singled out. The integrity of Godolphin himself was unimpeachable; but Marlborough did not escape. Custom, and the Queen's direct permission, were pleaded, in excuse of his malversation, to no purpose. The plea, though perhaps true in form, was, when we consider the Duchess's despotism over her mistress, too little equitable, in fact, to justify Lord Stanhope's (Mahon) indignation at the 'baseness of bringing a charge of peculation' against him. Anne gladly took advantage of the doctrine, that the sovereign can do no evil; and deprived him, at one blow, of employments from which, and his wife's places, he derived the enormous revenue of 64,000*l.* a-year. Notwithstanding Harley's caution, the Cabinet had at length drifted within the range of the fascination of the great club. The news of so radical a measure, which could only be effected with safety, finally, by the creation of a majority of twelve in the equally-divided House of Peers, where the General's interest was strongest (a measure unprecedented, in this extent, and never subsequently followed, though discussed under the Grey administration), at once struck dismay into the heart of the great Protestant and Germanic

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confederacy. Prince Eugene came over, in the futile hope of dissuading the Queen, or the not unwarrantable expectation of creating such a storm of personal enthusiasm, as to compel the resumption of the policy through which he had achieved such great things for Europe. The former danger was dispelled by the insensibility of Anne, and the vigilance of St. John, who himself, in a royal audience accorded the famous Captain, bore the brunt of the conversation. The latter, and more formidable one, was obviated by the momentary popularity of the peace, and some ridiculous reports of an intention on the Prince's part to seize the reins of government. The plot was in this case imaginary, but, in itself, no impossibility in a party which actually planned, under Stanhope's, Cadogan's, and Marlborough's auspices, an expedition of the Elector into England at the head of foreign troops, in the event, not of the Queen's death, but her declining health.[1]

All the heads of the Whig party were marked out for destruction by the October Club. The days of Pisander's terrible oligarchy of the 400 seemed revived, and Harley shuddered at the large majorities which affirmed Ministerial motions. St. John did not participate in these fears. He must in far different times have looked back with regretful exultation upon the epoch, when the terrible engine, for those corrupt days, of a charge of peculation was brought to bear on his enemy Walpole. All this time it is his name only which appears in State affairs. The Treasurer still had the disposal of patronage; but his once all-powerful influence over Anne had already passed into the hands of his brilliant friend, the friend and flatterer of Lady Masham. We see traces of this in the secret co-operation of the sovereign and her minister. While England believed the negotiations were being conducted at Utrecht, the latter was quietly transacting the whole matter with Torcy; and Ormond, whose presence in arms in the Netherlands still kept opposition quiet, was secretly instructed, by order of the Queen in Council, apparently acting of her own free motion, to refrain from any deed of active hostility. But the veil was soon to be uplifted. Pulteney, a name inseparable from opposition, though sometimes to, and sometimes, as we shall see, with St. John, detected the difference between the public and private instructions to the General. The leader of the Commons boldly avowed his part, and took credit for his management. On the 6th of June, 1712, the Queen came in state to communicate to the Houses the propositions for peace. The prorogation which shortly followed gave leisure for St. John's elevation to the peerage as Baron St. John of Lidyard

[1] See Macpherson, vol. ii. p. 472.

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Tregoze, in Wiltshire, and Viscount Bolingbroke, the titles of two branches of his family. It was the acmé of his prosperity. We should consider the grant of a peerage, unless to a lawyer, as rather an equivocal compliment to his ability, as, in fact, an intimation of past rather than present vigour. But this was not the opinion, even so late as Anne. The power of the Commons had been acknowledged since the Great Rebellion; but that House was scarcely the place where a Minister would broach his great schemes of policy. Besides the prestige of feudal associations, still clinging to the peerage, this was a weighty argument in its favour. In the Commons the leader was too much the slave of a violent and prejudiced mob like the October Club. We may fairly doubt whether the desire of a serener political atmosphere were the more influential motive in this instance. His radicalism—for as a Tory, even as a Minister, he was a radical—was that of a noble, that of a demagogue, who advocates the popular privileges, to cast down some superior of his own order. The great chagrin he evinced at the fact of his title not being equal to that of Harley, a man 'bred up in the Inns of Court,' seems to bear out this view. We cannot but impute his consent to be ennobled, not so much to the desire of leisure from the daily contests of a popular assembly, nor, again, to the need of a counterpoise to the tremendous weight of Whig eloquence and sagacity in the Upper House, where it had congregated from the same motives, perhaps, with those which influenced the Treasurer and the Secretary,—as to the mere force of family tradition, the vanity of shining with a title, and the ambition of arguing in the Painted Chamber with his hat on. Whatever may have been the true reason, the party does not seem to have lost much from this defection. The Tories hardly wanted a champion in the Commons. There was no intellectual delicacy there which would make men profess readiness to allow of conviction. It was esteemed a weakness, or, at best, a sign of corruptness, in a member to change sides. The Minister could, though sitting among the Peers, yet hold the reins, and know how and when to loosen them. But there was a thorn in the new lord's crown. He had revived an old family; but his honours paled before the splendour of his rival's earldom, and the ancestral glories of the De Veres and Mortimers, whose heir he claimed to be. In the bitterness of after life he wrote, that he 'was dragged into the House of Lords, in such 'a manner as to make his promotion a punishment, not a 'reward; and was there left to defend the treaties almost 'alone.' It was with no sincere feeling of gratitude to his Queen and country that he set off for Paris, where the final conferences were to be held. The brilliant youthful statesman

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(he was now thirty-two) would meet favourable judges in the gay Court of Louis XIV. His genius was best adapted to shine in that strange *mêlée* of politics and pleasure. His was the genius of a courtier, when kings are not independent of their subjects, but forced to avail themselves of popular abilities, conjoined with most pre-eminent social talents. The diplomatist laid the foundation of some friendships which served him well when a fugitive; and may, perhaps, have had, as his enemies reported, confidential communications with the Stuarts themselves.

His journey did not conduce to the popularity of his administration. The tone of sympathy with France was complained of, and the Jacobite relations of the Tories furnished a fruitful topic for whispers of treason. On the whole, however, spite of the natural murmurs of opposition, St. John was well satisfied with the definitive conclusion of the negotiations. In the midst of his triumph he attempted to conciliate the Whigs. Willingly, on Swift's request, did he invite to dinner their mutual literary adversary, Addison. The party was rather constrained, till drinking, protracted from two or three o'clock till midnight, at last warmed the distinguished guest into a friendly political fervour. In his enthusiasm he made his host toast Lord Somers, and began socially to discuss the peace with the negotiator of it. It was always the policy, and perhaps the inclination, of the latter, to stand well with literature. More especially, on the eve of the first appearance of 'Cato,' was there reason for seeming to be on good terms with Joseph Addison. He might hope to ward off the application of the moral to his own conduct, by the indication of conscious innocence afforded by intimacy with the poet. His dexterous reference of the tirades against Cæsar to the patent for life which the Whig Commander-in-Chief had once demanded is well known. A harder conflict awaited Bolingbroke in Parliament than at a drinking bout. All Arthur Moore's and Defoe's premature arguments in favour of free trade with France, with all the zeal of the minister's private following in the same cause, were ineffectual to save the eighth and ninth articles in the Treaty of Commerce. To destroy, with the free importation of Bordeaux and Burgundy, our gainful woollen trade with Portugal, to resign a certain advantage for an uncertain, was not a more irritating proposition to the merchant, than to reverse the whole tendency of our commercial policy, since 1654, was to the ardent conservatives of all denominations. Calculations were made, showing that the annual balance against England, had the articles been approved, would have probably been not much under a million and a half. But Windham and Moore might have complained with reason, that Gould, and Lechmere, and King, and Stan-

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hope, even if this most improbable computation were based upon correct principles, did not know why they were right, any more than the majority which they succeeded in securing.

The national jealousy of France gained for opposition this unexpected victory, a jealousy extending even to the moderate members of the Tory party (as represented by Sir Thomas Hanmer). They had been eager to check William's continental policy, but could not be won over to confer anything which seemed a favour on the ancient enemy. A more statesmanlike and nearer anxiety respecting the succession was added to this hereditary dislike. Those fears were, in some meaure, justified by the characters of the present holders of office. Of them, poor Harley appears to have accumulated so confirmed a character for genuine insincerity, that he was trusted neither by his own nor the opposite party. Not only would opponents cordially hate a man, who 'loved tricks, when not necessary, from an inward satisfaction in applauding his own cunning.' ('If any man was born under the necessity of being a knave, he was,' says Lord Cowper in January, 1706, when his colleague and guest.) Even partisans suspected a chief, 'who was 'indeed very civil to all who addressed him, but, generally, either 'spoke so low in their ear, or so mysteriously, that few knew what 'to make of his replies; and it would appear that he took a secret 'pleasure in making people hang on, and disappointing them.'—(Lockhart Comment. p. 370.) He believed too thoroughly, what Swift charges him with thinking, 'that there is something 'profound in politics, which men of plain honest sense cannot 'arrive to.' The truth was, that, with much of the earlier portion of his political life passed in opposition, and that the most hopeless of all—opposition to a party which had placed upon the throne the actual sovereign—he had become imbued with the spirit of intrigue and distrust of partisans. A man can hardly escape imbibing such sentiments who sees his strictest adherents perpetually seceding from him under the temptations of office, and his ranks recruited only by men in discontent, or who think to pass there their political apprenticeship, and to approve themselves fit for place, by showing themselves to be dangerous; who, lastly, is forced to cut down and pare away his schemes, from the fear of detaching one element of the incongruous faction by measures suited to the tastes or passions of another. In such a school Harley had learned that consummate dexterity which makes a man, at the same time, a champion of different opinions, at the antipodes in all but their assertor's exclusion from office. He had not learned how to conduct a cabinet, when the position attained had at last been occupied. He was perplexed by the conflicting claims of friends among the Nonconformists and partisans,

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who had no dearer object than the passing of the 'Occasional Conformity Bill.' His famous 'Poh! poh! all will be well;' 'Let us go gently,' and 'Leave it all to me,' were rather inadequate watchwords for a faction whose only hope was in action, and, it might be, revolution. In his perplexity he remained neutral, a spectator almost of the procedure of his own cabinet, allowing his colleagues to carry through, uncurtailed, those measures which were certain to disgust his supporters of opposite principles. He cherished the vain hope, as well that he could not be held responsible for acts he had never advised, as that he might even gain a sort of sublime and serene ascendency over his subordinates by sequestering himself from all their petty quarrels, and being known among them only as the dispenser of all patronage, and the sovereign's friend. It was not likely that with such a character opponents could expect from his treachery or weakness any guarantee for the Protestant succession. If he found the Jacobite cause certainly the stronger, they could not hope that he would refuse his adhesion to any Jacobite plots of his fellow ministers. He could not with his character help recalling to his own recollection, and that of the Pretender, his overtures to St. Germans through the Abbé Gualtier. If it appeared the losing side, though secure against his eventual support of their enemies, they feared lest he should countenance the conspiracy by retaining office till the catastrophe itself. The mere fact that he remained nominal head of a cabinet, where scarcely a single measure passed to which he had assented, which against his express advice pardoned apologists for the Stuarts, which instigated the Queen to rebuff addresses of the Lords against the exiles, and to compel Marlborough's favourite officers to sell their commissions, proved how little reliance could be placed either on his paternal love for the Act of Settlement, or his enmity to his Jacobite Secretary of State. The substitution at this time of Bromley, the suspected member for the University of Oxford, as secretary, in Lord Dartmouth's place, and the appointment to the Exchequer of Sir William Windham (a name which in the days of Fox and Sheridan still possessed its hereditary connotation of chivalrous recklessness, acuteness, and eloquence), close friends, as both were, of the banished family and of Bolingbroke, gave additional reason for fearing the preponderance in the ministry of a spirit much more daring than that of Harley. The promotion of Dean Atterbury, a zealous writer in the 'Examiner,' to the See of Rochester, betrayed the same policy.

The elections of August, 1713, only partially showed how the nation construed all these signs. Popular discontent was chiefly manifested in the strength of the so-called Hanoverian or Pro-

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testant Tories returned by the old decaying market towns, and the influence of country clergy. The Opposition had at length got a good cry of its own, and Government, with the general triumph of the peace, and the special shame of the desertion of the gallant Catalans, and its defeat on the Reciprocity Compact, had no charges to fling back. There was no persecution now of a Sacheverell for a gathering cry. There was no perpetual dictatorship, with which to alarm the nation's suspicions. They could only call upon their partisans to stand by the throne, the security of which their principles, it was argued, alone endangered; and rehearse no equivocal arguments upon the beauty of hereditary right, which a foe on the opposite coast was most eager to support. With this for their only standard, and not even a cabinet ready to risk an open assertion of the belief, there was but a faint hope for the present administration. We cannot think that Bolingbroke judged wrongly, on his own principles, in quickly manifesting what course he meant to pursue. It may have been an instinct before, which made this chief of the October Club intrigue to wrest the first place from Harley; it may have been vanity. Now, it was the last desperate resource of a tottering party. They were certain of losing much numerical strength could he succeed. They were certain of calling forth a much more furious hostility from opponents with whom Harley had kept up relations, and was a sort of bail for his adherents' loyality to the Constitution. But they would at length have concord in their own body, and liberty to deliberate unreservedly about their concealed projects. Concealed they only were in Cabinet Councils. The whole of England took them for granted facts, so that the Ministry which had espoused such opinions had at once the disadvantage of their unpopularity, and a kind of prohibition imposed upon them, both of repelling charges by implication which they refused to consider applicable to themselves, and of taking measures for accomplishing that revolution to which these charges pointed. Perils were on every side. A majority in the Commons, spite of the Whig denunciations of the unfortunate Treaty of Commerce, and the general assumption of Whig woollen 'favours' at the late elections, still mechanically endorsed ministerial resolutions. Steele found, by the bitter experience of expulsion from the House by a majority of a hundred votes, for the authorship of the 'Crisis,' that it was esteemed a libel on the October Club to maintain that the Protestant succession was in danger. The Whigs were not disheartened. In the House of Lords they had always been in a majority, as far as intellectual power went, and, previously to 1712, numerically. They avenged Steele's cause by committing the publisher and printer of

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Swift's anonymous answer, 'The Public Spirit of the Whigs.' Only by the shrewd device of instituting a prosecution against them did Oxford save his friend from the consequences of their evidence. In vain Government endeavoured to check popular suspicions by motions, that the Protestant succession was in no danger under her Majesty's administration. In the Lords, the resolution was the signal for an ominous secession. Lord Anglesea, Bolingbroke's old friend, exclaimed, glancing at the unlucky Treasurer, 'that he durst pursue an evil minister from the Queen's closet to the Tower, and thence to the scaffold!' Even in the Tory Commons, the effrontery of the thing reduced the majority to 48. The Treasurer grew frightened and more decided. The manœuvre of the Whig Junto, in making the Hanoverian envoy demand the writ of summons for the Electoral Prince, as Duke of Cambridge, furnished him with an occasion for manifesting his disagreements with his colleagues, and attachment to the House of Brunswick, as well as his pique at the Queen's estrangement. Yet he could not be forced to declare himself sufficiently anti-Tory, as to furnish a pretext for his ejection from the Cabinet. He escaped the ambush of Windham's Schism Act, on the plea of not having considered the matter! He listened in silence to St. John, an almost avowed deist, arguing for it as a bulwark of the 'Church,' nor could be got up to defend a friend, even by the vengeful attack of Nottingham (who, strange to say, rejected the bait from the feeling that the Nonconformists must be conciliated) on 'a certain divine who, hardly suspected of being a Christian, is in a fair way of being a bishop.'

It has been sometimes assumed, that Harley had at heart the restoration of the Stuarts, and was only converted to the opposite opinions by his rivalry with the favourite of the October Club. The hypothesisis is hardly plausible. He had never been a Jacobite. Chosen leader of the country gentlemen, he soon gladly exchanged his prominence among them for the headship of a coalition characterised by one broad feature —opposition to the great Whig houses of the Revolution. We cannot suppose that his cautious nature and even liberal tenets could have coexisted along with a craving for arbitrary rule. His genius was altogether Parliamentary, and not made, as that of his rival, for the office of vizier to an almost absolute sovereign. His passions were not sufficiently strong to make him ready to purchase the right of persecuting at the risk of enduring the same in turn. His negotiations with Marshal Berwick prove nothing more than the mission of his brother to Hanover, and the rather equivocal admonitions to James to quit France for Venice; not so much. Now, at all events,

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Anne's dislike, and his desertion by all the high Tories of the Government, demonstrated him to be no longer fitly assigned to this political category. Traces are ever discernible of a convulsive attempt made by the falling statesman to effectuate a coalition with the Whigs and the Hanoverian Tories, by the instrumentality of his former colleague, Cowper. The taint of disloyalty in all the Treasurer's conduct must have, from the first, vitiated any such connexion; but St. John's vigour disconcerted the preliminary deliberations. The Queen had a parting interview with her old servant. She accused him of indolence in the conduct of public business, and of bad breeding, of a complete want of truthfulness, of unintelligible mysteriousness in all his statements, and of often coming drunk to confer on matters of State; a strange medley of wrongs to her as a lady and as a sovereign, evincing how intermingled as yet were the two ideas. Either she had never liked him, or, with her peculiar selfishness, merely accepted his aid against yet more detested personages, the Marlboroughs; or, a term of office had exaggerated a certain carelessness and feeling of security; or, more probably still, the sway of his rival over the great party which Anne really loved, even while sometimes fearing it, had communicated, by a sort of monarchical instinct, a sentiment of aversion to the man who hindered the consummation of its projects. We must remember that she had, to enforce this reasoning, the perpetual company of a woman, once the friend of Harley, now his bitterest foe, on account of shameful ingratitude on his part, as she would have said;—for having refused to bribe a woman of the bed-chamber with public money, according to the report of his adherents; both explanations being (the Treasurer's character allows us to believe) at one and the same time correct. The defection of his old followers seems to have been partly the result of dread of his extreme wariness in a crisis requiring boldness; but, still more, of the extraordinary capacity of Bolingbroke for infusing into his immediate intimates confidence in his energy and genius.

No man could resist such a combination of his own colleagues, — St. John, Harcourt, Lady Masham, Ormond, and, lastly, the majority in the Commons. The final scene appears to have blended a kind of dramatic solemnity with the vivacity and petulance of a catastrophe in 'genteel comedy.' The personal connexion of sovereign and minister, of which the government of Lord North is our last example, together with the sense of a responsibility to the country, now fully recognised, though not always in practice, combined to give to the interview the air of a private quarrel between friends, each accusing the other of ingratitude, and the lofty tone of a patriot's warning to rulers ready

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to put in jeopardy their subjects' happiness out of private pique. Bolingbroke and Lady Masham were there, to keep the Queen to her resolution, and to triumph over their old friend. Almost up to the moment they had maintained their ancient intimacy. In the midst of the details of all this history of mines and countermines, we hear of friendly little suppers at the Mashams, of strolls in the Mall, and familiar conversations. Now the parting had indeed come. Harley, with all the wrath of a betrayed friend, and the prophetic forebodings of a retiring minister, denounced the anger of an incensed nation or the miserable ambition and traitorous scheme of the cabinet which he had formed. The prophecy in part brought its own accomplishment. Anne had been deeply agitated by the scene, agitated too by remorse, at having (on her own notions of the indefeasible right of kingship) usurped her father's possession and brother's inheritance, and by the consciousness, perhaps, that the most loyal subjects were calculating on her death as the removal of an obstruction to the reversion of the crown to the rightful heirs. From the effect of all this conflict of emotions her vital powers soon gave indications of decay. Her disorder had manifested itself on the 29th of August. A council was summoned, at which the Duke of Shrewsbury presided. He had been, as a youth, the hero of the Revolution. Once again his old zeal revived; and he rejoined that party which had long looked on him as a deserter. It is a pity that the appearance of his name in the Elector's secret instrument of regency, which had been for some time past in the hands of the Hanoverian envoy, proves that he must have so acted as to be counted upon by two parties. Few statesmen of this age can, we fear, be placed far above the systematically false Sunderland and Marlborough. At Shrewsbury's summons, the Whig Dukes of Argyl and Somerset took their seats in the Privy Council, though not members of the ministry; and, on their proposal, the president was nominated to the Queen as high treasurer.

Alas for Bolingbroke! 'The Earl of Oxford was removed 'on Tuesday—the Queen died on Sunday! What a world is 'this, and how does Fortune banter us!' (Letter to Swift, August 3.) The prize had been wrested from the grasp of his rival, but he had gained nothing by it, except a schism in his party. All the work of so much intriguing, brilliant pamphleteering and subservience to all the littleness of party spleen, was nullified in a moment. His schemes, as head of the Government, had been elaborated. It shows much judgment and self-restraint in him that he had decided on retaining the Seals of the Foreign Office, in preference to the glittering bauble of the Lord Treasurership; while the names of Windham,

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Ormond, Harcourt, Buckingham, Bromley, Mar, and Atterbury, point, at least, to a more decidedly Tory policy than had prevailed in the old Cabinet. At the same time, envoys had their instructions for coquetting with the Electoral Court; for now, when he acted on his own sole responsibility, he began to comprehend the caution of his predecessor. He even sought to establish friendly relations with the principal Whigs. Would that we had the details of a banquet at which he entertained Walpole, Stanhope, and Pulteney, a few days before the Queen's death, at his house in the now despised Golden Square. What speeches full of flowing courtesy were probably there delivered! What repudiations of private enmity, whatever the opposition of political interests! Little could a guest have augured from that meeting the fierceness of the cry for blood, which those seeming friends would soon raise with one accord against their host, or the yet more rooted spite of disappointed friendship, which should avenge his cause in the future enmity of two of those now close adherents.

Had the Queen but sanctioned the new minister's nominations one half hour before her death, he might have chosen his policy in safety, and either restored the exiles, or made terms for himself with Hanover. As it was, with a Cabinet all his own, with Anne willing to accept his counsels implicitly, the influence of three Whig nobles, supporting the Constitution, could not be resisted. The Cabinet had a great majority in Parliament, but chiefly of country gentlemen, independent members, each acting for himself, and joining in the same votes from choice, and not in obedience to the dictation of their leaders. The Whigs were, on the contrary, a well compacted body. They knew their champions, and their champions could advocate any measure with the certainty that it would be supported. They were men who had overturned an ancient dynasty. It had been strange had they been unable to counteract the plots of men like Bromley, and Mar, and the unstable Peterborough. Besides the mortification of having lost all the advantages resulting from his efforts—a mortification in which he was speedily consoled by the thought of new combinations—there were many petty vexations inseparable from so peculiar a conjuncture. The regency, appointed already by secret instructions of the Elector, did not attempt to soften them. We all know how he was superseded in the real duties of his office by Addison, and compelled to attend with his bag outside the Council Chamber, where he had so long ruled, till it should please his enemies to admit him. Very few men would have the philosophy to bear patiently these trivial affronts. Certainly Bolingbroke was not the man. But his troubles were not to end here. He took up

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neither an attitude of defence nor of submission. With Harley he assisted at the coronation of the new king, and, we are told by Lady Cowper, 'bowed three times down to the very ground' in doing homage. He even intimated his willingness to take office, should it be the policy of the new dynasty to rule independently of party. 'On the same principle,' he writes to Lord Strafford (as he had served Anne), 'will I serve the King, if he employs me.' But it was not the policy of the Whigs to encourage coalitions. When offered place by Harley they had refused. It was unlikely that they would now, in the day of their triumph, consent to share their power, and forego revenge. Lord Cowper, in a memorial presented to the King, argued that it was not for the safety of his House to attempt any such distribution of favours, and suggested that the Whigs would not consent to have the experiment tried. Certainly they would not spare an enemy who refused to solicit their mercy. His whole demeanour was that of a man who may have been mistaken, but who, having acted conscientiously, keeps his own opinion, though without condemning the opposite. He proposed in the Lords, in a fine oration which lived in men's memories, the substitution of the word 'maintain,' for 'recover' (the reputation of the kingdom in its foreign relations). The Duke of Shrewsbury, the immediate cause of his present downfal, in vain supported the amendment. Everywhere he saw nothing but hostility. The Commons had returned a Whig majority to the Commons, of 244 to 138, who still dared to call themselves Tories. The names of the new Ministry, notwithstanding the admission of the Hanoverian Tory Nottingham, sufficiently indicated what reliance could be placed on the King's assurances that he would not be a partisan. Harley might trust to his late ignominious ejection from the Cabinet, and to his carefully preserved relations with the Nonconformists and the Electoral Court. But Bolingbroke's hope was, not in the justice or mercy of the House, which under different circumstances he had so often trampled on, as in the impossibility of even Whigs condemning him without proof of collusion between him and Versailles or St. Germains. His papers were already in security; and there was only one confidant who had anything dangerous to tell: this was Matthew Prior. Never was a friend more trusted than he by St. John, never a dependent treated more as an equal. We may well pity the fallen minister, when he heard that this very man had landed at Dover under an engagement to reveal all. He could not tell, what we have some reason for believing, that the whole was a manœuvre to concentrate the expectations of the kingdom on the envoy's disclosures, and then, by their triviality, to convince the nation

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of the injustice of their suspicions of the late Government. He only knew that he had had an audience of the King, that he was now at dinner with Townshend and Stanhope. The news, communicated according to an uncertain rumour by Marlborough, followed him to Drury Lane Theatre. He sat through the spectacle, named the performance for the following night, and then, in the disguise of a French messenger, set off for Dover. In another day and a half he was on the French shores, and an exile.

His flight was certainly a blunder and a mistake. It betrayed a want of moral courage, and was esteemed proof presumptive of his criminality. Yet few would have acted differently in the same circumstances. The Whigs raged against him; a doggrel ballad expressed the thirst of the populace for his blood. His imagination pictured the degradation of the late victorious leader of the Commons reduced to supplicate their mercy, and the (to him) unutterable humiliation of kneeling at the same bar before his Peers in a partnership of odium and guilt with the detested Oxford. His personal friends were dispersed; Swift gone to Ireland, in wrath against the disunited Cabinet, 'to die like a poisoned rat in a hole;' Prior presumed a traitor to friendship; his Jacobite followers furious with their chief for his procrastination; he furious with himself for the same. His fears were not altogether groundless. The two-years' imprisonment of his rival proves, that though he had escaped the scaffold, a dreary doom for his impatient temperament would have awaited him. Even at the termination of his confinement, he could not hope to be allowed to return to public life; and his fiery energy had hardly yet been cooled down to rest satisfied with the literary leisure which satisfied the desires of Lord Oxford. The latter in his gardens and magnificent library, in the chief treasures of which his name still survives, at last discovered repose, never lost sight of by him even in the most tempestuous season of his intriguing life. The plots of St. Germains, and the feverish extravagances of the old *noblesse* and the Regent's Court, alone could deaden the younger statesman's regrets for the sweets of power so briefly tasted, and his eager lust of revenge upon old friends and old foes. His departure from England scandalized all his few remaining partisans, and seemed to sanction the rage of his enemies. The malignant 'Genius' of St. John's career, Robert Walpole, like the 'Genii' of the old Roman religion, born with him, and destined to die to political activity at almost the same time, was the fitting chairman of the secret committee for investigating the conduct of the Ministry in the negotiations of Utrecht. It was Robert Walpole who presented the report and moved the impeachment, not, in the first place, of Harley, but of Henry Lord Viscount

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Bolingbroke. It was a foregone conclusion. But two voices were raised in his defence, those of General Ross and Mr. Hungerford. The news of the resolution, which passed on the 10th of June, (he had fled on the evening of the 26th of March,) and of the readier process by bill of attainder, founded upon it, soon reached its object. He had already established a secret connexion with the Pretender, in anticipation of such an event.

It has sometimes been questioned whether his intercourse with that Court had been of long continuance. When the Stuart Papers and De Torcy's Memoires show that scarcely a single statesman of any account of any party, whether in or out of office, in the reigns of William and Anne, refrained from corresponding with the exile, it would be almost paradoxical to seek to clear the chosen companion of the chiefs of semi-Jacobite clubs from so general a reproach. The declared Jacobitism of many of his especial instruments in the Cabinet, as Mar and Ormond, with his hostility to all supporters of the Protestant succession, are presumptive proofs of his own tenets. The same conclusion is corroborated by his bias against the Dutch, however weak an argument if standing alone. We are, at all events, justified in agreeing with M. de Rémusat's summing up, that 'la trahison envers la succession Hanovrienne entrât 'au besoin dans ses calculs, et fut au nombre des expédiens 'qu'il se réservait.'

St. Clair, on the left bank of the Rhone, near Vienne, had at the commencement of his exile received the fallen statesman. But, when the tidings came of the vengefulness of the Whig Parliament, neither its charms, nor the greater ones of Madame de Tencin, could restrain him, though ill in bed with a low fever, from at once responding to an invitation from the Chevalier. With the royal courteousness and tact, which contrasted so favourably with the German brusqueness of the first Georges, the titulary earldom of the Bolingbrokes, their descendant's never-forgotten object, was revived for him. 'I 'cannot, you know,' wrote the Prince, 'as yet, give you very 'essential proofs of my kindness; but the best I can do for so 'good and faithful a servant' (perhaps a poor compliment to one who always described himself as now for the first time a Jacobite), 'is in sending you the enclosed warrant, which raises 'you a degree higher than my sister had done before, and which 'will fix your rank with me beyond dispute.' The Jacobites, with the active co-operation of Ormond, still braving Whig violence in London, had resolved upon two movements, one in the south of England, the other in the Highlands. Bolingbroke persuaded them that the two must, to have a chance of success, be simultaneous. The secret of his influence in the Court of

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St. Germains or Commercy consisted in his perfect acquaintance with the spirit and sentiments of the present French ministers, through whom advantage might have been taken of the capricious change of popular opinion which was now making martyrs of Ormond and Harley, as representatives of the Church party. His old ill-luck dogged the Pretender's new Secretary of State. At the beginning of July he had arrived at the little Court. On the first of September died Louis XIV., and with him all the zeal of France for the restoration of the Stuarts, and all the authority of the negotiator of the peace of Utrecht. The Regent Duke of Orleans was anxious for a good understanding with England, the power most interested in supporting his right as heir presumptive against the claims of Philip of Spain. He had no kindness for the policy of a Cabinet from which he had been sedulously excluded. The small knot of exiles soon understood that the Secretary was no better off than themselves. They made him feel what a miserable distinction his office was, as compared with the reality which he had left behind in England. Doubtless his positive experience, and perhaps also a feeling of contempt, which could not be entirely concealed, for these minute unproductive intrigues, led him to display a conscious superiority which offended men, each of whom thought himself a martyr to his sense of duty. He soon found reason to feel disgusted with himself for his flight, and, as he declares to Windham in the famous letter, for his precipitancy in casting in his lot with a set of desperate outcasts. His sagacity made the baseless hopes of his associates ridiculous to him, 'some who could read and 'write having letters to show, and those who had not arrived 'to this pitch of erudition having their secrets to whisper.' The crowd of 'busy Irish faces,' with their rumours of bulls and benedictions and subsidies from Rome, especially annoyed him, conscious as he was of the exclusive dependence of the cause on English Churchmen.

However, no other course was left open for him. He counseled his new master to the best of his ability; he intrigued with the ladies of the French Court and the Regent's favourites as actively as though his heart were in the affair. Indeed, the entire history of the earlier portion of his residence in Paris is chiefly an unintelligible maze of negotiations with one Mrs. Olivia Trant. Overtures were in vain made to him by the French ministers, who, themselves desirous of the friendship of the English Government, would have gladly procured the pardon of a man who might, on his return home, have greatly furthered their objects. All this was not for long. On the 12th of November was fought the skirmish of Preston, the catastrophe of the fortunes of the English Jacobites; and on the 13th the

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battle of Sheriffmuir, of equally important results in Scotland. The last week in February, the Chevalier was back in Paris; and the day following his return, Bolingbroke, whom the Prince had received with the greatest demonstrations of affection, was discharged almost contumeliously from his service. Of course, this mysterious step was justified by the busy gossip-mongers of the Court. Reports were actually circulated that the Secretary had joined the party in order, by betraying its secrets, to satiate his vengeance on it for the losses he had suffered from his old attachment to the cause. The story is too preposterous even for refutation, especially by the side of the much more plausible explanation which his hatred to the Whigs furnishes. More than probability would be required to bear out the report; an improbable tale can hardly be preferred to the unison of the testimony of Lord Stair, the King of England's ambassador, Marshal Berwick, and of the published papers of the Pretender's Secretary's office, to his honesty and zeal. Consider the Marshal's opinion of his capacity and fidelity:—'It is admitted by 'all England that there have been few greater ministers than 'Bolingbroke. He was born with splendid talents, which had 'raised him at a very early age to the highest employments; he 'exerted great influence over the Tory party, and was, in fact, 'its soul. . . . . I was in part a witness how he acted for King 'James, while he managed his affairs, and I owe him the justice 'to say that he left nothing undone of what he could do; he 'moved heaven and earth to obtain supplies, but was always 'put off by the Court of France.' There is more of intrinsic plausibility in the conjecture that the grave Pretender's disgust was excited by the demeanour of his Secretary in one of his not unfrequent drunken fits. Though this may have been the proximate cause of his abrupt dismissal, the discontent he took no care to hide at the misery into which his rashness in giving in his adhesion had brought him, must have developed a very apparent coolness in his loyalty. He himself afterwards asserted that his resolution had been already taken to quit his post, as soon as the affairs of the Stuarts should have been in some sort arranged.

Never was there a man of spirit less inclined to sit down under an affront, or to neglect the opportunity, afforded by the severance of old ties, of following that wherein his soul delighted —some new combination. He was once more the English agitator and pamphleteer, and in much the same attitude as of old. In office he had been the leader of a party opposed, both practically and in principle, to what was, since the Revolution, the actual Constitution of England. It was equally, when in power as in calamity, a faction, however gallant. During his

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brief term of service under James, his capacity for organizing a plot had been almost dormant; now it blazed up anew, and, from the circumstances which called it forth, demanded all the resources of subtlety and virulent irony which the friend and rival of Swift possessed. The moderate Whigs were to be personally conciliated, and persuaded of the harmlessness of the writer; while sufficient animosity was shown to their tenets to satisfy his Tory friends. Finally, all the wretched jealousies and disputes of the Court he had just quitted were to be withered up by the scornful pen of this political 'pariah.' The home Government had, from the first, expected his secession from the foreign Jacobites. Some, judging him so faithless that he could never refrain from betraying his employers, had authorized Lord Stair to bribe his confessions. Others, more truly, discerned in his character a restlessness which could never let things be, and which must, sooner or later, interrupt the connexion. He was not unwilling to prove them right in their conclusions. His letter to Sir William Windham, in its present state, is an attempt at once to justify himself to the English Tories, and to win favour with the Government. The character of the man is, as M. de Rémusat aptly remarks, well illustrated by the fact, that at the very moment when the relenting of the King and Whigs promised his restoration, he drew up, in the manner of Seneca, various reflections on the consolations of exile. If he thought he should no longer need them for personal use, and therefore could spare them to the world, he found himself for some time disappointed. His celebrated Letter was written in the September of 1716; it was not till 1723 that the incidents of the attainder were so far done away as to restore him, when a resident in England, to the protection of the laws. The tedious delay was owing partly to the rooted suspicions of the Whig leaders, and partly, perhaps, to Walpole's jealousy of the opponent who had at the first so far outstripped him. The discovery of various plots for the re-establishment of the Stuarts—of one especially in which Bishop Atterbury, Bolingbroke's ancient ally, was implicated—gave fresh point to their reluctance.

There was, beside, a coalition of all parties against him. He was at variance, at once, with the Jacobite section of the English Tories (though still the friend of Windham) and with the adherents of the late Treasurer. He had never ceased to cherish a strange implacability of enmity against this man, only to be explained by his belief that to Oxford's wariness and pertinacity in retaining office had been owing the postponement, till too late, of those plans which might else have guaranteed their author a dictatorship under a new dynasty. The triumph

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of the former, on June 1, 1717, through Walpole's coalition with the Tories, to vex the Cabinet whence he had been ejected, must have spoiled many a dream of rural contentment at St. Clair. The popular cry of 'High-Church and Harley' must have sounded in his rival's ears like the war-trumpet to a captive knight. The discord in the victorious Whig party, the cabals of Sunderland and Stanhope against Townshend, and of Townshend and Walpole against Stanhope, cannot but have vibrated even through the non-conducting atmosphere of 'divine philosophy.' Yet meantime he did not let life slip by unenjoyed. It was the main characteristic of his disposition that, while there could be no one with a more pertinacious constancy in the pursuit of any objects, however various, or however minute, whether of pleasure or of ambition, his nature seems to have had so indomitable an energy and capability of enjoyment, as to employ itself with equal vehemence on a scheme for destroying a system of faith, or an intrigue in Paris. Vainly did poor Lady Bolingbroke use all her powers in her husband's services; her lord requited her exertions (which M. de Rémusat himself seems to regard with a rather sceptical admiration) with a complaint that the cession of his goods for her benefit eventually proved a serious loss to him. In the interval he was falling in love with the brilliant Madame de Villette, niece of Madame de Maintenon, whom he married on the death of his wife, in 1720; or, in the same year, under the safe auspices of the Regent, whose companion in pleasure, though not in politics, he had always been, and, through the enterprises of law, eking out a subsistence which the 11,000*l.* he brought from England could but ill have supplied. His usual residence was the Château of La Source, where, amid fair gardens, rises the Loiret. There, by the aid of Madame de Villette, he learned to despise the world, and (strange employment for the great recluse!) to perfect that marvellous political pamphlet style, destined in future days to gall the blunt sense of Walpole. But the gaieties of Paris not unfrequently drew him from philosophical contemplations. He was peculiarly fitted, with the reputation of his name, the versatility and eccentricity of his genius, to delight alike the courtiers of Versailles and the new school of polite philosophers. Voltaire writes of milord Bolingbroke in a strain of rapture, which may have been, he half confesses, somewhat heated by the admiration shown by his idol for the 'Henriade.' He describes his universal learning, and the cosmopolitan tastes, which French encyclopædists adored. But the recollection that all these gifts met in a man who had been the greatest *roué* of his time, seems to have kindled in the Frenchman the same glow of enthusiasm as in Swift. He only spoke the general opinion.

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From the French philosophers of the Entresol, including d'Argenson and St. Pierre, and Swift in Dublin (his chivalrous champion against some recent Jacobite maligners), with Pope, and Gay, and Arbuthnot at home, down to the ladies and hangers-on of the French Court, the impetus of his mind, and his power of impressing the one stamp of genius on all pursuits alike, had gained him an universal sway.

At length, after nearly eight years of banishment, his residence in France drew to its close. In May, 1723, the pardon promised in 1715 passed the great seal, but Walpole gave him no hope, at present, of a Parliamentary restoration in fortune and peerage. The latter distrusted his professions of friendship, and only replied to hints of his power to bring over Lords Gower and Bathurst, and Sir William Windham, to the Whigs, by warning him against Tory connexions. The minister had, in truth, only waived his hatred in deference to Melusinda, Duchess of Kendal; that hatred, which still fresh in 1719, had drawn from him, in allusion to Harley's acquittal, the indignant words: "His rival in 'guilt and power even now presumes to expect an act of the legis-'lature to indemnify him, and to qualify his villany.' The same far-sighted fear of finding in the reinstated political scapegoat a rival, which is said to have prompted Pitt's unsympathetic assent to the impeachment of Warren Hastings, may have confirmed his dislike to the man, once leader of the Tories, the future leader of the Whigs. On the whole, his reception was so chilling as quickly to despatch him back to the shores of La Source. Not till the 25th of May, 1725, durst his friends move his restoration in fortune. Then the bribed court (the Duchess received for her share 11,000*l.*) only extorted a sullen acquiescence from the premier by the menace of dismissal. His Parisian friends contributed not a little to the result. They had lamented his departure in 1723, but they used all their influence to effect his complete restitution. Two visits were paid by the Marquise de Villette to England; and, in the latter, he succeeded in buying the good offices of George's ugly mistress. Besides, his foreign friends procured him information of court secrets, highly serviceable to the envoy, Horace Walpole. The latter, the minister's brother, applauded himself for having got all he could, 'without having given to St. John any handle to become the negotiator of his Majesty's affairs.' Lord Townshend, whom it enabled to triumph over Carteret, was more grateful; and the Abbé Alary, founder of the Entresol, like all French societies of the period, a social, philosophical, politico-literary reunion, exerted his influence on a visit to England in the same cause. What so many wished was at last granted to the active mediation of Harcourt, become a Whig in 1721, but still mindful of

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the merry dinners at which the early policy of the Harley Cabinet used to be initiated. The Whigs, on the one side, roused themselves to oppose the motion, under the leadership of Onslow, Methuen, and Powlett, though Walpole, without any affectation of magnanimity, intimated to his adherents that their enemy was to be excluded for ever from office and Parliament. On the other, the memory of long severed associations brought over to the side of clemency, spite of their Jacobite chiefs, Musgrave and Sebright, the mass of those country gentlemen whom his voice had once woke to victory. The motion passed by a majority of 231 to 113. Bolingbroke was at length free to begin the world again; after being tired out, he writes to Swift, 'with suspense, the only insupportable misfortune of life, and with nine years of autumnal promises and vernal excuses.' Still shut out from Parliament, the natural sphere of his talent, he made it his profession to be a Mecenas to men of letters, and the pattern country gentleman, as in the old days, when he presided at the October Club, to his neighbours at Dawley; but to his political friends a secret counsellor, who held in his hands the strings of many a Parliamentary struggle. Such a life was not perhaps altogether unsuited to him. It offered opportunities for that personal intercourse which ensured his personal influence. Accordingly, we soon find his sway equally acknowledged by Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, among literary men, and by Windham's political following, as among the philosophers of the Entresol. Swift himself came to England, for the first time since his friend's banishment, to do him homage. It was something to be able so to attract a person, who had the fame of being the best loved man in Ireland, and who brought over a manuscript destined to overshadow the reputation of the Drapier's letters themselves. Another writer of an influence which was yet almost of the future, but of a yet more pre-eminent power to change a nation's spirit than even the author of Gulliver, soon joined the circle. We have already mentioned the fervour of Voltaire's respect for St. John. Observation of the universality of the admiration conceived for his hero at home, did not diminish his enthusiasm. It is to the contagion of that intellect that is owing the infusion of an English tone into Voltaire's works, which, it may be, contributed to their immense popularity in France, and, perhaps, to the continental idea of English society illustrated by the account in the 'Philosophical Dictionary' of doctrines held by Lord Cowper (Bolingbroke's political adversary) on the subject of marriage; 'Il est 'public en Angleterre, et on voudroit le nier en vain, que le 'Chancellier Cowper épousa deux femmes, qui veçurent ensemble 'dans sa maison avec une concorde singulière qui fit honneur à

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'tous trois. Plusieurs curieux ont encore le petit livre que ce 'Chancellier composa en faveur de la polygamie.'

Without deserting this literary society, the devotee of rural leisure soon hurried into the strife of politics. Walpole, he conceived, by withholding his readmission into Parliament, had forfeited all title to gratitude. He felt too that Walpole's fear of rivalry would produce in him an instinctive aversion to the co-operation of him especially, who, having begun as the client of Harley, had ended as his supplanter and foe. The Tories, on the other hand, from their Jacobite predilections, even though good subjects of George, were no party for the man who had insulted the Chevalier. A way was opened by that same jealous and despotic temperament of the Premier, which made him reject the aid of so experienced a statesman, for the return of the latter to public life, without open coalition, either with Whigs, or with Tories. The Opposition, headed by Windham, a Tory, and once a Jacobite, and by Pulteney, an old Whig, and ancient enemy of St. John, was founded on a basis broad enough for any principles. In fact, its sole and sufficient principles seemed to be hostility, savage and uncompromising, to the 'sole minister,' the 'grand corruptor.' He himself furnished a sufficiency of topics by disdaining to veil men's corruptness, or to hide his belief that all men have their price. The honour of the nation sold by the Government, to avoid financial embarrassments, which might disgust the people, and put power, along with the public purse, into the hands of the Commons; the principles of liberty, and deliverance from the thraldom of a Cabinet, which yet appears to have guarded carefully against violating private rights, though not cautious enough of hurting the self-respect of partisans or enemies; these were the grievances under which Bolingbroke sheltered private spleen and ambition. As Windham, the head of the remnant of these old cavaliers, who had ruled in the beginning of Charles II.'s Long Parliament, the Tories of sentiment, not the Conservatives, not the men of reflection and statecraft, who had been represented by the Nottinghams, father and son, so Pulteney's classic wit and eagerness of temper shone in the van of the Whig revolters. Their leader had long been the chief friend of Walpole, even after the latter had so far forgotten the fidelity which carried his brother minister into opposition with him in 1717, as, on his return to power, to insult him with the offer of a peerage, and with the place of Cofferer of the Household. Pulteney had cause to think, with Bolingbroke, of Walpole, as a man, who 'had usurped on his fellows, by wriggling, in-'triguing, whimpering, and bargaining himself into the post to 'which he was not called by the general suffrage, nor perhaps

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'by the deliberate choice of his master himself.' The principle of union among these disaffected politicians had, throughout, been unity of wrongs and of interests. It was the lot of their new colleague, who had been insulted by the chief of the party, in whose cause he had been politically and socially a martyr, to explain what the theory of Government was, which they believed their conduct in opposition illustrated. That the dominant faction should not look upon all things from this one point of view; that the party which had carried the nation with it in one enterprise, should not assume that all its own objects were national ones; that, finally, though the will of the majority must prevail, the majority at any particular time is not to deem itself possessed of a '*jus divinum*' to oppress its adversaries,—are the doctrines which lie at the root of all his later political life. By retrospective reference to them (as he had no doubt often salved his conscience then), he now excused the earlier stages of his wild career as a statesman. For the present, he attacked ministers, and not the sovereign, according to the modern constitutional text, only that he represented them, not as instruments of the sovereign's will, but usurping tyrants over both him and the nation. The dynasty he accepted as an accomplished fact, though the deductions from the fact of its establishment he attempted to demonstrate should be rejected. It was as a writer, as the author of a series of brilliant leading articles, that he did his part in the active struggle, though meanwhile Opposition was indebted for many a clever Parliamentary manœuvre to the inventiveness of the same energetic spirit. To his pen, Pulteney's organ, the 'Craftsman,' commenced in 1726, owed its most stimulating passages; as witness those letters by 'An Occasional Writer,' in the February of 1727, on the subject of the Spanish quarrel.

All this time he had not declared open war with Walpole, whose neutrality had been an essential condition of his return. But, besides fierce attacks on him, through the press, he was incessantly intriguing against him with the Duchess of Kendal, who was jealous of the sway of any one over her lover. Fortunately for the minister, the days when a mistress's favour could make or unmake a statesman had passed away with the Sarahs and Abigails of Anne's reign. It was the defect of St. John, as a politician, that he loved such crooked schemes; and all his experience conduced but to increase his constitutional belief in the efficacy of the '*deus ex machina*' of royal closets. He had observed cabinets changed and exchanged, from neglect of attention to these minutiæ, when a ruler at home. The Court of Louis XIV., and the Regency, had taught, not untaught, him this faith. When the long-solicited interview,

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long sought in vain, at length granted with the consent of Walpole to the interested prayers of the Duchess, turned out a complete failure; when St. John found the King unable to comprehend the benefits of emancipation from a minister, the main support of the Act of Settlement, who relieved him of the entire care of government, attended to his solicitude for Hanover, and paid him his revenue regularly,—baffled, though not despairing, he patiently set himself to weave another net, and, this time, for the heir apparent. He began to concert measures for forming a 'patriotic' ministry with Lord Chesterfield, the guide and adviser of that little Court. Once more his plans were disappointed, even though formed with the most plausible prospects of success. He had thought that the main object was to conciliate the mistress. Lady Suffolk was admitted the lady-patroness of the entire politico-literary clique. She became Pope's muse, and Swift's correspondent. The King died. Walpole gave way to Sir Spencer Compton, the speaker. All Opposition was triumphing, when, lo! it began to be whispered, that to the wife, and not the mistress, to the philosophical, or rather metaphysical Caroline of Anspach, was to be entrusted, virtually, the conduct of affairs. Walpole in a few days resumed his places and influence, and Bolingbroke, in despair, withdrew to his farming and hunting.

Never did there exist a more resolute and persevering mind, along with equal vivacity and ardour. The disappointment of his conspiracy with Lady Suffolk, as formerly with the Duchess of Kendal, did not make him relax his efforts in the 'Craftsman.' There an animated style, resembling—if the reader can conceive the commixture—Johnson tempered with Addison, oratorical and slightly rhetorical, with a good deal of satirical wit, but, too often, with an insinuation or a metaphor in the place of argument, bore its due fruits after eight tedious years. What strikes us now in his dissertations, is a certain want of speciality, a vagueness, that is, in the topics of declamation, which sometimes enunciates an universally received maxim, in lieu of convicting his one mighty adversary of the violation of it, and sometimes rings the changes on some triviality, without demonstrating the impolicy of the end which it subserved. William Stanhope's peace with Spain, in 1729, was quite in accordance with the general views, and acknowledged by himself to be so, of the negotiators of the peace of Utrecht; yet he marshals a most elaborate series of attacks upon special details in the preliminaries. His genius was better fitted for tracing some great general idea throughout the meanderings of a cabinet's whole policy. This talent shines out conspicuously in the series of letters published in the 'Craftsman,' under the signature of

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Humphrey Old-Castle, entitled, 'Remarks on the History of England.' There he endeavours to prove that, in the annals of our country, the spirit of liberty and the spirit of faction have never coexisted; that, therefore, the administration, in complaining of the seditious and querulous tone of public feeling, as manifested by the Opposition press, was, in effect, condemning the tyranny of its own rule. It is strange that M. de Rémusat should express surprise at the fact of such sentiments proceeding from the late leader of the Tories, as though that party, subsequently to the Revolution, had been Conservative, interested in maintaining the existing state of things; *i. e.* in securing the power of their opponents. It evinces how necessary it always is to consider how the relative position of circumstances and doctrines may have changed, before we can discover the clue in a maze of apparently contradictory tenets. In the 'Dissertation on Parties,' republished in 1735, with a dedication to Walpole, he pleads with all parties, that they should unite in one common opposition. He argues that the marks of separation are, in effect, only of antiquarian interest, though revived, and treated as realities, by an administration which found its safety in dividing its adversaries; bribing some, persecuting others. A powerful Young England party, the Patriots, comprehending, with some brilliant exceptions (as Windham and Pitt), all condemned by the dictator's harsh decree to serve their country, and not the King, rallied under him and Pulteney, and accepted his essays as the exposition of their principles. They learned, under his auspices, to declaim against the man and the system whence sprang 'the tyranny of faction by Whigs, 'factiously for the Government, and Tories factiously and re-'belliously against it.' Perfect independence of political theory is compatible with a combination for the destruction of a cabinet which equally ignores all theories. Not till that object has been attained is the impracticability of holding the reins of power, with an infinity of open questions, discovered.

It was not likely that Walpole would submit quietly to all these savage attacks. Pulteney's personalities had almost provoked a duel; but St. John's invectives against individuals, as impersonating vicious principles, irritated him no less, from the associations of a lifetime of rivalry. He was not himself a man of letters; without taste for it himself, he could not conceive the existence of it in other men. Swift he did, indeed, once invite to dinner; but he dozed while the Dean argued. So all the *beaux esprits* of the period were treated by him. Writers, he thought, could be bought like votes, when the occasion came. The consequence was, that the strongest ministry ever known in England, and which more resembles

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the French government of Richelieu, and Mazarin, and Fleury, or the Spanish of Ximenes and Alberoni, than anything we are acquainted with, has been traduced to posterity, though with a cause by no means indefensible, and that by the miserable apologies of their own hireling panegyrists. The finest geniuses of the time sought the munificent patronage of Chesterfield, Bolingbroke, and (the to them only generous) Pulteney. The Premier retaliated by vague charges of sedition, and the true ones of selfishness and disappointed ambition. In Parliament he could defend his own cause manfully against the phalanx of the 'Craftsman' in the Commons, and the 'Rumpsteak and Liberty Club' in the Lords. (See Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 19.) Windham might bring forward motions of censure, and Pulteney, his Whig coadjutor, thunder against 'the monster, the many-headed monster, Excise!' He could always parry the attack, with more or less open menaces directed against the hidden worker of the machinery. Twice did Windham lead the onslaught. Twice did the minister pass by the weaker foe, and strike at the traitorous anti-minister, whose Parliamentary agent, as it were, Windham was. It was a desperate conflict. The majority of 125 on the former occasion diminished, by gradual desertions, all through the long struggle for turning out ministers, till finally it had dwindled to sixty-one on the first reading of the Excise Bill, and, on the second reading, to sixteen. One other such victory would have destroyed him. But Walpole was obstinate in nothing but in clinging to office. He did not care to injure himself, because men would not let themselves be benefited: the third reading was postponed. His majority rose again, on the debate for repealing the Septennial Act, to sixty-five. This was a measure too democratic for the old Whiggism of Pulteney, one of the chief agents in passing the original Bill. It was forced on the Opposition by Bolingbroke; and his friends among the Tories, Bromley, St. Aubyn, and Windham, bore the brunt of the battle. In this famous discussion, in rejoinder to the noble picture sketched by the latter, of a nation with an automaton king, a king Log, and tyrant minister, Walpole drew the companion portrait of 'the mock patriot.' 'Suppose,' he exclaimed, 'this fine gentleman lucky 'enough to have gained over to his party some persons really of 'fine parts, of ancient families, or of great fortunes; and others of 'desperate views, arising from disappointed and malicious hearts; 'all these gentlemen, with respect to their political behaviour, 'moved by him, and by him solely; all they say, either in private 'or public, being only a repetition of the words he has put into 'their mouths, and a spitting out that venom which he has infused 'into them; and yet we may suppose this leader really not liked

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'by any even of those who so blindly follow him, and hated by 'all the rest of mankind. We will suppose this anti-minister to 'be in a country where he really ought not to be, and where he 'could not have been but by the effect of too much goodness and 'mercy, yet endeavouring, with all his might and all his art, to 'destroy the foundation from whence that mercy flowed. In 'that country suppose him continually contracting friendships 'and familiarities with the ambassadors of those countries which 'at the time happened to be most at enmity with his own; and 'if, at any time it should happen to be for the interest of any of 'those foreign ministers to have a secret revealed to them, which 'might be highly prejudicial to his native country, suppose this 'foreign minister applying to him, and he answering, "I will 'get it you; tell me but what you want, and I will endeavour 'to procure it for you;" upon this he puts a speech or two in 'the mouth of some of his creatures or new converts, and what 'he wants is moved for in Parliament. . . . Let us, further, 'suppose this anti-minister to have travelled, and at every court 'where he was, thinking himself the greatest minister, and 'making it his trade to reveal the secrets of the court where he 'had before been, void of all faith or honour, and betraying 'every master he ever served.' But the dissolution could no longer be deferred; and the Opposition were mentally arranging their new cabinet, and St. John planning the resumption of his long-interrupted Parliamentary career.

The dissolution came. The new House met; and, to the consternation of their foes, the divisions showed that ministers still had an assured preponderance. Bolingbroke perhaps feared to provoke the realization of the threats thrown out so darkly against him; perhaps he despaired of eventual success; perhaps his fortune could no longer support the position of, at once, a patron of literature and a party-leader. At all events, he resolved upon withdrawing himself for a time from England. At fifty-seven he found himself still half an outlaw, with his means impoverished, the gay witty mistress he had married in France old, and sickly, and querulous, and the mighty coalition, into which he had infused a principle of union, ready to fall to pieces from hopelessness. The Tory section still recognised his aid, and with gratitude; but Pulteney and the Whigs were willing to forget their obligation. Pulteney himself found his ascendancy diminished by his contrast with a loftier spirit, and with a man never contented with an inferior, or even an equal rank. The Whigs were frightened by the scandal of their alliance with one whose old treason still left its stigma upon him, in the shape of civil disabilities; against whom a minister could launch, without any internal evidence of

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improbability, strange charges of actual correspondence with the enemies of our country. At all events, he was either an absolute and uncompromising Radical, a species of politician never much loved by the old Whigs, or, at best, a partisan still of the Tory and Jacobite principles, though no Jacobite himself, and even a professed hater of the Tories. He himself assigned for the cause of his retirement, a craving for literary leisure and rural pleasures, without attempting to disguise his vexation at the seeming impregnability of his opponent's position. But he also complains, in 1739, to Lord Polwarth, that, at this time, 'certain persons, who had supported themselves on his 'exertions, thought his name and, much more, presence in 'Britain, did them mischief.'

Chanteloup, or, as he writes it, Chantelou, a famous château in Touraine, was his favourite place of residence; but he also possessed a hunting lodge, Argeville, on the borders of the forest of Fontainebleau, of which a near relative of his wife was ranger. There he read, and wrote, or followed the chase with the royal hounds. Pope speaks of his life, while there, with enthusiasm. There must have been some strange fascination about a man who could gather round him so many of the greatest minds of the age, and keep them his fast friends in prosperity and misfortune. He of whom Swift, and Pope, and Voltaire, wrote, not only with admiration, but respect and affection, must have had some peculiar grandeur of genius to counterbalance the allowed fitfulness of his temper. The life itself which he led, with the earnestness with which he could throw himself into every different pursuit which circumstances recommended to him, shows a certain largeness of nature and spontaneity of intellect, which quite explain the zeal of contemporaries to do him honour. He possessed, above all, that undoubting self-reliance—a quality, perhaps, inseparable from his great mental activity—which so impresses us in his friend Swift and Napoleon the Great. He had been a student of philosophy after the manner of men of literary tastes. Now, he began to apply his thoughts more exclusively, he writes to a friend, in March, 1741, 'to those abstract meditations whose objects are generals and not particulars,' to wean them from sombre reveries, or schemes of ambition disappointed, and years spent in vain. The pursuit of philosophy was, after all, we may well believe, not a mere veil to hide, but a means of dispelling or healing his chagrin. This result, it is to be hoped, was more perfectly achieved than the design of teaching the world. In the intervals of the chase, he undertook the composition of a work, which should set at rest all the more doubtful questions of metaphysics, and cut away all debatable ground,

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through the simple method of demonstrating the nullity of the subject as a science. Most readers will be satisfied with forming their judgment as to the extent of his success, in this bold but common enterprise of amateur philosophers, from a perusal of Pope's 'Essay on Man.' It was deliberately written to embody the conclusions of those infallible processes of reasoning, which were to be fully, with all their steps, drawn out in prose by the teacher. Little that is new occurs, either in the noble verse of the disciple, or the equally fine diction of the master. Shaftesbury had already anticipated the praises of universal order, which so often indicate a tendency towards deism. The two rather prematurely congratulate each other on having at last thought out all the principles of the Theatine truth. They very unwarrantably assume that the assent of the great Dean of S. Patrick's had been given to their conclusions.

While his literary adherents were stimulating his researches in the bewildering circles of metaphysics, his political friends naturally called for some work, which might, from behind the transparent Ægis of history, affright Walpole with the stony visage of Impeachment. Indeed, his relations with the Opposition had at no time been altogether interrupted. The correspondence with the chiefs went on vigorously; and the secession from Parliament, carried out, but scarcely to the advantage of the party, as secessions never are, in 1739, had been planned from of old by him. The occasion which they did seize, the insignificance of ministers' majority on the address of congratulation for the convention with Spain, rather, he thought, called for an appeal to the country at large; but he was decidedly opposed to Pulteney's opinion, that the declaration of war with the same nation furnished a decent pretext for returning to the House. Once a professional politican, always one, is a truth illustrated in every age and people. With an affectation of regret, the veteran statesman resumed his political lucubrations. The 'Letters on the Study and Use of History' was a work which had apparently been suggested by Lord Chesterfield, the chief counsellor of Leicester House, when George II. was Prince of Wales, and was addressed to Lord Cornbury, whose influence was great over the present occupant. The inhabitants of Leicester House, once firm 'patriots,' had perfidiously adopted the sentiments of their new residence, when they migrated to St. James's. Now, the old house was tenanted by a new Court, which followed the time-honoured policy of the heir apparent of a new dynasty, and, as men untaught by experience hoped, with greater sincerity. In the 'Spirit of Patriotism,' Bolingbroke depicts to the Prince, in glowing colours, a great coali-

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tion, in which parties should be merged, and men allowed to think for themselves while prosecuting, with all their energies, the few great common objects of all lovers of their country. In the second of the two letters to Lord Lyttelton, a confidant of the same Court, is drawn the portrait of the Patriot King, whose prerogative is limited by the willing obedience of a grateful nation, and not the selfish pride of a dominant faction in the creature of their policy.

About the same period he had visited England, but with an appearance of secrecy. His presence was barely known out of the circle of his immediate friends; nor did the spectacle of the state of things here make him think it advisable, as yet, to change his residence. In the seventh year of his scarcely voluntary exile, after a tumultuous session, Parliament was dissolved, and Walpole found himself in a minority, or what would have soon become so. He retired; and the cotemporaneous death of his father, Viscount St. John, left Bolingbroke free in all ways, whether fear or poverty had induced his expatriation, to become once more an English citizen (February, 1742). He was an English citizen, but not an English peer; still less an English minister. The coalition which he had nourished up had in it no principle of union, when once the enemy was overpowered. Out of the office, all its sections and members had one common feeling, hatred to the holders of office; one common end, their subversion. But, that end attained, all community of sentiment and hopes disappeared. Each then had his list of positive desires to be gratified, no longer merely the negative passion of envy of others who could gratify theirs. They had accepted his co-operation in their need; they were not at all ready to share their prosperity with old enemies. Above all, the eloquence, and acuteness, and friendship, which were blended together in the fiery soul of Windham, about whom even adversaries confessed that 'everything seemed great,' had been already (in 1740) quenched in death. He who had lost so many parties never lost one true living friend; and, of all his friends, Windham had been the most tried, and found most faithful. Though a vehement adherent of the Stuart cause, he had made that no plea for deserting the ancient patron whom all factions delighted to make their scapegoat. He was mainly instrumental in effecting his leader's restoration, and as loyally followed his counsels, when himself a chief in Parliament, as when a subordinate in Queen Anne's Cabinet. Well might his friend write, 'multis fortunæ vulneribus percussus huic uni me imparem sensi.' He had been the link between the politician of a bygone generation and the politics of the present; and this link was now severed. In vain did St. John return home. He found no compensation

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for his toils from his late companions. To this neglect has been unhesitatingly ascribed his discontent. It may have been so; it probably was in a great degree. Can we blame the worn-out statesman excessively for murmuring at such forgetfulness? But this is certain, that, if he had been the purest and the truest of patriots, he must still have cried out on men who, after having denounced ministers, whether rightly or wrongly, as a reproach to England, nay, to the human race, then, when the outworks—to use Bolingbroke's own metaphor—had been stormed, capitulated with the defenders; and, on this condition, that the miners and their under-workmen alone should enter in, and hold it *jointly with the garrison*;—yet worse, on the old terms, which had been the sole pretext for the assault, viz., acquiescence in the influence of Walpole, though now nominally fallen, and the interest of Hanover.

He found himself, whether from conviction or private disappointment, perhaps from both, forced again to betake himself to weaving those melancholy tissues of intrigues, which were always doomed, at the moment of consummation, to be swept away by some ordinary but unforeseen circumstance. It is wearying to contemplate so great a master of subtilty, like a squirrel in a rolling cage, like the Danaides drawing water in sieves, or Sisyphus with his ever-relapsing rock, seeing the accomplishment just within his grasp, then suddenly put back. He might survey the fortunes of the old Duke of Leeds, Prime Minister both to Charles II. and William, never without some dormant impeachment overshadowing his name, yet climbing, through all the gradations, to the head of the peerage. He might meditate over the prosperity of his more immediate contemporary Sunderland, leader of the Tories and leader of the Whigs. He might even contrast himself, not so very unfavourably, with his late pamphleteering colleague, the former patriot, and 'Great Commoner' once, Pulteney, Earl of Bath. Of him Lord Marchmont writes, in 1744, that 'he was mustering a set 'of *honest* men, who should be free from the fury of the Opposi-'tion, and consult the interests of their country without regard-'ing the favour or offers of the Court;' and, with what great object of constitutional or social reform? 'To intimidate the Court, so as to obtain the Garter.' Amid the general depravity of statesmen, Bolingbroke, who almost alone had got his deserts, chafed at his doom of perpetual disability, and thought it hard to have been singled out for acting but a few months as servant of the Prince, openly, with whom Marlborough, and Walpole himself, did not refuse to maintain a secret correspondence. There was some quality, however, in his disposition which prevented his ever retrieving a fall. There was a restlessness, an

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incapability of stooping out of notice, till the gust of unpopularity had passed over, a taste for tacking in the tempest, without caring whether he made any way or no, instead of putting in till the approach of calmer weather. This temperament made the one false move fatal, since it kept him continually before the public in the light of an inveterate enemy determined on revenge. Even on the formation of the 'Broad Bottom' administration, in 1744, when he had taken up his abode for good at Battersea, he soon discovered that Chesterfield, though delighting in his wit and acuteness, did not care to act with him in politics; that the feeling which prompted the Earl's exclamation on the discrepancies in his friend's character, 'Alas! poor human nature!' proceeded from a general idea of the politician's instability. It was rather needless to repeat so emphatically to him, his 'joy in the privacy, to which circum-'stances and his own desire had reduced him; and that all he had 'to request of those who had come into power, was that he 'might enjoy the private life he was in,' without being exposed to what he calls *avanies*. It can be more readily credited that Pitt, though an ardent admirer of the 'inimitable beauty of style' in Old-Castle's remarks, could briefly describe the person who ventured to lecture him as 'a pedantic old man who quarrelled with his wife.' Pitt was of a higher and more generous spirit than all his cotemporaries. He did not understand that '*astutia Italiana*,' which the other had studied so exactly, and urged so cunningly; nor did the latter, on the other hand, comprehend that boldness of conception and singleness of policy, which were soon to astonish Europe. All this energy he set down to passion and anger against individuals, not to the confidence of original genius, and a detestation of minute intrigues. He saw only that his junior 'of fair parts, but narrow, did not know 'much of the world, was a little too dogmatical and extremely 'supercilious.' He writes bitterly, that, when he was a young man, Sir Edward Seymour and Musgrave heard him with more deference than he had done; and that 'the coalition, which 'neither Lord Chesterfield nor Mr. Pitt had formed, but him-'self alone, younger men wished to manage and control.'

We cannot, perhaps, look upon the relations of statesmen, especially at times of such political vicissitudes, from the same point of view with cotemporaries. The very succession of persevering exertions, though with ever the eventual disappointment, which forces us, when contemplating the political history of the period, to end with admiring and pitying this statesman, whom we can very seldom approve, would naturally produce the contrary effect upon adversaries whose own power was in momentary danger from those patient yet fierce assaults. It is

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too easy a thing for posterity to be generous. But it does seem implacable, and even unwise, in the enemies of such a man, not to have relented at last towards the ruling spirit of Queen Anne's reign, and of the thirty following years. As it was, his position was high in Europe. He was a patriarch among politicians; and recognised as a Destroyer of Cabinets, though so long himself excluded. Possessed of a competent estate by the death of his father, at nearly ninety, in 1742, and of pre-eminent fame, he might have ended his days in a state of literary Epicureanism. Though an under-current in his mind of regret for his disqualification never ceased to flow, his was not a nature to pine away with craving for one sort of nourishment refused. Round him at Battersea, as on the banks of the Loiret, at Chanteloup, the purlieus of Fontainebleau, and at Dawley, gathered all the most eminent in the ranks of the old Opposition. Marchmont was there, always formidable, though excluded from Parliament by the barren honour of a Scotch peerage; and Chesterfield, whose letters have come down to an age which has proved the fond predictions of his friend, a far greater man, respecting the durability of his own works, false; and, sometimes, Pitt; and, often, Murray, afterwards greatest of Chief Justices. There he dictated to his intimates their political and philosophical creeds, sometimes hearkened to, and sometimes not, but always with an eloquence which never lost its force or colour. There he watched the progress of plots from which he was excluded, and wondered at the veneration of England for Pitt, when he himself was neglected; and from thence he beheld the growth of Wesley's and Whitfield's influence, without the clue which might have enabled him to comprehend the cause. (Marchmont Papers, vol. ii.)

Unhappily for his tranquillity, he had been born with a love of glory and predominance, which the great calamity of his life, and the catastrophe of his subsequent schemes, soured into an inveterate suspicion of the sincerity of the flattery which his vanity courted, and his genius always made plausible. The want of candour, which he had learned in his misfortunes, rendered him, in this season of comparative prosperity, prone to account for men's actions by some bad motive. If not a Cabinet Minister, he yet had always been able to govern the mind of Pope; and had often, for his use, meditated rhetorical arguments against the discussions of Warburton. One of his chief employments, on his return to England in the winter of 1743, was the confirming his sovereignty over the poet's convictions. He, in return, most querulous and most timid of men though he was, passionately adored the genius of St. John. He had also a real love for his philosophy, but a yet more vehement

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fear of popular disapprobation. The history of the conflict in his mind between trust in the orthodoxy of Warburton, and reverent admiration of the brilliant deist, has been often recounted. M. de Rémusat labours successfully to prove, that all his astonishment at discovering the real tendency of the opinions, of which he had in the 'Essay on Man' become the mouthpiece, was assumed. The 'guide, philosopher, and friend,' perceived, and indulged the defects in his admirer's character. It was with his consent that the latter infused that ambiguity and vagueness into the doctrine of his poems, which made it possible for Warburton to defend them. We are certainly not obliged to adopt, in explanation of the enmity shown by the survivor to his deceased friend's memory, Warburton's hostile suggestion, that Bolingbroke had long sought, and at last counterfeited an occasion for avenging Pope's manifest depreciation of his arguments. Something more than hypothesis is requisite to convert the pathos of the death-bed scene, and the affectionate tone of a long correspondence, into an unnaturally hideous exhibition of hypocrisy. Bolingbroke's rage was excited (and justly, though not to the extent in which he indulged it) at finding that his friend had been induced, by what we cannot but deem avarice, to have 1500 copies struck off secretly from the manuscript of the 'Patriot King,' entrusted to his care, instead of a score or so, according to agreement, for private distribution. The breach of confidence on the part of the poet in having altered parts, both of this pamphlet and the 'Letters on Patriotism,' and, moreover, having shown them to Warburton, the author's chief philosophical antagonist, and, to his obvious vexation, his disciple's literary executor, exasperated him still more. His vanity was alarmed; certainly his temper was not soothed by finding how coldly the compositions in question were received even by old fellow-workers, as Lyttelton and Pitt, now become friends of Walpole's friends, when republished with an introduction by Mallet, detailing Pope's perfidy.

But, though conscious of the little direct effect he produced on the national councils, he could never entirely forget politics, nor resign the excitement of State intrigues. We view him watching with eager interest every change in the administration, and contented with none; bewailing the impending ruin of England from the increase of the national debt, and criticising the policy of our wars, in 'Reflections on the State of the Nation,' composed in 1749. Again, we observe his genius for management carrying him, spite of all his protestations five years before, of a determination to retire for good and all from the world, into all the agitations and mazes of Leicester House manœuvres, and into attempting to guide the youthful Prince as he had the reigning

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King, in the vain hope of being borne back, with the accession of his pupil, into his old honours, and even the exchange of the titulary earldom, conferred by the Pretender, for the much coveted family title, for the denial of which he still owed a grudge to Harley. With the death of Frederick, in 1751, ended at last all his hopes and all his schemes for a complete restoration. His own days were numbered. Himself gradually pining away under a cancer in the face, and other acute maladies, he had the additional misery of seeing his wife, the Marquise de Villette, 'the comfort of his life in all its melancholy scenes,' of whom he never speaks without love and affection, go before him. Thus, with old friends dead, and even the memory of their friendship embittered, but with the ardent feelings of youth still alive, with the consciousness of glorious gifts, which had only accomplished one great work, the Peace of Utrecht, but with a habit of accounting for his failures by an excessive confidence in the loyalty of his associates, the statesman, who seemed to link together the twilight age of the Stuarts and the grey dawn of the more prosaic modern times, dropped into his grave. He left a space in the literature and politics of his day, which, at the moment, attracted more notice and more emotion than had attended upon his later living efforts; but which was soon closed up with new men and new interests. 'It is strange,' says an American author, 'that, of all the events which constitute 'a person's biography, there is scarcely one—none certainly of 'anything like a similar importance—to which the world so 'easily reconciles itself as to his death.'

It is painful, after dwelling upon the sad annals of the closing years of a great man's life, to be forced to conclude with the proof of mingled vanity and fear of popular reprobation afforded by the bequest of his philosophical MSS. to Mallet for posthumous publication. His vanity is manifested in not having the heart to suppress such brilliant evidences, as he most certainly esteemed them, of his powers of reasoning and breadth of thought; his cowardice, in that he was not ashamed, according to Dr. Johnson's indignant expressions, 'to leave half-a-crown to a beggarly Scotchman to pull the trigger,' though he had not nerve to do it himself. Could he have replied to this accusation, he would have probably argued, as on a similar occasion, that his writings were 'a vindication of 'reason against philosophy, religion against divinity, and God 'against man;' that he 'not only disowned, but detested the 'character of *esprit fort*, a character usually applied to them 'whom he looked upon as the pests of society.' But, when we search deeper, we discover his defence of religion was a maintenance of the government of the world by general laws alone,

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without the intervention of any particular providences, and that he advocated the encouragement of religion as a matter of police, 'as a curb in the mouth of that wild beast, man, whom it would be well if we could check by half a score others.' (Letter to Swift, 1724). With the same plea, no doubt, to his own conscience, he attended his parish church at Battersea, and held forth, to the admiration of his parishioners, that 'quarto Common Prayer-book, fit for a decorous lord of the manor,' which we find him commissioning a correspondent to purchase for his use. There is some consolation in knowing that the bequest turned out most unprofitable to the literary executor. It was not so much, we fear, conscientiousness and disgust, which caused these writings to accumulate dust, but rather the want of that adventitious incentive to curiosity, which partisanship to a living statesman supplies in reference to performances out of his beaten track. Horace Walpole need scarcely have complained, that the cause of Moses and S. Paul was taken up fiercely by men who had applauded the author's patriotism, philosophy, and heroism, when he broke the ties of friendship, and plotted against his benefactors. The publisher's balance sheet is the true and mortifying measure of the success of his attack upon revealed religion. With this before them, his friends and fellow-thinkers could hardly have felt contented with the signs of public attention afforded by the refutation of Warburton, the presentment by the grand jury of Middlesex of the works in question for a bill of libel, the prosecution commenced by the Archbishop of Canterbury against the printer and editor, and the address of the London clergy to the King against the publication of dangerous and irreligious books. The dissertations themselves, apart from the author's name, are destitute of all merit, even of the force of reasoning and subtilty which Hume's essays so prodigally display; of all except the grave dignity of style and correctness of emphasis, which never fails. Their composition and publication are chiefly worthy of remark as closing in England the epoch of systematic and avowed deism. Bolingbroke had been the centre of a strong literary and political party, which accepted his conclusions without disdaining to observe enough of outward respect for religion to avoid scandal. They pretended to reverence Christianity as an institution well adapted for maintaining order. With Hobbes, they looked upon it as an useful machine of discipline; or, according to Hume's more guarded confession, as suitable for repressing that great stumbling-block of the tranquillity of the upper classes, fanaticism in the lower. But, with a truer insight into the wants of human nature than those colder intellects, they sought to construct in the place of dogmas, which they were too

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proud to take upon authority, a shadowy scheme of natural piety. Voltaire recognises Bolingbroke from this point of view as the philosopher of the eighteenth century. His name yet lives on the Continent as that of a master in the school of unbelief. The love of virtue for virtue's own sake, which he inculcated, was, in his teaching, too vague a principle to coerce men's passions, or satisfy their affections. The positive part of his system has been long forgotten, the negative and destructive is still remembered. He was a sceptic in philosophy, and a sceptic in politics, with too much vanity to swim with the tide, and too little conscientiousness and too great an impatience of obscurity to bide his time, till the tide turned. For a man of great administrative genius, few spheres could have been more discouraging than an atmosphere of perpetual conspiracy; for vanity like his, no retribution more humiliating than the utter neglect which, the fear of vengeance and the motives of curiosity once removed, attended the cherished offspring of his leisure.

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ART. VI.—*The Physical Geography of the Sea.* By M. F. MAURY, LL.D., U.S.N., Superintendent of the National Observatory. An entirely New Edition, with Addenda. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low, Son & Co. 1857. Pp. 360.

MOST of the elder part of the present generation can remember the time when geography was one of the dullest and most uninteresting of the lessons they had to learn. And it is no wonder that it was so, when one considers the mode in which it was taught, and the books from which it had to be learned. It seemed, in fact, to be but a dry catalogue of names of rivers, towns, cities, mountains, gulfs, lakes, peninsulas, &c., without any help afforded to the memory of the reader by reference to other branches of knowledge, either for the explanation of the meaning of the terms used, or for exhibiting the influence that physical conformations have had on the state of society in general, and the condition of those people who have at different times occupied the different regions of the earth. We can well remember when it was thought too great an indulgence to be allowed to say a geography lesson with the map before the learner's eyes, and when, indeed, a map was by no means thought an indispensable adjunct to a book on this subject. It may easily be supposed that the amount of knowledge acquired in this way was neither great, nor easily retained in the memory; it consisted, for the most part, of a catalogue of names of places, and the nearest approach to things of human interest was made in the enumeration of the imports and exports of the different countries into which the globe was divided. We believe the philosophy of the subject never reached so far as to give the reasons why great towns are usually placed upon some large river.

Certainly, things are considerably changed since the commencement of the present century; and if there is, as cannot be well denied, a good deal of dabbling in science, we must confess that there are some subjects even of a scientific nature, with which we would rather people had a superficial acquaintance than none at all. And perhaps in no subject has so complete or so satisfactory a change taken place, as in that of which we are speaking. Moreover, the subject has become popular in proportion as it has become deeper; its results are so immediately practical, that almost all classes of society are interested in them, and perhaps even to children in a parochial school this may be made the most interesting of all the subjects taught.

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Even the mere names of the great divisions of the science belong to the present century; and such terms as physical, mathematical, and political geography, which are now known to everybody, were but a few years ago new even to scientific men. We need not here attempt to investigate how far the kindred subject of geology, by settling down into a definite science, has contributed to this result. The physical sciences must make progress together, and the more nearly akin they are to each other, the more will the advance of one affect the progress of another. And the particular science which we are now recommending to our readers may perhaps be considered to be one of the links which connect geography and geology; or at least must be said to be mainly indebted for its existence to the rapid progress which both these sciences have of late years made. We need not defend the title which it has adopted, which, we must confess, sounds to our ears somewhat like an Irish bull. We can only say that it has established itself with its present name, and that it would be much less easy to deprive it of the name which it has assumed than to enlarge the definition of geography to which we have been hitherto accustomed.

A few years ago we could have imagined a reader asking, What can there be to be known of the bed of the ocean? and how is it possible to learn anything about such a subject? and to what practical use could such knowledge be applied? These are questions which we may spare ourselves the trouble of saying anything more about at present, than barely to remind our readers, that perhaps before these pages meet their eyes, the eastern and the western world will have been united by the cable which is now being laid down between Ireland and Newfoundland—that it will be possible to transmit a message in an instant of time, from the Old to the New World—that an event which is chronicled as happening at noon on this side of the Atlantic, will simultaneously be recorded as happening a few hours earlier on the same day in the other hemisphere. Truly, the results of science are wonderful. We remember hearing an American in his own country making boast that he had telegraphed from California to New York, and had received his answer from his partner in the latter place in the course of the same day, the sum of money which he wrote for being paid into his hands only a few hours after he had asked for it. But probably even American sagacity would scarcely at that time have believed in the possibility of the same being done between two places separated from each other by the breadth of the Atlantic Ocean. Yet this is only one of the many practical advantages that have already resulted from the study of this juvenile science. For the interest which is generally taken in this subject, we have a

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sufficient voucher in the fact that Lieutenant Maury's work, which we have placed at the head of this article, and of which we intend to give some account, has, in less than two years, reached its sixth edition. The treatise itself originated in an attempt made by its author to collect and chronicle the experiences of navigators as to the winds and currents of the ocean. Every one knows, in whatever department of life he may be employed, how dearly bought experimental knowledge frequently is; perhaps sailors, more than any other class of men, are exposed to the hazards attendant upon inexperience and ignorance. To remedy this state of things, and to supply the young navigator with that which he could not have of his own, 'The wind and current charts' were published. In them it was proposed to exhibit to the navigator the tracks of all vessels that had preceded him on the same voyage, with the winds and currents that had been met with at all the different seasons of the year, together with the temperature of the ocean, and the variations of the needle; and thus he might be enabled to set out on his first voyage with all the amount of experience he might have derived from having made the same voyage many times before. In stating the matter thus, we are estimating the advantages of such a chart at the lowest possible rate. It is obvious, that as time goes on, if a sufficient number of persons can be induced to co-operate in the work, these charts may furnish considerably more information than the experience of the longest life, even though spent in continually traversing the same path, could possibly supply. These charts were not long in attracting the attention of navigators, and all were invited to contribute their quota towards the bringing them nearer to perfection, an additional inducement being held out by the promise of a copy of the charts and sailing directions that might be founded upon the observations of any who would take the trouble to keep an abstract log of their voyage, and forward it to the Observatory at Washington. And thus the author tells us in his Introduction, there were in a little while more than a thousand navigators occupied incessantly over all parts of the ocean in making and recording observations upon a uniform plan, and thus adding to the amount of the knowledge we possess of the currents of the sea and other phenomena connected with the subject of physical geography. The important results thus elicited attracted the attention of the commercial world; and no wonder, when it is considered that amongst these results was the reducing the time of sailing from New York to California, from 183 to 135 days, and the consequent saving of a large per centage on the freight of goods, a saving which may be estimated at nearly one-fourth of the whole expense of transporting goods between those two

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places. It was impossible that an undertaking which had already produced such good effects, and was sure to effect still greater results, should much longer remain a merely national concern; and accordingly in the year 1853, the Government of the United States proposed to the maritime states of Europe to hold a conference at Brussels, on the 23d of August, to take into consideration the advantages of a combination of all friendly nations for this purpose. Some other nations which were not represented at the conference have since offered their co-operation, and we are glad to think that, independently of any advantages that may accrue to science and commerce from this joint effort, it will tend in some degree to establish amicable relations between the different nations of the world. The observations are to be carried on alike in peace and in war; and in case any of the vessels in which such observations are being conducted should be captured, the abstract log is to be considered sacred.

It is scarcely possible to estimate the rapid progress which this science is destined to make, with such an immense number of observers stationed all over the sea,—the subject itself, too, possessing so large an amount of interest, and suggesting so ready a return for the labour bestowed upon it. The readers of this volume, therefore, will not be surprised to find the author speaking of his work as intended to show not merely the present state of the science, but its progress from time to time; nor, we hope, will its purchasers be annoyed at thinking that the value of the copy which they possess is gradually diminishing, as successive editions suggest new explanations of phenomena only half explained or erroneously interpreted before. Already the author speaks of having been obliged to revise his fifth edition, recasting parts, omitting other parts, and adding the results of fresh investigation. And in a postscript, dated December, 1856, he adds a piece of information, which at the present moment will be read with interest, that on the deep sea soundings along the great telegraphic plateau, stretching from Newfoundland to Ireland, there has been discovered a line of volcanic cinders, stretching for a thousand miles, and reaching entirely across the Gulf Stream where it is crossed by the submarine telegraph. A detailed account of this wonderful discovery has been thrown into the Addenda—from which it appears that the line of volcanic *débris* extends from about lat. 50°, long. 38°, to lat. 52°, long. 16°, and that about midway between the extreme points of longitude, *i.e.* about 27°, the volcanic matter is most abundant.

'It was thought they might possibly be *steam-boat* ashes, as the steamers that ply between this country and Europe pass that way. Specimens of these

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were obtained from the ash-pit of the "Baltic" and other sea-steamers, and examined through the microscope. The examination only satisfied the Professor still more completely as to the volcanic origin of the others.

'Thus the question is fairly presented, Where did these "Plutonic tallies" upon the current of the ocean come from? Did they come from the volcanoes of Mexico and Central America, which have been known to cast their ashes into the Gulf of Mexico, and even as far as the Island of Cuba? If so, the Gulf Stream would have strewed them along the coast of the United States. But specimens from the bed of the Gulf Stream off our coast have been obtained by the Coast Survey, and subjected to the microscope, and no volcanic cinders have been found in them. This negative fact, together with the positive one that they are heavier than the organic tallies which mark the foot-prints of the Gulf Stream as it travels across the ocean, seemed to place those volcanoes as the source of these cinders out of the question.

'Nor do I perceive by what channel they could be conveyed to the place where the deep sea apparatus fished them up, from any of the volcanoes that are now in activity. They were out of beat of the East Greenland current, and seemed to be too heavy to carry far. I, therefore, turned to the region of extinct volcanoes, and was immediately led to suspect the Western Islands as the probable source. The fact that the cinders were coarse and heavy in comparison with the shells among which they were found, is very suggestive, for it tends to confirm this conjecture. That no traces of volcanic action are found except in the deep trough of the Atlantic, would seem to indicate that in this part of the Gulf Stream they had, on their way to the north, sunk below the submarine step which leads up from the depth of the ocean to soundings off the Irish coast.

'These specimens—bits of down from the bed of the ocean—appear fully to confirm all that I have previously advanced concerning the bottom of the deep sea and the adaptation of this part of the Atlantic for a telegraphic cable. My investigations show that the bottom is so free from currents and abrading agents, that a rope of sand, if once laid there, would be stout enough to withstand the pulling of all the forces that are at play upon the bottom of the deep sea. . . . .

'The discovery of facts like these has proved of the greatest value to those concerned in establishing lines of submarine telegraph. The French Government, in ignorance of the status of the deep sea, has made two attempts to lay a cable from Sardinia to Algeria. There was failure each time, with great loss, for the cable was one of iron wire, of immense weight, and stout enough to hold the largest ship; but the currents and the storms parted it, or made it necessary for those on board to cut or perish. Its core was of gutta percha, in which were contained the conducting wires.

'The systematic attempt to explore the depths of the sea, and to investigate its winds and currents, which has been inaugurated at the National Observatory, has brought to light the fact that the core alone, without the *iron* cable or any casing save that of the insulating material, is strong enough to resist all forces at the *bottom* of the sea; that the forces of the currents through which the cable has to sink, and while it is sinking, are the forces, and the only forces, which try its strength; and if resistance be offered, no cable, as the French have proved, is strong enough to withstand them and sink. It was a cable of this sort which was lost in the laying between Newfoundland and Cape Breton, during the summer of 1855. The currents of the sea are to be overcome not by resisting, but by yielding. The sea, if obstruction or resistance be offered to its waves, will dash the strongest works of man to pieces, and sport with the wreck like toys; while the tiny nautilus, by yielding to them, will defy the most violent ragings of the sea, and ride its billows triumphantly in the utmost fury of the storm.

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So with the gutta percha core and its conducting-wire of copper: if it be paid out slack into the deep sea, so that it will yield to the currents,—drifting with them hither and thither, while it is sinking through them.—it will soon pass beyond their reach, and be lodged on the bottom without any the slightest trial of its strength.

'The Atlantic Telegraph Company, availing itself of this principle, have, instead of attempting to span the ocean with a wire cable, which would require several ships to transport, wisely decided to use a single conducting thread of copper, or a fascicle of them, coated to insulation with gutta percha, and properly protected. Instead of being, like the lost French cables of the Mediterranean, as large as a man's arm, this for the Atlantic will probably not be larger than his finger, and one vessel can carry enough to reach across and lay it out.

'I speak with caution, and with a due sense of the responsibility I incur; but I think the researches and discoveries in this field warrant me in saying that there is no limit but the electrical one to the length of wires of submarine telegraph that may be established; that, in deep water, telegraphic wires may be laid across the Indian and Pacific Oceans, as well as across the Atlantic and Mediterranean; that they may be laid in any direction; that the expense of *laying* a thousand miles of telegraphic wire—for we should call it cable no longer—in the deep sea need not exceed the expense of stretching a wire of equal length over the land; and furthermore, that there is this difference in favour of the submarine telegraph: once at the bottom of the deep sea, there will be no wear and tear as for the renewal of posts, wires, and the like on the land, and no interruption of communication by storm and accident. In shallow water and "on soundings" there will be such liability. I speak alone of the *deep* sea, and upon the assumption that the durability of gutta percha is lasting, and its insulating powers proof against the hydrostatic pressure of the ocean.

'Professor Morse has passed telegraphic signals through an unbroken wire "upward of 2,000 miles in length," at the rate of 270 per minute. This was passed through gutta percha coated wires underground. How far can they be passed through submarine wires? The answer to this question, and not the depth of the sea, will express and fix the limit of maximum length to lines of submarine telegraph.'—Pp. 357—360.

But our readers will be asking the question how it is possible to ascertain the nature of the surface of the earth at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. Our author has devoted one chapter to this subject, and we will endeavour to present as succinct and intelligible an account as we can of the methods employed.

Many attempts had been made in the English, French, and Dutch navies, to fathom the depths of the sea, before the commencement of the plan at present adopted in the American service; but these attempts were made upon the fallacious supposition, or at least in the hope, that the reaching of the bottom would be indicated by a shock felt at the moment when the lead should touch it, or by the line slacking and ceasing to run out. Several attempts had been made with lines of several miles in length, and scarcely one had been successful in discovering the bottom; whilst in one place, where the bottom had been reached with a line of 46,000 feet, another attempt with a

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line of 50,000 feet was entirely unsuccessful. It appears that there is no reliance to be placed upon the communication of a shock at very great depths, and that the currents beneath the surface frequently exert a force sufficient to carry out the line when the weight attached to it has ceased to do so. The author thinks little reliance could be placed upon these methods where the depths reached were above 8,000 or 10,000 feet. Several other ingenious methods were adopted, but we need not weary the reader with accounts of inventions of which we need say no more than that on the score of ingenuity they deserved to be more successful than they have proved. The plan at present adopted in the American navy is substantially the same with these. Every vessel may be furnished, if it is desired, with sounding-twine, marked at every hundred fathoms, and wound on reels of 10,000 fathoms each; a ball of 32 or 68 pounds weight is used as a plummet, and is thrown overboard from a boat, being suffered to take the twine as fast as it can from the reel. The supposition was, that when the bottom was reached, the line would cease to run out, and thus by breaking the thread and measuring the quantity remaining on the reel it was thought the depth of the sea at any given place would be ascertained at the expense of the ball and the twine. But, as might perhaps have been anticipated, the currents entirely destroyed the efficiency of this method. Moreover, a further difficulty was experienced in the inability of the twine used to bear the tension, and accordingly a stronger line was afterwards used, after being subjected to the tension of a weight of sixty pounds freely suspended in air. Again it was found necessary to make the soundings from a boat which the men were to keep from drifting, with their oars. A remedy for one of these inconveniences was discovered; by timing the descent of each hundred fathoms, and thus establishing the law of descent, it became easy to distinguish between the effect of currents and the expenditure of thread caused by the descent of the plummet. An under-current would of course sweep the line out uniformly, whilst the plummet dragged it out at a decreasing rate. At the depth of 500 fathoms it would take nearly 2½ minutes to descend through 100 fathoms, whilst at the depth of 1,000 fathoms it would take 3½, and at the depth of 2,000 fathoms more than 4½ minutes. This was important, as proving the negative proposition, that the depths were probably not so great as they had been reported; but it remained to ascertain what was the nature of the bed of the ocean—and a simple machine for this purpose was invented by a young midshipman of the American navy, and has been designated after his name, 'Brooke's deep-sea sounding apparatus.' In this instrument

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the cannon-ball is pierced and a vertical shaft inserted, which projects both above and below. The ball is attached, by a thread which runs round it, to the upper end of this shaft. The thread hangs by a loop, which when the instrument strikes the bottom is easily disengaged, by the hook to which it is fastened turning upside down. At the lower end of the shaft is a cup containing soap or tallow, which brings up with it a portion of the surface which comes in contact with it; and in this way specimens of the ocean-bed have been raised from a depth of two miles; and the greatest depth in the North Atlantic that has been reached is about five miles.

One result of these measurements has been the establishment of the fact of a large plateau, extending between sixteen and seventeen hundred miles from Cape Clear, in Ireland, to Cape Race in Newfoundland, the depth of which is estimated to be in no place so great as ten or twelve thousand feet; and along this elevation, if so it may be called, the telegraph is at this moment in process of being laid down.

The specimens brought up have been subjected to microscopic investigation, and are pronounced to be, in every case, animal and not mineral. Professor Bailey, writing to the author, says—

'I was greatly delighted to find that *all* these deep soundings are filled with microscopic shells; not a particle of sand or gravel exists in them. They are chiefly made up of perfect little calcareous shells (*foraminiferæ*), and contain also a number of silicious shells (*diatomaceæ*). It is not probable that these animals lived at the depths where these shells are found; but I rather think that they inhabit the waters near the surface, and when they die their shells settle to the bottom.'—P. 254.

One important conclusion may be drawn from the absence of sand or gravel from amongst these shells. This could not be the case, unless the waters at that depth were perfectly at rest, and hence the security we possess that the electric wire, once laid down upon this plateau, will remain there undisturbed.

The following passage is suggestive of a further use to which these infinitesimal shells may be turned,—

'Now may not these shells, which were so fine and impalpable that the officers of the *Dolphin* took them to be a mass of unctuous clay—may not, I say, these, with other specimens of soundings yet to be collected, be all converted by the microscope into tallies for the waters of the different parts of the sea, by which the channels through which the circulation of the ocean is carried on are to be revealed?

'Suppose, for instance, that the dwelling place of the little shells which compose this specimen from that part of the ocean be ascertained, by referring to living types, to be the Gulf of Mexico, or some other remote region; that the *habitat* and the burial place, in every instance, be far removed from each other—by what agency, except through that of currents, can we suppose these little creatures—themselves not having the powers for more than a very restricted locomotion—to come from the place of their birth, or to travel to that of their burial?

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'Man can never see—he can only touch the bottom of the deep sea, and then only with the plummet. Whatever it brings up thence is to the philosopher matter of powerful interest; for by such information alone, as he may gather from a most careful examination of such matter, the amount of human knowledge concerning nearly all that portion of our planet which is covered by the sea must depend.

'Every specimen of bottom from the deep sea is, therefore, to be regarded as probably containing something precious in the way of contribution to the sources of human knowledge; and each as it is brought up will be viewed with increasing interest, and will suggest to us thoughts more and more profitable concerning the wonders of the deep.'—P. 260.

It would be impossible, within the limits of such an article as this, to convey to the reader's mind any adequate idea of the contents of this interesting volume. Lieutenant Maury himself speaks of it as if it were but an index to the different subjects which are at present, or will be hereafter, brought under the domain of the physical geography of the sea. Yet, brief as the notices of each branch of the subject necessarily must be, when the chapter devoted to it occupies an average of about fifteen octavo pages, there is enough, we think, told in each chapter to set the mind of most readers upon inquiring as to what further information may be gleaned; and we cannot but hope, that, over and above all the additions to physical science, and the practical advantage to the commercial world, which are likely to result from this study, it may do good service in a higher point of view. We trust it may succeed in awakening the minds of many, who at present devote themselves to no pursuit, to an interest in at least one branch of science, and thus indirectly contribute to the well-being of society by increasing the intellectual resources and the innocent enjoyments of its members. Let it not be supposed that we are blind to that engrossing idolatry of science, and especially physical science, which is one of the evils of our day. We recognise all advance in knowledge as fraught with a danger peculiar to itself, and affecting alike societies and individuals; but it would be in vain, however much any one might desire it, to arrest the progress of the physical sciences; and it should be the aim of Christian philanthropy to guide and direct it, so as to abate, as far as possible, those evils which necessarily attend its path, and turn it, as much as may be, to the glory of God and the welfare of mankind. It would be a great injustice to the author of this treatise to omit to mention the religious tone which pervades the whole work. There is no affectation of striving to 'look through Nature up to Nature's God;' but the remarks occasionally interspersed show that the writer, in the midst of describing new and unheard-of wonders of creation, is led naturally, and as it were by the very bent of his mind, to feel the wisdom and goodness of its great Creator. The appearance of such views,

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when they are natural and not forced, will be felt to be of great value by all who know how the absorbing interest of physical phenomena is apt to engross the mind of the investigator, and make him forgetful of Him who originally created and continually preserves all things in their appointed order.

There is one class of people to whom the possession of such a book will be invaluable; we mean those whose life is for the most part spent upon the ocean; and there is a much larger class whose business carries them from time to time across the seas, and by whom the actual time of transit is spent in doing absolutely nothing. Now, the smallest amount of knowledge on subjects connected with the ocean would both employ and interest such people, who might again, by their own individual observations, be contributing somewhat to the further advance of science. With regard to the advantages offered by these studies to those who follow the sea as a profession, we cannot do better than transcribe a passage which Lieutenant Maury has quoted from 'Methren's Log of a Merchant Officer:'—

'To the cultivated lad there is a new world spread out when he enters on his first voyage. As his education has fitted, so will he perceive year by year that his profession makes him acquainted with things new and instructive. His intelligence will enable him to appreciate the contrasts of each country in its general aspect, manners, and productions, and in modes of navigation adapted to the character of coast, climate, and rivers. He will dwell with interest on the phases of the ocean, the storm, the calm, and the breeze, and will look for traces of the laws which regulate them. All this will induce a serious earnestness in his work, and teach him to view lightly those irksome and often offensive duties incident to the beginner.'—P. xii.

But we must proceed to notice one or two more of the subjects to which Mr. Maury introduces us. Perhaps the most interesting of all the phenomena alluded to by him are the trade-winds, and the Gulf Stream. The theory of the trade-winds is no new theory; the knowledge of their existence would soon produce an attempt to account for a phenomenon of which commerce availed itself so largely, and the paper read by Halley to the Royal Society in 1686 assigned the true cause of the prevailing easterly direction of the wind between the northern and southern tropics. Yet Halley did not pretend that he could give an adequate account of all the facts connected with these winds, that were then known, and there is a great deal of conjecture concerning the subject even in Lieutenant Maury's volume, and a great deal, moreover, which we should not be surprised to see considerably modified and altered in future editions. He adds many facts which it did not come in Sir John Herschel's way to notice in his 'Outlines of Astronomy,' which contains the best popular exposition in our language of the phenomena of the trade-winds; but we regret to say that

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the author has not given nearly so clear an account of the general fact as may be found in the 'Outlines.' It has long been known that the cause of these winds is the ascent of the heated air of the tropical regions, leaving room for the colder air from the polar regions to rush in and occupy its place, whilst the place once occupied by this colder air is, in its turn, filled by the hot air, cooling, and as it were tumbling over towards the north and south poles. Now this, on the supposition of the earth having no diurnal motion of rotation, would cause continual currents of air, rushing from the north and south towards the equator, and meeting each other with a direct shock, the effects of which would be very disastrous storms perpetually occurring in the neighbourhood of the equator. Now, if we take into consideration the rotation of the earth on its axis from west to east, remembering that the superincumbent atmosphere partakes of this rotatory motion, and owes its apparent and relative stillness to this cause, it is easy to see that as the regions near the equator move with greater velocity than those nearer the poles, owing to the greater amount of space they have to traverse in a day, the air which is transferred from the poles to the equator has a less velocity than the regions into which it is moved, and thus it, as it were, drags upon the earth's motion, and relatively to it moves from east to west, presenting the phenomena of permanent north-easterly and south-easterly winds. But what account is to be given of the equatorial calms?—for, as far as the present explanation goes, it would seem as if these regions would not be exempt from the east winds that prevail in latitudes north and south not far removed from them. Sir John Herschel gives Captain Hall the credit of first explaining, or at least distinctly stating, the cause of this. It might have been expected that the air, in its progress towards the equator, would gradually have acquired an apparent increase of velocity towards the west, as there is a gradually increasing velocity of the localities over which it passes in succession, towards the east. Such, however, is not the case, and the explanation of the true state of the case is to be found in the influence which the immense mass of the earth exercises over the thin coating of atmosphere with which it is surrounded, and the tendency of this friction which exists between the air and the surface on which it lies is to communicate to the former the same amount of velocity which the latter possesses.

The general result of all this evidently ought to be what observation has established, in point of fact, to be: that there are two great belts, north and south of the equator, where easterly winds prevail, whilst this westward tendency will disappear at and near the equator; and that there will be a prevalence

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of north-westerly winds in southern latitudes, and of south-westerly in our own latitude. Our author has added an account of the calms that exist in what are called the 'horse latitudes.' This is one of those points which he does not profess to have entirely made out, and so we shall not attempt to follow him through his explanation, but shall content ourselves with noticing that there are two belts of calms exactly under the tropics; the author has designated these respectively the Calms of Cancer, and the Calms of Capricorn. With regard to most other physical facts connected with the trade-winds, we must rest satisfied with them as they are for the present. There does not appear to be any theory which entirely accounts for the observed fact that the region of the south-east trade-wind is much larger than that of the north-east,—that the former are stronger than the latter, and extend occasionally into 10° or 15° of north latitude. How little has been added to the general theory of the trade-winds may be gathered from the following quotation from Halley, written in the year 1684, and adopted and applied to the present time by the author. 'It is likewise 'very hard to conceive why the limits of the trade-winds should 'be fixed about the parallel of latitude 30° all round the globe, 'and that they should so seldom exceed or fall short of these 'bounds.' One of the most practically important results in connexion with this subject, will probably be the knowledge of the laws of hurricanes. There can be little doubt they owe their origin to local, and, so to say, accidental causes, operating upon the different currents of air, and precipitating strata of one level upon those of another. However, all this is at present mere conjecture; and though the true theory should never be discovered, the accumulation of the facts will be extremely useful to navigators, who may learn from them to a tolerable degree of certainty what course will be taken by a storm at a given latitude and longitude, and a given period of the year.

But, perhaps, the most interesting of all the subjects treated of in this volume, is the one with which it commences,—the Gulf Stream. And in attempting to give some description of this singular phenomenon, we must ask our readers to follow us with a map before their eyes.

It is, as Lieutenant Maury has graphically described it, a river in the ocean, whose banks and bottom are of cold water, whilst its current is of warm, issuing from the Gulf of Mexico, and terminating in the Arctic Seas. Its waters, for a long distance, are of a deep blue colour, and so marked that the line of junction with the sea-water may be traced, and 'one-half of the 'vessel may be seen floating in Gulf Stream water, while the 'other half is in common water of the sea.' Its bed is an

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inclined plane, with an ascent supposed to be not less than ten inches in the mile, all the way from the Straits of Florida to Cape Hatteras in North Carolina. And the distinctive character of its waters is perceived for more than three thousand miles. Its waters are salter than those of the ocean; to compensate for the additional weight which they would thereby possess, they are warmer by from 20° to 30° of temperature. The maximum temperature of the Gulf Stream is 86°, and after running for full three thousand miles, it retains the heat of summer in the depth of winter. With this temperature, it, so to say, overflows its banks, and dispenses warmth to the adjoining waters of the Atlantic, and thus serves to mitigate the rigour of an European winter.

The amount of this influence of the Gulf Stream may be gathered from a comparison of the temperatures at places in the same latitude on the two sides of the Atlantic. The great and intense cold of the winters in Newfoundland and New Brunswick is well known, and yet they are in latitudes below the most southern part of the coast of the British Isles. The author asks, Who ever heard of the port of Liverpool being blocked up with ice even in the depth of winter?—yet it is stated that, in 1831, the harbour of St. John's, Newfoundland, 2° more to the south, was closed with ice in the month of June. The temperature of the Gulf Stream at different depths has been ascertained by means of the thermometer, and it has been discovered that at the depth of three thousand feet the heat is less by 23° than at the surface. The stream gradually widens as it proceeds on its north-western course, and gradually mixing with the water of the ocean, proceeds till it reaches the British Isles, when it is broken into two currents, one proceeding northward, and one to the Bay of Biscay. It may easily be supposed that such a rush of water towards the north and west must be compensated for in some way by a counter current from the parts to which the Gulf Stream flows; and such a current is well known, though its course is much less defined than that of the Gulf Stream. It may at first sight be thought a difficult matter to ascertain the currents and drifts of the ocean. But the method adopted is the simple expedient of throwing labelled bottles overboard with the date and place of starting marked upon them. And these have in all instances confirmed the view suggested by the appearance on the coasts of Western Europe of substances which have manifestly drifted there from the West Indies. It appears that the water from all parts of the Atlantic runs forwards to the Gulf of Mexico; bottles thrown overboard in the middle of the Atlantic, and on the coasts of Europe, Africa, and America, finding their way either to the

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West Indies and the Gulf of Mexico, or else to the British Isles, —and the evidence appears to show that in the latter case the bottle has made the tour of the Gulf Stream before arriving at its destination. The state of the Sargasso Sea is, moreover, confirmatory of the same supposition. It is the triangular area between the Azores, the Canaries, and the Cape de Verd Islands, and is as full now as it was in the days when Columbus first crossed it with the *Fucus natans*, which has reached it from the south-eastern shores of North America. The accumulation of this weed in this place seems to indicate a circular current. It should have been mentioned before that the method of determining the greater amount of salt in the waters of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, is by examining its effects on the copper with which hulls of ships are cased; and it has been ascertained that the amount of action of the salt upon the copper is greater here than in any other part of the ocean. The Gulf Stream possesses another peculiarity which remains to be noticed. The author tells us that he never heard of any instances of drift-wood, trees, or seeds from the West India islands being cast ashore on the Atlantic coast of America, whereas they are said to have been noticed on the western shores of Europe. Now it might have been expected that these, as they must be conveyed by the Gulf Stream, would have been found in its waters. This is not the case, for the Gulf Stream casts out to its outer edge all solid bodies that are found floating upon it. One reason of this is the roof-shaped surface of the stream; another cause is the diurnal rotation of the earth, which causes the same tendency in a stream running northward, as it does in a railroad, to throw off to the right hand; the former cause is the peculiarity to which we are alluding, and has been proved to be a fact from observations upon the course of a boat lowered from a vessel sailing in the middle of the current. Whilst the vessel, owing to its greater depth in the water, will float along the axis of the stream, the boat will drift to one side or the other, thereby indicating the presence of a superficial roof-current which does not extend far beneath the surface. That the Gulf Stream throws off to its outer, rather than its inner edge, cannot of course be accounted for in this way, and must, therefore, be attributed, in part at least, to the rotation of the earth exerting a force upon it which, in combination with its own motion, causes a tendency towards an easterly direction.

The course taken by the stream is gradually more and more eastward, till it reaches Newfoundland, where it runs nearly due east. It may be doubted whether the Newfoundland banks are the cause, or effect of this change. Certain it is, that its course from Bemini to the British Isles is very nearly in a great

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circle. Its bed, however, varies, with the seasons, and its fluctuations are compared by the author to the waving of a pennon in the breeze; its head being fixed between the shoals of the Bahamas and the Carolinas, and its other extremity changing from its winter positions of latitude, 40°—41°, to its most northerly position in summer, which is about 45°—46°. The last phenomenon of the Gulf Stream which we shall notice, is the alternate threads of warm and cold water, by which it is, as it were, streaked. They are not found at its source, and may perhaps, as the author thinks, be an incident of the process by which its waters are gradually cooled.

We have already said something on the beneficial influence exerted on the climate of Europe by this stream; it remains to say a few words on its commercial importance.

The improvements that have been made in nautical instruments, and the increased accuracy of tables, and other facilities afforded for computation, have caused that the direct use made of the Gulf Stream for purposes of navigation is less than it was little more than half a century ago. An error in minutes would be thought as much of now, as an error in degrees was then; and in the uncertainty in which vessels at that time were, with respect to their longitude, the suggestion of Dr. Franklin to measure the temperature of the waters of the Gulf Stream was a valuable assistance to them. Before the discovery of the warmth of these waters, vessels were frequently obliged to go south as far as the West Indies and wait for spring, before they could venture to approach the northern coast of America. The advantages of this discovery were, the affording a refuge to vessels overtaken by snow-storms, and offering a land mark by which the proximity of the coast might be determined. The line of separation between the warm water of the stream and the cold water between it and the American coast is so sharply defined, that the trial with a thermometer enabled the sailor to pronounce, to a very great degree of accuracy, whereabouts he was. The author seems inclined to connect the comparative rise of the trade of the north, and the simultaneous decline of that of the south, with this discovery. Though it was found out by Dr. Franklin in 1775, it was not commonly known till 1780, and the two things undoubtedly are not a mere accidental coincidence, though it is probable that many causes have combined to produce this remarkable result. However that may be, the fact is undeniable, that since the application of the thermometer to the Gulf Stream, the average passage from England has been reduced from upwards of eight weeks to a little more than four.

There are so many other interesting subjects which occupy

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the nineteen chapters into which this volume is divided, that it is difficult to make a selection, and we can only hope, that when we say that the subjects which we are forced to pass by without notice are almost as interesting as those which we have fixed upon for review, we shall be the means of persuading some at least of our readers to procure the volume, and judge for themselves of the whole of its contents.

We will, however, select the seventh chapter, which is perhaps most closely connected with the subject of which we have been speaking, and endeavour to give a brief account of it. Its subject is 'the Currents of the Sea.' Under this head, the author has alluded to the currents of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, as well as those of the Indian Ocean and of the Pacific. Of these latter, there is one that bears a remarkable resemblance to the Gulf Stream; and here again we must invite the reader to follow us with a map. It is a warm stream which passes through the Straits of Malacca, and flowing between the coast of Asia and the Philippine Islands, thence bends off towards the Aleutian Islands and the north-west coast of America. A glance at the map will point out the resemblance between the two streams: Florida and Cuba are represented in the eastern hemisphere by the Malay peninsula and Sumatra, the Bahamas by Borneo, the coast of China corresponds to that of the Southern States, the Philippines to Bermuda, and the Japan Islands to Newfoundland. The comparison may, perhaps, seem somewhat grotesque, when the inferior magnitude of most of the western islands as compared with the eastern is taken into consideration, yet it serves very well to indicate the general set of the current, which starts from a latitude many degrees south of the starting point of the Gulf Stream, and describing a much longer course, reaches up to the Aleutian Islands, a chain of small islands stretching far out into the North Pacific, beyond the peninsula of Aliaska in the Russian territory of North America. Yet the resemblance is not merely fanciful, as no doubt the course of both streams is in part determined by encountering these obstacles. The resemblance, however, does not cease here; just as there is a cold-water current between the Gulf Stream and the coast of America, so is there between that of China and this stream; and as the Atlantic Gulf Stream is said to convey productions of the West Indian islands to the coast of Europe, so does that of the Pacific perform the more important service of carrying to the Aleutian Isles the timber on which they depend for the ordinary uses of life. Little, comparatively, is known of this stream, which is called by the Japanese the Kuro-Siwo, or Black Stream, from the blue colour of its waters. There is

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another point of resemblance noticeable, viz. that there is a south current along the coasts of California and Mexico, as there is along the coast of Africa, towards the Cape de Verd islands, and an attempt at a Sargasso Sea, to the west of California, resembling that between the Cape de Verd islands, the Canaries, and the Azores. Here the author says the drift-wood and sea-weed of the North Pacific are collected, though in small quantities. We may reasonably suppose that the absence, in the Pacific, of any islands corresponding to these, which act, as it were, like the side of a basin upon the current, is the chief cause of the character of this sea being so much less marked than that of the Sargasso. The effect which these seas produce upon climate may be judged of from the great similarity of the temperature along the eastern coasts of Asia and America, as well as the resemblance said to exist between the upper coast of California and Spain, which is in the same latitude with it, and the sandy plains of Lower California with the African deserts.

It is evident that, as the shape of the earth and the sea remains almost unaltered, wherever there is any current carrying away a considerable body of water, the place which that body of water occupied must be supplied from some other source. If no such currents, therefore, can be found on the surface of the ocean, it is natural to look for them beneath the surface. The existence of such an under-current in the Red Sea is almost demonstrable. The height of the water of this sea during the summer months is less by two feet at the Isthmus of Suez than it is at the Straits of Babelmandeb, a thousand miles further south. This effect is ascribed by Lieutenant Maury partly to the evaporation which takes place during the time occupied by the waters in flowing from the Arabian Sea to the head of the gulf; during this progress the salt water becomes heavier, the process of evaporation carrying off its freshness, and as equilibrium cannot subsist between the heavy water at one end of the sea and the lighter water at the other, the heavier water, being at a lower level, must run out as an under-current. That this is not a mere baseless theory, may be judged of from the table of experiments upon the water of this sea, which the author subjoins to his interesting description of it. From these observations it appears that, subject to slight variations, which may perhaps be accounted for on the score of inaccuracy, or may have to be corrected by a larger number of experiments, there is a gradual, though very slight, increase of specific gravity, as well as of presence of saline particles, with the increase of latitude. We omit noticing the differences of longitude, as probably not affecting the case much. After

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making various assumptions, to the truth or the probability of which we by no means wish to pledge ourselves, the author thinks he has made out, that if it were not for the presence of this under-current, the Red Sea in the course of three thousand years would have been one mass of solid salt.

There is supposed to be a similar under-current in the Mediterranean, the existence of which was conjectured as early as the year 1683, and there is a remarkable confirmation of the conjecture in an observation made in 1712. As usual in philosophical investigations, an accident led to an important discovery, if indeed the fact can be considered as established. The account of it we will give as it was communicated to the Philosophical, Society in 1724, by Dr. Hudson:—

'In the year 1712, Monsieur du L'Aigle, that fortunate and generous commander of the privateer called the Phœnix, of Marseilles, giving chase, near Ceuta Point, to a Dutch ship bound to Holland, came up with her in the middle of the Gut, between Tariffa and Tangier, and there gave her one broadside, which directly sunk her, all her men being saved by M. du L'Aigle; and a few days after, the Dutch ship, with her cargo of brandy and oil, arose on the shore near Tangier, which is at least four leagues to the westward of the place where she sunk, and directly against the strength of the current, which has persuaded many men that there is a recurrency in the deep water, in the middle of the Gut, that sets outward to the grand ocean, which this accident very much demonstrates; and possibly, a great part of the water which runs into the Straits returns that way and along the two coasts before mentioned; otherwise, this ship must of course have been driven toward Ceuta, and so upward. The water in the Gut must be very deep; several of the commanders of our ships of war having attempted to sound it with the longest lines they could contrive, but could never find any bottom.'—P. 155.

However, in the face of the contrary opinion of Sir Charles Lyell and Admiral Smyth, we must be content to consider the question of the under-current conveying the salt water of the Mediterranean through the Straits of Gibraltar as still unsettled.

We scarcely know how to part from this interesting volume; but we must say a few words on the subject of the short chapter which follows that on the currents of the sea, if only with the view of illustrating the probable or possible importance of little things in a scientific point of view. We often hear people speaking in contemptuous language of the careful and minute investigation of matters, which seem, to those not concerned in them, trifling and unimportant. In philosophy, nothing is to be judged of trifling value. There is sufficient evidence that the accidental falling of an apple from a tree suggested the extension of the law of gravitation from places near the earth to distances as great as that of the moon. And the great faculty which has ever played the most conspicuous part in science, is that of the mind's attention being turned to and fixed upon that which presents itself to it. It is not the interest felt in little

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things, but the want of attention to them, which deserves the stigma of narrow-mindedness. Who would have thought that any important result could have been gathered from the custom which whalers have, of marking the date and the name of their ships on their harpoons? What connexion was it likely to have with the discovery of the North-West Passage? Yet, when it is remembered that the whale does not cross the equator, and that one of these creatures is found on the Pacific side of the continent of America, with the harpoon with which he had been wounded in the Atlantic, what other conclusion was there possible? It proves at least that there is at times a passage through the Arctic Sea, from one side of the continent to the other. The value of the fact as an illustration of our principle is not in the least degree interfered with by subsequent discoveries having established beyond a doubt that there is an open sea above the parallel of 82°. The description of this sea is probably familiar to some of our readers since the publication of Dr. Kane's 'Arctic Expedition.' Such an account, had it been published ten years ago, would have been thought extravagant beyond the utmost bounds of romance. After crossing near 100 miles of ice, and reaching a region where the cold, as shown by the thermometer, was 60° below zero, his party saw an ocean extending as far as the eye could follow, abounding in seals and water-fowl, the temperature of whose waters was 36°.

A question arises as to how this water got there. A possible answer to this question is suggested in the followiug words of Lieutenant Maury:—

'Now, if water flowing out of the polar basin at the temperature of 28°, may, by passing along the secret paths of the sea, reach the Gulf of Mexico in summer, at a temperature of only 3° above the freezing point, why may not water, leaving the torrid zone at a temperature of 85°, and travelling by the same hidden ways, reach the frigid zone at a temperature of 36°?'—P. 177.

We say that this suggests a possible explanation. It is an hypothesis which, perhaps, there may appear hereafter some means of either verifying or disproving. In future editions of the 'Physical Geography of the Sea' we shall perhaps find more upon this subject; and meanwhile, we must leave it in the reader's hands, for him to form what judgment he may upon the subject.

We have before alluded to the religious tone which pervades this volume. So natural and so hearty is it, that it meets with our warmest sympathy; yet we feel that we cannot go along with many of the author's remarks on the coincidence of the phraseology of the Old Testament with the revelations of modern science. It is, indeed, a subject for humble admiration, when,

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after various theories of geology have been perpetually trying to destroy the credit of the book of Genesis as an authentic and literal account of the process of creation, we find that modern infidel authorities are, at last, driven round to the opposite view.

'The cosmogony of Moses,' says M. Henri (Egypt Pharaonique, vol. i. p. 155), 'simple, clear and natural, is evidently 'the result of learned research. The author of this system, 'respecting the origin of the earth and the heavens, must 'necessarily have devoted himself to profound meditations on 'the history of the globe; and it is certain that geology must, 'in his day, have reached an extraordinary point of perfection 'for the historian to follow, as Moses has done, step by step, 'on the mysteries of that creation.' It remains for modern infidels to make their choice between Moses as an inspired writer, and Moses as a profound geologist. Neither do we at all doubt that the view which we would here uphold will be confirmed eventually by advances in other branches of science; but the view itself may easily be overstrained; and it is dangerous to drag forward passages of Scripture which may be poetical, or expressed in a manner adapted to the scientific knowledge of their day, in illustration of a view which, after all, may itself be untenable.

Thus it is possible that the theory of the circulation of the wind may be darkly hinted at in the passage quoted from Ecclesiastes—'The wind goeth toward the south and turneth 'unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind 'returneth again according to his circuit.' But it is scarcely wise to quote it in this relation, for it may be matched by 'the sun rejoicing as a giant to run his course,' and other expressions which, at first sight, seem to fit in more naturally with a theory of a diurnal revolution of the sun. And, again, we should not have expected to see the 'soft influence of the pleiades' converted into the centre of attraction round which the solar system is supposed to be moving. Perhaps some of our readers will accuse us of excessive caution in objecting to the suggestion of such a connexion of meaning between the texts of Scripture and the phenomena of the universe. But we answer, that we, in common with other Churchmen of the present day, have learned the danger of the reaction which is sure to occur when facts and arguments have been strained beyond what they will bear. And we may well be content to accept a conclusion, like that we have just quoted, from our opponents, and for the rest wait in patience for the adjustment between scientific investigation and revealed truth, which is sure eventually to commend itself to all reasonable and religious minds.

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ART. VII.—*Annales Ecclesiastici: quos post Cæsarem S. R. E. Cardinalem Baronium, Odoricum Raynaldum ac Jacobum Laderchium, Presb. Cong. Oratorii de Urbe; ab anno MDLXXII. ad nostra usque Tempora continuat Augustinus Theiner, ejusd. congreg. Presbyter.* Romæ: e Typographiâ Tiberinâ. Folio Tom. I. 1856, pp. 560; Tom. II., 1856, pp. 642; Tom. III., 1856, pp. 844.

IF ever the adage—'a great book, a great evil'—received a palpable and striking exemplification, the new *Annales Ecclesiastici* may claim to have impressed it on their readers. We approached the work with very great interest; we hoped that, as the new Bollandists in Brussels are forwarding and successfully prosecuting the gigantic labours of former generations, and slowly but surely accomplishing the enormous edifice of the *Acta Sanctorum* —so the prodigious undertaking of Baronius was now, though his two immediate successors had ceased from their labours, to receive its tardy accomplishment. One word on the original *Annales*, before we speak of their continuation.

It was nascent Protestantism which first seized on the idea of an Universal History of the Church, as a means to fortify its own position, and propagate its own tenets. The Magdeburg Centuriators, whatever were their deficiencies both in learning and moral qualities, and however defective—when tried by the rules of a truer criticism—they are found, won for themselves a prodigious reputation, and amazed Europe with their ponderous and gigantic learning. Rome found that she needed her own labourers in the same field; and, with her usual tact, she sent forth the fitting champion to preserve her reputation. Cæsar Baronius, born at Sora in the year 1540, and entered as a member of the Oratory at an early age, commenced his *Annales Ecclesiastici* at thirty, laboured on them till seventy, bringing them down, in what now form nineteen folio volumes, to 1198. His mantle descended on Odoricus Raynaldus, of the same congregation, who closed his labours with his fifteenth volume, and at the year 1565. To these Mansi added his notes, and Pagi such laborious chronological researches, as almost to have made that part of the history his own. Laderchius took up the history in 1565, and brought it down seven years further.

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There it remained unfinished, and many had been the wishes expressed that it were possible

> 'To call up him who left half told
> The story of Cambuscan bold:'

or, failing that, that Moses might find his Joshua, and Elijah be succeeded by his Elisha. The late Pontiff, Gregory XVI., entreated and almost commanded another member of the same congregation, Augustine Theiner, to continue a work which seemed to belong to his own order. After the labours of twenty years, we have the first-fruits of the result in the three volumes of which we have just quoted the title.

The first thing which will strike the ordinary reader, is the vast length to which these Annals run. The first volume, in 560 pages, contains only three years; the second, in 642, only four; the third, with 844, is made to embrace seven years. It is easy to calculate that, at a similar length of narration, it would require between sixty and seventy volumes to reach the present time. What estimate M. Theiner may have made of the probable existence of human life we know not; but at the end of his preface he speaks of intending, when his task is accomplished, to re-edit the continuation of Raynaldus, with large additions. One is reminded of the question asked by the Pope, when the plan of Bollandus for the Lives of the Saints was first laid before him,—'Does the man expect to live two hundred years?'

Of course, when we see an ecclesiastical history issuing from a Roman press in all the elegance of the Tiberine typography, and with the imprimatur of the master of the palace and other Roman officials, we know exactly what its sentiments will be. It would be absurd to look for anything but Ultramontanism, according to the straitest sect of that religion. On that score, therefore, we are not about to make any complaint; but we are bound to confess, at the very outset, that, coming as we did to the perusal of this work with every expectation of finding it a worthy continuation of the greatest of annalists, we have been most grievously and bitterly disappointed. Putting aside the classical elegance of the Latinity, we can hardly conceive a more complete historical failure than these ponderous volumes. Having thus expressed a strong opinion, it is but fair that we should endeavour to make our assertions good.

We are not now called to consider the question, whether any history can be satisfactorily written in the shape of annals; whether a great work of art can condescend to be thus fettered by the trammels of chronology; whether of all histories, that of

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the Church is not the most impatient of such restrictions, leaping, as it necessarily must do, from East to West, narrating a little event in Asia, and then another little event in America, and finishing off with an occurrence in Africa. Baronius had chosen the form of annals; Theiner had to continue his work. He professes to arrange his materials thus. He commences each year with the affairs of Germany; he proceeds to those nations, including Scandinavia, which are in any way connected with the German empire; next relates the events which occurred in France; then goes to Spain and Portugal, and to the American and Asiatic colonies of both. The plan would seem theoretically excellent; and as, on the avowed principles of the author, we are to expect no account of the Eastern, Russian, or English Churches, except so far as Roman missions to them may be concerned, we have no ground of complaint on that head. But what we do complain of is this: that instead of taking the trouble to cast the documents placed at his disposal into a history, to give the sense in his own words, to separate the dross from the gold, to evolve one lucid narrative from a farrago of parchments, our annalist prints brief after brief, letter after letter, one official document after another, leaving the reader to find the grain, very often a single one, and sometimes not even that, if he can, in a heap of chaff. This is our first charge, and we will proceed to prove it.

The year 1572, the first of Gregory XIII., the ninth of the Emperor Maximilian II., occupies seventy-two pages. Let us see how they are composed. It commences thus:—

'The Piacular Sacrifices, which are commonly called Novendialia, having been, in the accustomed manner, offered to God for the Pontiff who had departed this life, and all things else having been well and wisely disposed, for the preservation of order, and the government of the city, the Cardinals, as many as were then present in Rome, to the number of forty-seven, entered the conclave on Monday, the 12th day of May, in order that, by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they might decide on him whom it might be thought meet to elevate to the chair of S. Peter.'

Then follows a very long extract from the diary of Mucanzi, Master of the Ceremonies, as to the official proceedings of the occasion, including a list of all the cardinals, their titles at full length, as well those who were as those who were not in the conclave. The three pages which this account occupies might have been compressed into twice as many lines. Mucanzi is indignant, as well he may be, that, on account of the confusion and preparations, the first vespers of the Ascension and of Pentecost, as well as mass on Ascension-day, were entirely omitted by the cardinals. We may remark that their brother dignitaries

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at S. Paul's seem to have a happy knack of imitating these proceedings, at least, at S. Peter's. Hugo Boncompagni, having been unanimously elected, assumed the title of Gregory XIII. And now see how M. Theiner overwhelms us with documents. First we have a letter from the Emperor Maximilian, commending his ambassador, Count Archis, to the new Pope. Take a literal translation of it as a specimen of the worth of such documents.

'To the most blessed Father in Christ, the Lord Gregory XIII., by Divine Providence Chief Pontiff of the Holy Roman and Universal Church, his most reverent Lord.

'Most blessed Father in Christ, most reverend Lord, after our most earnest commendation, accept the continual increase of our filial observance. When the most desirable and happy tidings were some days since brought to us, that your holiness was, on the late death of Pius V., Chief Pontiff, of happy memory, elected and assumed, by the unanimous consent of the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, as successor of the same, we entrusted our well-beloved cousin, Prosper Count Archis, of our council, and our ambassador to your Holiness, with the charge of making some communications to you in our name, as you will understand from himself. Therefore we earnestly request your Holiness, not only to give your favourable attention to our aforesaid ambassador on those subjects on which he is about to speak in our own words, and to honour him with the same credit which you would give to us; but also, since the affair committed to him is of such a kind as is of deep importance to the dignity of ourselves and of the holy Roman Empire, our authority and jurisdiction, and therefore naturally is very close to our heart, that your Holiness would adopt such a line of conduct as we have every reason to expect will be the case, from your Holiness's singular equanimity, of which we have heard from many witnesses, and your desire for the public quiet and tranquillity. In which your Holiness will pursue a line of conduct worthy of your own reputation, just in itself, and most acceptable to us, which on every occasion we will endeavour to merit, by the effort of our filial observance. For the rest we beseech God, best and greatest, that He may long vouchsafe to preserve your Holiness in health and safety, for the benefit of His Church.

'Given in our Castle of Ebersdorff, the 23d day of the month of May, in the year of our Lord 1572, and of our reigns, the Roman the tenth, the Hungarian the ninth, the Bohemian the twenty-fourth.

'And of your holiness

'The obedient Son,

'MAXIMILIAN.'

And can our annalist really have persuaded himself that to conglomerate documents of this kind is to write history? The one fact that Count Archis was accredited by the Emperor to the new Pope, might surely have been dismissed in one line. But if the reader thinks that he is to get off for this single letter, he is very much mistaken. M. Theiner unfortunately had at his elbow the thirty-sixth manuscript volume of the *Literæ Principum*, in the Vatican Library, and the consequence

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is, that after the word 'Maximilian,' as above, he proceeds thus:—

'He did the same thing in other letters, in which he informs the Pontiff, that the ambassadors who were to profess obedience to him in the Emperor's name, might soon be expected at Rome.'

'"To the most blessed Father in Christ, the Lord Gregory XIII., by Divine Providence Chief Pontiff of the Holy Roman and Universal Church, his most reverent Lord.

'"Most blessed Father in Christ, most reverend Lord: after our most earnest commendation, a perpetual increase of filial observance. In sending our present ambassadors, the noble and honourable and learned, trustworthy subjects of ourselves as of the holy empire, Seyfrid Preyner, Baron of Stubing, Hadnitz, and Rabenstain, and John Hegenmüller, doctor of both laws, our Aulic Counsellors to your Holiness, to express in our name the singular joy which we have received from the happy assumption of your holiness to the chief office and dignity of the Apostolate, and to declare also the desire of our filial observance to your Holiness, and our most sincere good-will, as your Holiness will learn from themselves—we again and again entreat your said Holiness to give your favourable attention to our aforesaid ambassadors, and not only to trust them, as regards those things which they will say in our name, with the same confidence with which you would honour us, but to vouchsafe in the same place, and at the same time, to embrace ourselves together with the holy empire, over which by Divine will we are placed in authority, and our hereditary kingdoms and dominions, with the same paternal benevolence which we fully expect from your Holiness. Your Holiness may, in return, promise yourself from us, all the duty of an obedient son. For the rest, we beseech God, best and greatest, that He would vouchsafe long to preserve your Holiness in health and safety, for the benefit of His Church.

'"Given in our city of Vienna, the 28th day of the month of June, in the year of our Lord 1572, and of our reigns, the Roman the tenth, the Hungarian the ninth, and the Bohemian the twenty-fourth.

'"And of your holiness

'"The obedient Son,

'"MAXIMILIAN."'

Is that enough? By no means. Our indefatigable *historian* proceeds:—

'The Archdukes Rodolph and Ernest united themselves with their loving father in their illustrious testimony of affection to the Pontiff.

'"To the most blessed lord and father in Christ, the Lord Gregory XIII., by Divine Providence Chief Pontiff of the Holy Roman and Universal Church, their venerable lord.

'"Most blessed father and lord in Christ, our venerable lord: after our humble commendation, the continual increase of filial observance. Since his sacred Imperial Majesty, our ever-to-be-respected lord and father, has, for the manifesting his reverence to the Holy Apostolic See, despatched the noble and honourable and learned, our faithful and beloved Seyfrid Preyner, Baron in Stubing, Hadnitz and Rabenstain, and John Hegenmüller, doctor in both laws, Aulic Counsellors of his Majesty to your Holiness, in order to express his congratulations—"'

But we shall send our readers to sleep; and we can assure them that no more composing anodyne could be prescribed than

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the perusal of twenty or thirty pages of such letters, the mere composition of secretaries, no more worth reprinting in a history of the Church than would be the writs for the assembling of a new parliament in a history of England. They did not even merit a place in a collection of documents at the end of the volume. Will the reader believe that, in this one year, there are more than sixty of this sort of documents, most of them of no more value than those which we have already noticed? But we must give one still more striking example of the same thing. The Jesuits, it appears—no very unusual thing with them—had cast longing eyes on the Augustinian Monastery at Augsburg, which they thought would be at least as convenient to themselves as to its existing possessors. The great banking-house of the Fuggers lent themselves to the views of the company, but addressed a letter as from themselves to Gregory, setting forth the relaxed state of discipline among the Augustinians, and requesting him to transfer their house to the Jesuits. Our author remarks at some length that, though writing in the form of annals, he ought not to say so much; yet, in the 38th section of the year 1574, all the accusations of the Fuggers will be found completely disproved. Having said thus much,—'Behold,' continues he, 'the most impudent letters of the Fuggers, and the Ilsungen.' ('*En demum impudentissimas Fuggerorum et Ilsungorum literas.*') As if any one in their senses, having just been informed that they contained nothing but falsehoods, could wish to behold them! However, they follow, and take up more than three folio pages. Then comes an epistle of Albert, Duke of Bavaria, in support of the Fuggers; next of William, son of Albert, in support of his father; then of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, in support of both Albert and William—for all the world like an ecclesiastical *house that Jack built*,—and all this about a miserable intrigue, which was not worth relating at all. And yet this wretched attempt to turn the Augustinian fathers out of their house occupies exactly double the space that is allotted to the history, or rather the non-history, of the massacre of S. Bartholomew. All we can say is, if this be to continue Baronius, the task is, as the advertisements say, 'practicable by the meanest capacity.'

One more example we must give. The year 1575 was that of the Jubilee. Here we are overwhelmed with letters from various potentates, requesting either for themselves or for some favoured servant, a participation in the indulgences to be acquired at Rome, although unable personally to visit the Eternal City. Nine wearisome sections are devoted to communications of this kind. One can only ask again, *Is* this, in any sense of the word, ecclesiastical history?

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It is fair, however, to let our author defend himself. He says, that it has been his aim to avoid copying, as Raynaldus and Laderchius did, passages from printed works, and not even to make use, except in a few rare instances, of documents that have already been printed. 'But,' says he, 'we have not 'thought it right to abbreviate the documents which we quote, 'but have transcribed them whole, and have endeavoured to 'remedy the lengthiness which may be occasioned by their 'extent, by adding the fewest possible words of our own in 'explanation of the event related. For we have considered 'that documents impressed with the very character of the times, 'and the men who put them forth, are of infinitely greater value 'than a history which may be polished, indeed, and elaborated, 'but which is composed in words of the present day.' That is, M. Theiner throws down before us his cart-load of bricks, and desires us to build his edifice for ourselves, just being kind enough, here and there, to point out where the materials thus furnished ought to go. But another difficulty remains to be solved. We find at the end of each volume, and taking up about a third of its bulk, a *mantissa documentorum*, containing a whole chaos of documents not interwoven into the history. What are these? Why, these are 'monuments which we found 'written in foreign languages, and which we did not think fit 'to turn into Latin, lest their native piquancy should perish.' Considering that many of these are documents of the most official and driest character, there is very little piquancy to be evaporated in the process of translation; add to which, that the letters of the Papal legates, which, if anything (containing as they do important matter), should have been worked into the history, are rejected here also. No; the reason is plain. It is a work of infinitely less labour to string together two or three hundred documents, for the most part containing but a grain of gold to a pound of dross, by a few conjunctional sentences, than to extract the precious metal, and to fuse it into one continuous historic chain. A remark of Baronius himself might well be quoted to the continuer of Baronius. Speaking of the vast but hurried labours of Origen, 'an inheritance,' says he, 'may be 'gotten hastily at the beginning, but the end thereof shall not 'be blessed.' It is a very easy thing for an historian, who is supplied with the funds, the amanuenses, and the library which are placed at M. Theiner's disposal, to bring out three, or, if the presses are large enough, thirty such folio volumes a-year; *the* difficulty is to find readers, or, we might say, a reader, when the work is published.

After all, it may be said, if you have the dross, you have the gold too; if the jewels are packed in bales of wool, there they

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are, if you choose to hunt for them. Then here is our second charge: that to make room for page after page of the most formal matter-of-course documents, events of the greatest importance are not only slurred over, but are absolutely unmentioned. Of the massacre of S. Bartholomew we shall have to speak presently. But to take the year 1572 alone. This was remarkable in the annals of the Roman Church for the martyrs of Gorcum, in the composition of the acts of whom the celebrated Estius employed several years. It is scarcely credible that our historian should only have referred to this most interesting and edifying history accidentally, and as a kind of set-off to the massacre of S. Bartholomew. He simply reminds his reader of the cruelties exercised on certain unarmed Catholic priests at Gorcum and Briel, and refers to the work of Estius and the Bollandists. Does M. Theiner really think that an intrigue of the Fuggers ought to occupy more of his pages than an allusion to the sufferings of these servants of God does lines? Again, on the 10th of December in this same year, the justly celebrated Cornelius Musius suffered martyrdom at Leyden. *The martyrdom of Musius does not even occur in the annals.* But then Musius only died for the faith, and did not, like the little princes of Germany, write fulsome letters to the Pope, requesting the extension of Jubilee indulgences to his servants. Also the history of the martyrs of Gorcum and of Musius must have been written by the historian, and could not have been compiled by the mere stringing together of documents. This same year, also, may boast a considerable number of the sixty-five martyrs, whom Peter Opmeer has chronicled in his *Historia Martyrum Batavorum.* Not one of these does M. Theiner consider to merit the slightest commemoration. Again, the year 1575 is notorious, in the history of the Church of the Netherlands, for the savage massacre known by the name of the Nones of Haarlem. To this, again, not the slightest allusion is made. Once more, during the pontificate of Gregory XIII., the Church of Japan sent a multitude of martyrs to glory. The whole history of that Church, so far as M. Theiner is concerned, is embraced in a few sections, and those principally filled with Papal Briefs and the letters which elicited them.

Again, the singular apathy of our historian as regards Catholic literature and Catholic biography is perfectly astonishing. It has always been the custom, when history takes the form of annals, that the year of the death of any one who has distinguished himself in the service of the Church should be that in which some account is given of his life. M. Theiner, completely buried in his documents, seems to entertain a singular dislike to biography. The most pious and beautiful death-bed

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of S. Pius V. is passed over without a single comment, except that his life has been written by Gabutius and Bzorius. That of S. Francis Borgia receives a like notice.

Nor would it be difficult to make out a list of celebrated men who, having died within the period embraced by the three volumes of our work, should have been mentioned, according to the standing rule of annals, in the year of their deaths, but have not received any notice whatever. Maldonatus, for example, who has acquired a world-wide fame for his admirable commentaries on Holy Scripture, and whose whole life was one long series of labours for the Church, only receives a single casual notice, and that in connexion with his opposition to the reception of the Immaculate Conception as an article of faith. Salmeron, again, one of the best and ablest of the early Jesuits, and who was employed in the most arduous and delicate negotiations and labours all over Europe, is not so much as mentioned. Simon Rodriguez, whose labours in Portugal were truly apostolic, who was the means, under God, of working a marvellous reformation in that country, and who was the first prop and stay of its early missions, is passed over with equal silence. He died in 1579.

Not one word, again, of Hubert Galtz, a Christian antiquary of no small fame, when Catholic archæology was very little understood. Nor of Covillon, a native of Lille, who assisted at the Council of Trent, and ended his life at Rome, and whose skill and gentleness in receiving confessions was such that the saying of some penitent passed into a proverb, 'I had rather be left without absolution by Covillon, than absolved by any other priest.' Nor of Molanus, one of the most distinguished writers of his age against Lutherans and Calvinists, and even more celebrated, among those who knew him, for his tenderness and liberality to the poor. His defence of pictures and images, his annals of Belgian Saints, his annotations on canonised physicians, his treatise that faith ought to be kept with heretics—works not without their value, even in our own day—surely deserved some little notice in a professed history of the Church. Again, one seeks in vain for any notice of Cornelius Jansenius, to be carefully distinguished from his more celebrated namesake, but who acquired for himself no small reputation by his Evangelical Harmony, his Paraphrase on the Psalms, on the Canticles of the Old Testament used by the Church, and on the Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, and by his annotations on the Wisdom of Solomon. He had been Vicar of S. Martin at Courtray, Dean of S. James at Louvain, Deputy to the Council of Trent, and finally died first Bishop of Ghent. Nor do we find any notice of Michael Debay, better known by his

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name of Bains, further than his acquiescence in the condemnation of the articles extracted from his writings. Of him it is recorded, that he had read the works of S. Augustine nine times, and on a tenth perusal declared that he found more to interest and edify him than he had done at first. In the same manner we find not a word of Sonnius, first Bishop of Antwerp, whose treatise on the Sacraments, Confutation of the Calvinian sect, and Demonstration of the Christian Religion, are considered masterpieces of reasoning. And this list might be almost indefinitely extended. We may safely assert, that the biography of any one of the authors whom we have just named, even if given somewhat at length, would be far more interesting than the greater part of the documents which our author has collected with such labour, and reprinted with such tediousness.

Again, nothing can be more unimpassioned, more cold, more matter of fact, than the way in which M. Theiner relates the most thrilling incidents. It is as if his heart were not at all in his subject; he speaks of the trials and victories of the Church just as he might of any dry fact with which he had no possible concern. As to anything like sketches of character, trying to grasp a contemporary point of view, throwing himself into the place or person of which he is speaking, it never seems to enter his mind that this may be the duty of a historian. His phrases are stereotyped, and give you the impression of meaning nothing. All his Catholic bishops are 'vigilant and laborious;' all his heretics are 'crafty and impudent;' till the reader attaches no more meaning to his epithets than one does to the 'gallant,' or 'learned,' or 'honourable' member of parliamentary debate. That even among those heretics there were real and earnest men; that they sometimes erred rather from holding a truth not according to the analogy of the faith than in clinging to a falsehood; that the Church, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, was suffering for the monstrous corruptions and schisms of the fifteenth—these things are quite kept out of sight. Of the worldliness, too, that clung to many of the most eminent bishops of the time, such men as Cardinal Granville, the Cardinal de Bourbon, and others, not one word, not one hint. Now Baronius, tedious though he may sometimes be, yet nevertheless writes as if the real internal life of the Church were the subject closest and dearest to his heart—as if he were not following a cunningly devised fable; and the consequence is, that every now and then he takes fire in his narrative, and his words glow and live. Who can forget that passage where, speaking of the horrors of the tenth persecution, he contrasts the present glory with the past sufferings of the martyrs? Or, in dwelling on the fearful corruption of the Roman See in the tenth century,

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when abominations were openly practised by the Popes at which the very heathen would have blushed, his pathetic complaint, that the Lord was then asleep in the vessel of Peter? It once fell to our lot to be watching the sick-bed of one who was suffering from nervous fever. The physician in attendance strictly forbade all kind of exciting reading. 'I would not,' said he to the patient, 'if I were you, read anything which could 'possibly affect the feelings. Now, don't read the Bible, because 'I know it has that effect.' 'Indeed, I must ask you not to 'say that: I should never get on without it.' 'Well, then, if it 'must be so, it must; but suppose you confine yourself to the 'Book of Proverbs.' The history we are considering would have the same anodynic effect in a similar disease which the worthy physician attributed in that case to the Proverbs.

And yet if we look at it in a broad point of view, few periods of the history of the Western Church are more interesting and exciting than that pontificate of Gregory XIII. The barque of S. Peter was beginning to right itself after the storm of the Reformation; the Council of Trent, far short as it had fallen of reforming the Church in her head and members, had yet cut away her worst abuses; the see of Rome was no longer filled by monsters like Alexander VI., easy-living sceptics like Leo X., or indefatigable warriors like Julius II. She had learnt that she had a higher mission than by a long course of miserable intrigues to wrest a paltry town or starveling duchy from some other Italian potentate; that the successor of S. Peter should have higher aims than the depression of political enemies, or the exaltation of the Cardinal nephew. The anti-Reformation had already set in, though the turn of the tide might not as yet be very visible, save to an experienced eye.

If we look round Europe, France, torn by intestine divisions, seemed to tremble between her ancient faith and the still increasing power of the Huguenots. Her three factions, afterwards to be more clearly developed; the strict Catholics, who looked to the House of Guise as their natural leaders; the Politics, who followed the fortunes of the king; and the Calvinists, still clinging to Henry of Navarre, had many a bloody battle to fight, before the marvellous removal, one after another, of the corrupt royal family. The victories of Henry IV., especially that crowning one of Ivry, and his return to the Roman Church, established at once his kingdom, strengthened his new faith, and sent down both unimpaired to his son and to his grandson. Spain, however, still formidable in external appearance, had already entered on her downward course; the gold of her western conquests amply avenging the cruelties of Pizarro and of Cortes. In the Low Countries, a great contest

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with the seven United Provinces was about to commence; the league of liberty still professed to be for the maintenance of the Catholic faith, as well as for its other ends; and Requesens was about to enter on that career of victory which nearly terminated the projects of William of Orange. In Germany, Maximilian II. was only too anxious to leave the world quiet, if the world would let him alone; and his phlegmatic disposition, which descended to Rudolph II., staved off for a while that thirty years' war, which was even now inevitable; and which, commencing at the defenestration of Prague, and witnessing the whole career of the unconquered king, Gustavus Adolphus, terminated in the peace of Westphalia. Sweden showed great signs of desiring to return to the unity of the Church; and the Roman Catholic missionaries in England never ceased to flatter Gregory XIII. with the hope that the separation of this country was merely temporary, and that it would end at furthest with the death of Elizabeth. Rome was certainly beginning again to make head against her enemies; but it needed the convulsions of another half century to mark out clearly the limits of her regained influence, and to draw the strong line between her opponents and herself into which Europe has from that time been divided.

In turning away our eyes from the domain of the Roman Church, we find that of Constantinople already entering on that series of negotiations which ended in the establishment of a fifth patriarchate at Moscow; her own patriarchs groaning more and more under the prevalence of that simony which offered a larger and larger *charatzion* at each vacancy of the Œcumenical throne; which supplanted a Jeremiah by a Metrophanes, and a Metrophanes again by a Jeremiah. Negotiations—to end in nothing—were going on between the Lutheran party in Germany and the eastern patriarchs. In Russia, the last remains of the Tartaric invasion had been swept away; the subjugation of Siberia by Yermak was laying the foundations of her Asiatic greatness; the horde of the Crimea alone remained of the once mighty empire of the Mongols in Europe. John the Terrible was about to terminate his bloody career, after having disappointed the expectations of the West, belied the fair promises of his youth, and deluged his kingdom with blood; to become from the fearful Ivan the simple monk Jonah, that he might meet in the Angelic Habit the heavenly Judge of his terrible reign on earth. In England, the tide of Calvinism was beginning to turn; Andrewes was growing up to maturity; Laud, and Montague, and Overall, and Neale, were yet in childhood. Scotland, torn into a thousand factions, still clung in part to her ancient faith; the last abbeys were not as yet

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destroyed then; and it yet hung in balance whether the party of the Queen or of the Regent would prevail.

Let us now see how some of the most important events of this period are treated by our historian; and let us commence with the massacre of S. Bartholomew. Three methods of treating that terrible history have been adopted by Roman Catholic historians. The first, to justify it. This, after the first few years, was scarcely attempted, till in the middle of the last century, the Abbé de Caveirac undertook to palliate if not to excuse it; and in this his example has been followed by De Falloux and Rohrbacher. The second, while deploring the event, to attribute it solely to politics, and not to religion. The third, while admitting all its atrocity, to remind the reader that the example had been set, and was afterwards followed, by the Protestants. It is to the second of these that our annalist attaches himself.

Let us hear what a most impartial writer, the Abbé Guettée, tells us of the complicity of Rome in the massacre of S. Bartholomew. His testimony is the more valuable, as rendering accessible to us, for the first time, many of those contemporary documents on which M. Theiner professes to base his narrative, but of which he actually quotes so few. Speaking of the conveyance of the intelligence to Rome, he says:—

'The first messenger sent to Rome, to carry to the Pope, and to the Cardinal of Lorraine, the news of S. Bartholomew, arrived there on the 6th of September. The cardinals immediately assembled in council; they read the letters brought by the messenger, and went the same day to the Church of S. Mark, to sing *Te Deum*. They decided that, the following Monday, a Mass of thanksgiving should be celebrated in the Church of Minerva. The evening of the same day, cannons were repeatedly fired from the castle of S. Angelo, and bonfires were lighted all over the city. It is said that the Cardinal of Lorraine gave a thousand crowns to him who first brought the news of the massacre. Two days after, that is to say, on the 8th of September, a grand solemnity was held in the Church of Saint Louis des Français, at which the Pope, the Cardinals, and the Ambassadors were present. The Cardinal of Lorraine caused this placard to be affixed to the great doors of the church.

'Charles de Lorraine discharged with zeal the commission entrusted to him by Charles IX. He gave an account of his proceedings to the queen-mother, as may be seen by the following letter addressed to the king, on the 10th of September:—

'"To the Sovereign Lord the King:

'"Sire, the Sieur Beauville having arrived with letters from your Majesty, which confirmed the news of the VERY CHRISTIAN AND HEROIC deliberations and EXECUTIONS made not only in Paris, but also THROUGHOUT YOUR PRINCIPAL CITIES, I am confident that it will please you thus to honour me, knowing my wishes and desires, to assure you that, among all your humble subjects, I am not the last to praise God and to rejoice for it.[1] And indeed,

[1] This is the meaning of the original; what the sense may be, it is less easy to discover.

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Sire, IT IS QUITE THE BEST THAT I EVER COULD HAVE DESIRED OR HOPED. I am confident that, from the beginning, your Majesty's actions will increase every day the glory of God and the immortality of your name; causing your empire to be enlarged, and making your power feared; that the LORD GOD will so maintain it, that He will shortly manifest His grace and favour to you. Sire, kneeling on the ground, I humbly kiss the hands of your Majesty, whom, after God, and more than ever, I will faithfully serve, obey, and reverence, all my life, without intermission; relying so much on the goodness and piety of your Majesty, as again to recommend to you the justice of the cause of the Abbey of Clairvaux.

'"To conclude my letter, I will pray God that He may give your Majesty a happy and glorious reign, with long life, AS YOUR VERY CHRISTIAN AND GLORIOUS ACTIONS MERIT.

'"From Rome, this 10th September. '"C. CARDINAL DE LORRAINE."

'Gregory XIII. wished to immortalize the remembrance of the massacre of the Huguenots; and to this end he caused a medal to be struck, on which may be seen, on one side, the likeness of the Pontiff; on the other, a destroying angel, who strikes the heretics. On the exergue are these words: *Hugonotorum stirages.*

'Bonanni, a Jesuit, after having exactly reproduced this medal, explains it in these words, in a book printed at Rome.

'"This refers to the massacre of the Calvinist rebels, called Huguenots; a massacre blamed by so many heretics, and approved by so many Catholic defenders; a massacre which was received by the applause *of Rome* and Spain."

'After having mentioned the battles where the Protestants were defeated, Bonanni adds:—

'"Two years later, there was another kind of carnage at Paris, and in other places. . . . . Charles IX., having resolved to exterminate the heretics, put to death *a great number in different places*, on a given day, which was that of the Feast of S. Bartholomew. This massacre began at Paris, on the 9th of the Calends of September (August 24), in the year 1572. *During three days and nights, without interruption, sixty thousand men made a horrible butchery of the rebels and heretics.* In short, six hundred houses were abandoned to pillage and fire, and *four thousand men* were killed. But the carnage was not confined to the single city of Paris; it extended to several other cities, and by means of similar executions *they got rid of twenty-five thousand individuals.* This unhoped-for change filled the Pope and Italy with a joy the more lively, from their having feared to see even the Peninsula itself infected with heresy."

'The Pope ordered besides from George Vasari a picture representing the murder of Coligny. The picture was placed in the Vatican, with this inscription:—

"*Pontifex Colinii necem probat.*"

'Charles IX. also wished to immortalize his glorious victory by causing two medals to be struck, of which Favier, master of the Mint, gave the following description:—

'"To perpetuate, therefore, after the example of the ancient monarchs, in medals, the overthrow of Gaspard de Coligny, formerly admiral of France, and of his accomplices, and to leave the witness of it to posterity, the popular medal contains the likeness of King Charles the Ninth, sitting on his royal throne, holding his sceptre in one hand, and the naked sword in the other, surrounding which is the palm branch denoting victory, with the crown on his head, having under his feet the dead bodies

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of the rebels. The legend is, *Virtus in rebelles.* On the reverse of this are the arms of France, with the two columns, and the device long taken by the king set on the front: *Pietas excitavit justitiam.* Over these two columns are two chaplets of olive, signifying the peace obtained by the subjugation of the rebels; and near, two branches of laurel, for the triumph of victory. Furthermore we have over the crown the letter T upright—a salutary sign, signifying the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the Jews a type of the end, as being their final letter, such as we hope this blow will be to the new sect. The cross also was, as the true token of the soldiers in the Christian Church, always carried, since the 24th of August, as a signal for the hats of good Catholics and true subjects of the king, as Ezekiel saw it marked by the angel on the foreheads of the faithful. The other medal, *à l'antique*, contains the effigy of the king, with his arms and French legend: *Charles IX., dompteur des rebelles, 24 Août*, 1572; on the reverse of this, Hercules is represented, covered with the lion's skin, his heavy club in one hand, a burning torch in the other, by the means of which he defeated the many-headed hydra, in which for every head that was crushed, another sprang up in its place; representing the faction of these rebels, who, for each chief that was killed, did not fail to supply his place, and three times to renew open war, and this clandestine war for the fourth; but to exterminate it, besides steel and fire, water and rope, added on the edge of the medal, have served as instruments."

'But no one was deceived; and France always preserved the horror that such an execution, cowardly as it was cruel and unworthy of the French character, ought to inspire in every generous heart. Thus all authors regard S. Bartholomew as an Italian crime. Catherine de Medicis, an Italian, conceived it with two Italians, Gondi de Retz, and Birague; the Italian, Gonzague, duke of Nevers, was one of its most earnest executors, and the Italians, Capilupis and Davila, were its warmest apologists. As to our French historians, they have made efforts too useless to efface from our annals this social crime, more worthy of a savage people than a Christian and civilized nation.'

The Abbé Theiner, as we have seen, considers this same history worthy of as much as half the space he allots to the intrigue of the Fuggers to get possession of the Church at Augsburg. 'Having thus briefly related the events 'which occurred in Germany, the order which we have pre-'scribed to ourselves requires us to turn our attention to France. 'In going through the occurrences of that nation, we are first 'called to that savage and truly horrible deed by which, on the 'feast of S. Bartholomew, France polluted herself by the general 'and precipitate slaughter of the Huguenots. It is no duty of 'ours'—(but why not? for this massacre has, at least, as much to do with Church history as the intrigues of pettifogging bankers, or the complimentary briefs of Popes)—'to enter 'minutely into the history of a cruel crime, which every one 'must abhor, unless devoid of all humanity. This is the duty of 'the profane, but more especially of the French, historian. It is 'impossible, however, not to express our thanks to God, that all 'the writers, not belonging to the Catholic Church in our own 'time, who have been celebrated for talent and eloquence, have,

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'with a wonderful unanimity, confessed the Catholic Church and 'the Roman See to be free from all guilt, and neither to have 'counselled so wicked a deed, nor to have been an accomplice 'after the fact. We may, for the sake of doing them honour, 'refer more especially to Ranke, Reimer, and Solden, who have 'affirmed and proved, that the accusations of more ancient 'historians are worthless. On no historical action has more been 'written, or have more varying opinions passed, than on this 'celebrated slaughter of the Huguenots. Especially those who 'did not belong to the Catholic Church, and were desirous of 'attacking her, gladly seized the opportunity of dwelling on this 'act of violence, thinking it a fit occasion for vomiting forth the 'poison they had conceived in their mind.' It is needless to remind the reader with what limitations the testimonies which our historian alleges would serve his purpose, if quoted in full. He must have known that some French ultramontanes have been found, not only to allow, but to glory in the participation by the Roman See. He must have seen the Abbé Guettée's work, published three years before his own, with all the documents which it contained; but he finds it convenient to ignore everything but what seemed to make for his own side of the question. And, after all, judged by his own evidence, his story is very lame. He continues—'Countless contemporary docu-'ments, connected with this subject, have been dragged out from 'their hiding-places and made public; but only in our own time 'have those letters been published, which were written by the 'several ambassadors to their masters; in which, eye-witnesses 'themselves, they endeavoured to relate what had happened, 'with the most perfect good faith. These epistles are most 'proper to explain the whole course of the history. The most 'important among them are those addressed by Antony Maria 'Salviati, bishop of Saint Papoul, and legate from the Pontiff to 'Charles IX., first published by the celebrated Châteaubriand, 'then ambassador from France to the See of Rome, from the 'autographs in the Vatican. By him they were supplied to 'James Mackintosh, a celebrated English historian, who added 'them as an appendix to his work on English history. They 'have partly also been reprinted by Eugenio Albero, in his life 'of Catherine de Medicis. We may be allowed to reprint them 'again after collating them with the original autographs. With 'the assistance of these writings and some others which have, 'up to this time, remained hidden in the same Vatican 'library, we hope that we shall be able entirely to dispel every 'cloud of doubt, if any such remains, with respect to this 'slaughter of the Huguenots.'

Our historian then proceeds to argue: firstly, that the whole

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affair was no long devised and organized conspiracy, but the mere hasty resolution of one or two days; secondly, that it was a mere political massacre, and no further connected with the Huguenots than as a faction ready to take up arms against their lawful sovereign; thirdly, that Gregory XIII., in characterising the massacre as a pious and laudable work, did so under the belief that it was a mere political execution of miscreants, as hostile to the established government as they were to the Church. 'No one,' says our historian, 'will wonder if on receiving the letters from his legates, which spoke of a detected conspiracy of the Huguenots, and the punishment of the guilty, the Pontiff should have rendered thanks to God for the preservation of the monarch's life in such danger.' We have already seen, however, by contemporary documents, that the massacre of the Huguenots throughout France had long before been contrived; and it needs only common sense to be assured that, though the facts of the case might have been distorted in the first accounts which reached Rome, the Pope must soon have received, as did the other sovereigns of Europe, truer intelligence. Did he ever retract what he had at first affirmed? Was not the medal which he struck distributed long after the facts had been clearly ascertained? Did not Vasari's picture, with its epigraph, 'the Pontiff approves the death of Coligni,' remain in the Vatican? Had Gregory XIII. really changed his mind? Why could not the successor of S. Peter do as the successor of the Roman Emperors did? In a very interesting letter, written by Maximilian to his ambassador at the Court of Paris, and reprinted by M. Theiner, he says:—

'With respect to that celebrated deed, which the French tyrannically perpetrated on the Admiral and his companions, I can in no respect approve it; and it gave me the greatest pain to be informed that my son-in-law suffered himself to be persuaded to consent to so foul a butchery. It is true, I know, that others have greater power than himself. But this is not sufficient to excuse the deed: it is not even enough to palliate the crime. Would that he had taken me into his counsel! I would have given him faithful and paternal advice, and never should he have acted as he has done through following my counsels. By this enormity he has marked himself with a stain which he will not easily be able to wash out, or to wipe off. God forgive those who have to bear the guilt of the proceeding! I greatly fear that, in process of time, they will learn what is the consequence of acting in this way. The fact is that, as you well and wisely write, religious affairs ought not to be settled by the sword. Nor can any one think differently who has any desire after piety and goodness, or even peace and tranquillity. Furthermore, Christ and His Apostles have taught us far differently. For their sword was their tongue, a doctrine worthy of the Word of God and the life of Christ; and their behaviour ought to invite and allure us to follow them as they did Christ. I say nothing on another subject; that that mad set of men ought, in the course of so many years, and from the nature and event of circun-

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stances themselves, to have been persuaded, that this affair cannot be managed by cruel punishments, such as quartering and the stake. In brief, their actions do not please me at all; nor shall I ever be induced to praise them, unless (which I sincerely pray God may never happen) I should fall into raging madness. But I do not wish to hide from you that there are certain impudent and mendacious scoundrels, who do not blush to affirm, that whatever the Frenchman has done, he did not only with my complicity, but at my suggestion. In which assertion I call God to witness that an injustice is done to me, before Him and before all the world. But lies, and calumnies of this sort, are no new things to me; I have often had to put up with them before. I commit all these matters to my God, Who knows how, in his own time, to repel and to vindicate me from such injuries.'

With this letter M. Theiner closes his account of the massacre of S. Bartholomew. *Account* we call it by courtesy, for unless the reader were acquainted with the history before, all he could learn from the 'Annals' is, that a slaughter of some kind took place among the Huguenots in Paris, of which the author was extremely anxious to prove the Roman Church entirely innocent. But under what circumstances it was perpetrated; what was the number of victims; what was the organization of the murderers; what the resistance offered; what the feeling with which the intelligence was received throughout Christendom,—in fact, anything and everything about the whole history, M. Theiner does not tell us. It is impossible to conceive any pages more destitute of information than the six which he devotes to the subject. It is worthy, too, of notice, that there is not the slightest allusion to the general massacre throughout France, which followed that in Paris. One can only again ask in what sense can this work be called a history?

If ever there were an event in the annals of modern Europe which gave scope to, and which deserved, the best efforts of the historian, it was the fatal battle of Alcacer Quibir, and the virtual destruction of the Portuguese monarchy. The mystery which envelopes the whole of this last of the Crusades; the sudden fall from a glory never till that time attained by any European people to a miserable subjugation to a foreign power,—the warnings and portents which preceded the expedition. Now, let us see how M. Theiner treats this subject under the year 1578; and the following notices are all that he allots to one of the most remarkable occurrences of European history. 'Gregory also exhorted Catholic princes, and especially 'the Italians, to assist by advice and money, Sebastian, King of 'Portugal, then with juvenile ardour about to undertake a war 'against the Saracens of Africa. Here are his letters to the 'Genoese. [They follow.] John, Duke of Bragança, who con-'tributed not a little to this war, having sent João Tovari to 'condole with those princes who were relations of the deceased 'Maria, Duchess of Parma, entreated the Pontiff to bestow on

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'him some spiritual graces for the excitement of his own piety 'and that of his family.' Then follows a very long letter, referring the Pope to this Tovari for an explanation of what the Duke wanted: a letter which contains not one single line worth reprinting. 'Gregory bestowed on him that which 'he requested, on account of his laudable piety and care in 'sending his eldest son, yet a child, to the African war.' One should have thought that, had the war been desirable, the Duke's piety would have been still more laudable, had he gone himself, instead of sending a boy, eleven years old, as his proxy. However, the Duke's letter serves as a peg for Gregory's answer, which, of course, follows at length. Now we come to the war itself. 'But the inconvenience to which the Christian 'republic was then exposed from the event of that war is never 'sufficiently to be deplored. For Sebastian, a king most 'excellent, both from his piety and from his military courage, 'in the very flower of his age, for he was not yet twenty-four, 'and unmarried, fighting near the town of Alcacer Quibir in the 'foremost ranks, fell, pierced with many wounds: on which, 'nearly his whole army was destroyed. In which lamentable 'war, the son of the Duke of Bragança was taken prisoner; and 'the father, with many tears, gave information to the Pontiff of 'this unhappy event.' Then follows a long letter from the Duke, containing nothing further than the general statement of the king's death and of his son's captivity; and two briefs, the one to Cardinal Henrique, successor of Sebastian, the other to the Duke of Bragança, conclude all the notice which our author thinks fit to take of the event: he does not even refer to the much disputed question, whether Sebastian really fell in the battle or not. And this, again, is what it seems we are to call writing history. One might have thought that the very coldest imagination would have taken fire in relating the gradual approach and development of the fate which, like the avenging fury of the Greek tragedy, seemed to dog the kingdom of Portugal. The fabulous riches poured in from India and Brazil,—the romantic victories which seemed to make good the tales of knight errantry,—the rapid discoveries and as rapid conquests of regions whose wealth seemed boundless, and whose monarchs vied with each other in submitting to the Portuguese crown,—the magnificence of the courts of Dom Manoel, and Dom João III.,—the marvellous structures they reared,—especially the crowning glory of all, the Capella do Fundador at Batalha,— these things might well inflame the fancy of a hot-headed and ill-educated prince like Sebastian into ideas of universal monarchy. His very piety assisted in the delusion; it would be but little to make the whole of

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Africa a Portuguese dependency, and a Catholic continent; when that was done, he proposed to wrest Constantinople from the Turks, to expel them from Asia Minor, and then to crush the Tartars in Central Asia. And this at a time when his little kingdom had over-exerted its strength, and squandered its resources; when there were not wanting tokens to men of political wisdom, that the prestige of Indian conquests was already on the wane; when the western settlements of Africa had some time previously been from necessity contracted; when other claimants of the dominion of the seas were rising up; when the very existence of the kingdom depended on the life of the monarch (the decrepit Cardinal Henrique being the only survivor of the ancient family in its male line); and, above all things, when the general corruption and dissoluteness of manners seemed to threaten that the transgressors were come to the full, and that a heavy retribution was in store for Portugal. Yet Sebastian, ascending the throne in early childhood, brooded over these wild dreams till the conquest of Africa became almost a monomania. Already, in the year 1574, he had made one inglorious, although safe, expedition thither; in which he had not only shown his destitution of every single quality necessary to a general, except personal courage; but had also proved that Portugal possessed not one single leader endowed with the talents necessary for such an expedition. Of this previous attempt, our historian scarcely says a word.[1]

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[1] While omitting all mention of this unfortunate monarch's first crusade, M. Theiner fills up the dreary annals of this same year with twaddle even more intolerable than usual. A certain doctor, a canon of Olmutz, by name Illicinus, having been accused of heresy, defends himself (as, poor man, it was only reasonable that he should) to his Bishop and to the Pope; on which he was honourably acquitted. But our author not only gives a most lengthened and weary correspondence, but actually prints a poem by which the accused man sought to propitiate his Bishop: it commences in this fashion—

'Non semper Boreas spirat in Alpibus
Nec semper nivibus celsa cacumina
Stant, nec semper hyems sævit in arbore;
Non et dira Jovis dextera fulminat,' &c. &c.

At all events, if M. Theiner *will* print such poetry, he might at least give us metre and sense, and not inflict upon us such lines as—

'Quem multis decorant *Pu*erides rosis,
Quem sacrata Themis, quem *Diva* pervehit.'

Or again:

'Qui usurpare tuum concu*pivit* locum.'

Part of this long correspondence turns on the important question of a dinner. Illicinus, it seems, had accused his Bishop of spending five hundred florins on one meal. *Hinc illæ lacyrmæ.* 'It is not so,' writes the Bishop in the third column of his Epistle to Cardinal Commendono, 'there were but a hundred and thirty covers for the guests: and of these, forty were taken up by dessert, which

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In the early part of 1578 the preparations of Don Sebastian were complete. We have seen, in the archives at Coimbra, the letter written in his own bold dashing hand,—in which, however, a connoisseur might perhaps, see a trace of weakness, too,—by which he demands from the Prior of Santa Cruz the loan of the sword of Affonso Henriques, the founder of the Portuguese monarchy, and promises, on his return, to restore it to its owners, so that it may be preserved, with the veneration due to it, for ever. Then came the gathering at Lisbon. The fathers of then living men must have remembered how, with the benediction of the Church, and in the presence of an innumerable multitude, Vasco da Gama and his brave companions went forth from the pier of Belem to the discovery and the conquest of an unknown world. Nine thousand native troops were all that Portugal could now furnish; but Germans, Castilians, and other adventurers, swelled the number to nearly nineteen thousand. The Tagus was alive with boats; the nobility, about to embark in so arduous a campaign, vied with each other in the richness of their sails, which were made of the most expensive silks, while the boats themselves seemed, to use the expression of an eye-witness, turned into water-gardens by the profusion of tropical flowers, with which they were embellished. Those who could not procure natural plants from their 'Indian gardens' decked their balconies and their galleys with wax flowers. As to the banquets—the services of gold and silver—the richness of the throne occupied during the final benediction by the papal legate, covered with crimson velvet, and sparkling with innumerable diamonds—the historians of the period seemed to find words fail them to describe the scene. It was after hearing mass on S. John the Baptist's Day in 1578, that Sebastian the Regretted embarked from the steps of Belem in his own galley; and as it passed slowly down the Tagus—its gold and enamels glittering in all the radiance of a Portuguese midsummer sun—the cannon

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came from my own gardens at Viscoff and Cremisir. On what dishes then,' says the Prelate, becoming eloquent, '*could* five hundred dollars have been expended, when nothing was served up except beef (ferinam bubulam), veal, chickens, and other domestic matters, which my farms of Cremisir and Viscoff supplied? But the matter may be set in a perfectly clear light, if the ordinary account books of my chef-de-cuisine be examined. How much is set down for my support, and what for that of my family? My table is frequently without wine, because on account of the state of my health, I am content with but little wine, and drink beer.' It is worth while to quote this passage as another specimen of the art of book-making which has swelled these volumes to so unreadable an extent. A Christian kingdom may be in the last struggle of its effort for empire, and for the propagation of the faith—not one word from the historian; but let Canon This say of Bishop That that he kept too expensive a table, and the Bishop must by all means, in these *Annales Ecclesiastici*, tell you what he ate, and where it came from; what he drank, what he did not drink, and why he did not drink it.

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at each port saluting the royal vessel as she passed—his favourite page began, with universal applause, to sing the ballad—

'Ayer fuisteis rei de España :
Oy no teneis un castello :'

a fact afterwards remembered and dwelt upon by many a chronicler. At that very same period, moreover, (one of those remarkable examples in which, as Schiller says—

—— 'The spirits
Of great events pass on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow,')

a rumour had spread through the mountain district of central Beira, that the armament had already perished, that the king had fallen, and that Ichabod might be written on all the glory of Portugal.

It was toward the end of July that the armament disembarked on the coast of Africa. Its professed design was to restore Muley Ahmed to the throne of Morocco, then occupied by Muley Moluc. Bishops, abbats, and priors, accompanied the expedition ; but could not avert the judicial infatuation which, from the beginning, seemed alike to possess king, generals, and soldiers. In the first place, no one, but by a species of madness, would have chosen the very fiercest height of summer for an African expedition. Then it so happened that that particular summer was hot beyond any within the memory of man. The Moors who accompanied the Christian army affirmed that they had never known anything at all equal to the awful power of the heat. The words of the chroniclers are expressed almost in the very phrase of Coleridge—

'All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.'

It was determined to make a pounce upon Larache, as the Portuguese call it,—that is, Al Araish. In spite of the opposition of some of the inferior officers, the infatuated king persisted in loading his soldiers with five days' provisions, and marching them across the burning plain, while he ordered his fleet to sail round the coast and rejoin them opposite the fortress which was to be attacked. As soon as the scouts of Muley Moluc saw the Christian army fairly committed to its advance across the desert, they returned to their master, himself in the last stage of a mortal disease, and informed him that he had little to do but to allow the heat to fight for him, and then to step in and reap the triumph. Accordingly, he moved his vast army of a hundred

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and fifty thousand men slowly forward, and took up a position on the vast plain of Alcacer Quibir. On the night of the 3d of August, Don Sebastian had, by mere chance, taken up on his part a position almost impregnable: his right wing resting on the river Makkzan; his left on extensive marshes. With the same infatuation which distinguished his whole proceedings, he voluntarily deserted this camp, intrenched for him, as it were, by nature; and, himself taking the command of his left wing, and entrusting the right to the Duke of Aveiro, marched out upon the plain itself. He had thirty-six pieces of artillery, but it was so placed as to be unable to do any execution on the enemy without inflicting greater injury on his own troops. That of the Moors, on the contrary, under the direction of some Italian renegades, was well served, and reserved till the very moment at which it could be most effective. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, it is allowed by all the eye-witnesses who wrote on the subject, that at the first onset the battle was almost won on both wings; and that it probably must have been gained, had not the Duke of Aveiro—with the fatal impetuosity which in our own country lost Naseby and Marston Moor—pursued the flying enemy so far, that the main body of the army was, in his absence, overpowered. It was never known how the panic began which seized the Portuguese troops. Some considered it the work of a traitor: some believed it to arise from a mistaken order; but certain it is, that the Christian army began to give way just at the very moment that, worn out by his own exertion, Muley Moluc expired in his litter. His attendants, keeping his death a secret, carried the corpse up and down the ranks, till the victory was secure. Three thousand Christians perished on the field of battle; almost as many more died in the river or in the marsh, or were destroyed by hunger, thirst, and wild beasts. The fate of Sebastian himself, as is well known, was never ascertained; his return to Portugal and his universal empire was fondly believed in for two centuries and a half after his death, and is clung to, even now, by the mountain peasants of Beira and the remoter inhabitants of Brazil. Whether he did indeed perish at Alcacer Quibir; or was consigned to the dungeons of Madrid by his rival and successor Philip II.; or entered a monastery; or took arms in the East, and was the veritable monarch whom Europe, some thirty years later, believed to be a pretender—will never be known till the end of all things.

Surely the history of this last of the Crusades had, in itself, been more worthy of a relation by M. Theiner than the bill of fare of the bishop of Olmutz, or the wearisome and complimentary letters of the fifth-rate potentates of Europe. But

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even more worthy of the relation of any one who professed to write the history of the Church, were the heroic actions and sufferings of the captives. Chief among these was Father Thomas de Jésus, an Augustinian hermit. He had been taken prisoner in the battle, but had been ransomed, and might have returned. He resolved, however, to devote his life to the service of those who had no hope of ever again revisiting their country. With a large company of these he was closely imprisoned in a dungeon in Morocco, where he composed his celebrated work, *The Labours of Jesus*. The prison was so dark that he could only write for about two hours in the middle of each day, at which time the light came in more strongly from an aperture in the roof. On the title-page it is said to be composed 'by a captive in Barbary, in the fiftieth year of his exile from the celestial country.' It is not wonderful that a work so written should have been so much blessed as this has been. It commences with a letter to the Portuguese nation on the subject of the disasters consequent on Alcacer Quibir, and more especially addressed to his fellow-sufferers:—'A heart,' says he, 'afflicted with the labours which encircle it, must fix 'the eyes of the soul on the Labours of Jesus, and acquire new 'strength, and live in more certain and consolatory hopes of its 'true remedy. And—which is greater still—if it persists in this 'company and conversation, it receives from GOD such grace as 'to find that afflictions by degrees become sweet, and to account 'that to be the best part of life which was troubled as our Lord 'was troubled. For this reason our Lord raised the seals and 'signs of His labours to heaven in His five wounds; that when 'we saw how he vouchsafed to live a life full of afflictions, and 'to end it with a death of matchless sufferings, not for Himself, 'but for us; and that He raised the tokens of them to heaven, 'we might understand that He left tribulations and crosses to us 'upon earth for secure treasures of the soul, of the gifts of 'grace and of heaven: and that in heaven He has set for us 'five most rich pledges, that from them and by them, we might 'securely hope for true consolations; which He will not deny 'to the Portuguese, if they will only bear those wounds in their 'hearts, which they glory to carry in their shields and banners.' The work consists of fifty 'Labours:' each meditation being followed by an 'exercise' to be offered to God. The five-and-twenty contained in the first volume refer to the sufferings of our Lord's life; those in the second, to the sufferings of His death. It is to us a matter of great surprise, that this most pious and edifying book has never been translated into English; and that those who cannot read Portuguese can only peruse it in a miserable French translation, itself hard to be procured.

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Yet this devoted servant of God is not regarded by our author as worthy of a single line; nor does he vouchsafe the slightest allusion to the innumerable other confessors and martyrs who suffered in the same captivity. Yet it is exactly these and such-like deeds to which a true historian of the Church would so gladly turn aside from the wearisome, though necessary, details of worldly intrigues and mere earthly victories. Such traces, in the midst of the drier annals of successions, whether of bishops or princes, speaking so clearly to the continual presence of our Blessed Lord with His Church to the end, by no means appear to the taste of M. Theiner, who, if ever he unwillingly finds himself in such an oasis, loses no time in getting back to the desert of dates, documents, and intrigues.

One naturally turns to see what our author says of the state of the Roman Catholics in England during the earlier years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. If we might not expect a very fair account of the general state of affairs, at least the hair-breadth escapes and almost superhuman exertions which distinguished those ecclesiastics who had the courage to remain in this country, notwithstanding the savage persecution excited against them, might have afforded great scope for a very interesting history.

But M. Theiner seems entirely to have discarded the labours of those who have treated of this subject: of the most interesting work of their chief annalist, writing under the name of Dod, and its new edition by Mr. Tierney, he has made no use, but has confined himself to a few letters extracted from the Vatican documents, which throw very little light on the real history, and are principally concerned with the political intrigues connected with the deposition of Elizabeth and the substitution of Mary, Queen of Scots. In 1573, we have a long letter from James Boyd (M. Theiner does not seem to have been aware of his surname), Archbishop of Glasgow, who resided at Paris, on the state of Scotland; but it is rather taken up with the first conversion of that country and the Pelagian heresy, than any later events. In the next year John Leslie, Bishop of Ross, and James Irving, a Knight of Malta, address the Pope on the same subject, but give not one fact of the slightest interest. In 1575, our author thus writes:—

'In England there was no end to the vexation of the Catholics. The Earl of Kildare, in Ireland, with his two sons, was carried captive into England. As many as had incurred any suspicion of writing or hearing from the Queen of Scots, whether only on domestic affairs, or concerning the Catholic Church, were thrown into prison or exiled. To give one example of the miserable condition of the Catholics, it is sufficient to observe that Gord and Atisley, Catholic physicians, were imprisoned in the Tower of London, only for this cause, that they had given medical advice, and that very brief, to that unhappy queen, for the recovery of her health.'

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Of the labours and escapes of Percy, Bennett, Stevenson, Pearson, Weston, Hayward, and Worthington, he has not one syllable to say. In 1584, our historian enters at somewhat greater length on the subject, and prints some letters of the Archbishop of Glasgow, Seyton, and others, which might, interwoven in a history, be read with interest and profit; but standing as they do by themselves, they simply convey the impression that M. Theiner had no very clear idea of the state of affairs in England at that time. Even, however, from the account given by him, we see how miserably the exaggerated pretensions of the Papal See were mixed up with questions of faith in the sufferings of the Roman Catholic priests, and more especially of the Jesuits. To the following questions there is probably now no Roman Catholic who would not unhesitatingly answer in the negative; as indeed was done at the end of the last century, when the penal laws were relaxed or abrogated. Yet, hampered as they were, by confused ideas of the Pope's temporal supremacy over kings, it was for these, and not for their faith, that the priests in question—however unjustly and cruelly—were put to death. One cannot but feel, with respect to them, that which is also true with regard to the followers of the Stuarts, the Church of Scotland—that, in admiring their courage and self-devotion in the support of a dogma which they firmly held, they were not the less mistaken in embracing it as a part of the faith; and that their lives and sufferings, except so far as they themselves were concerned, were thrown away in vain.

'You have,' writes M. Theiner, 'the questions by which the Queen of England persuaded herself that she could tempt and prevail upon the conscience of Catholic priests.

'Questions or articles proposed by order of the Queen, to those presbyters who had lain under sentence of death for some months; to which had they replied according to the wish and intention of the said Queen, they would have been exempted from capital punishment, notwithstanding the profession of the Catholic faith in other respects.'

Notice the captious manner in which this statement is made, as if to have given a negative answer to the questions would have been to deny a part of the Catholic faith.

'1. Whether the bull of Pius V., by which he excommunicated and deposed the Queen, is valid, and contains a legitimate sentence, and whether the subjects of the English kingdom are bound to obey it?

'2. Whether the Queen, notwithstanding that sentence, or any other pronounced against her, or hereafter to be pronounced against her by the Pope, does not justly and legitimately reign; and whether her subjects do not owe her all obedience?

'3. Whether the Pope has any power or authority to command or give licence to the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, or other Englishmen, to rebel and take arms against her Majesty; or of giving power to Dr. Saunders and others to invade the kingdom of Ireland and other

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possessions of her Majesty; and whether Saunders and others did so rightly or not?

'4. Whether the Pope has the power of absolving the subjects of her Majesty or of any other prince, from their oath of allegiance, or their duty of obedience and submission, for any cause whatever?

'5. Whether Dr. Saunders, in his book on the *Visible Monarchy of the Church*, and Bristow, in his *Motives*, when they write in commendation and approval of the bull of Pius V., have taught, as regards the aforesaid matters, the truth, or not?

'6. If it happens that the Pope, by any bull or sentence, should declare and pronounce that her Majesty was deprived of all right of reigning, and exercised her authority illegitimately, and that her subjects were absolved from all duty and obedience to her; and after that, by the command or authority of the Pope, the kingdom were attacked by a foreign army, which side would you then take, and to which would you exhort the people?'

This last question was most effectively and conclusively answered by Lord Howard of Effingham in his resistance to the Spanish Armada; a piece of history which it will be curious to see how our historian will treat. These questions, having been proposed to seven priests under sentence of death for high treason, Luke Chirby, Thomas Scottam, Laurence Richardson, Thomas Ford, John Short, Robert Johnson, and William Filby, seemed to have perplexed them as to the right reply. Some of them answered that they were Catholics, and held on these points with the Catholic Church; others, that they were ready to render to Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, while they gave to God the things that were God's. These answers not proving satisfactory, sentence was executed on all. It is to be observed that M. Theiner expresses no direct opinion as to the hesitation of these priests in denying the temporal power of the Pope over sovereigns. Writing at Rome, he could not well blame it; dedicating his volume to the Emperor Napoleon, he could not well praise it; and therefore he prudently, so far, preserves silence on the subject. Nor, indeed, could he have justified the doubts of these priests without virtually condemning the ultimately successful party of French Catholics who acknowledged Henri IV. as their legitimate sovereign, notwithstanding his e xcommunication and deposition by the Pope; and who eventually forced that acknowledgment on the court of Rome itself.

A subject on which our author dwells with considerable length, and on which he has already published a separate work, is the attempted reconciliation, by John III., of the Swedish Communion with the Roman Church. It is thus that he enters on his account of a very interesting period of history.

'Among the Protestant princes of that age was John III., king of Sweden, who, abhorring the doctrine of the Protestants, had set his mind on reconciling the Swedish Church, purified from the errors of Luther, with the Catholic Church. To gain his end with the greater ease, he determined to

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proceed cautiously and gradually, so that neither popular murmurs, nor open tumults, nor the disputations of the learned, might cause any impediments to his design. In the carrying out of that design, it occurred to him that the easiest method would be to change the liturgy of the Swedish Church, retaining as it did some vestiges of the ancient faith, into that form which the liturgy of the Catholic Church, especially in the Mass, exhibits. ..... This labour was undertaken by the pious king as early as the year 1572. To forward the accomplishment of his design, he procured with great expense, from Germany and Belgium, and introduced into Sweden, correct editions of the works of the holy fathers, and of the writings of modern authors who had defended the venerable rites of the Catholic Church against the mad attacks of Luther, Calvin, and their followers. Cardinal Hosius, bishop of Varna, had presented several elegant copies of these works to the king, through Queen Catherine, his wife. With the assistance of these, John III. undertook a work of immense difficulty, with the assistance of the illustrious Fechten, his secretary, a man versed in every kind of literature, but especially that of the Church, and who, having long been dissatisfied with the impious doctrines of the innovators, had, a short time before, secretly joined the Catholic Church. That, however, which principally troubled the king's mind was, that the Swedish Church was in the same position with the Anglican and Danish Churches, which have retained, as all know, and to this day profess a certain form of episcopal government, but are without any true and legitimate priesthood. For Gustavus Vasa, who with incredible and savage fury had persecuted the faith of his forefathers among the Swedes (who, with wonderful constancy, held fast to it), and with the greatest wickedness endeavoured to uproot it by sword and fire, when the Catholic bishops were either slain or banished, had substituted in their place laymen, partizans of the new doctrine. To cajole his Swedes, in the Assembly of Arös, in 1527, he had caused them to be consecrated bishops, with the old rites and ceremonies of the Catholic Church. And for the rectification of the defect of the true and legitimate priesthood, King John considered that the right opportunity had arrived, when Laurentius Petri, of the school of Luther, who, under King Gustavus, in the year 1531, had been appointed Archbishop of Upsala and Primate of the Church of Sweden, died in 1573.'

John III. was the James II. of Sweden. At the same time, his Liturgy is a very curious and important, as well as rare, document, and M. Theiner has done well to reprint it in the mantissa to his volume.

We have thus touched on some of the principal topics which the present portion of the *Annales Ecclesiastici* embraces. Of M. Theiner's learning, no one can doubt: his great opportunities of research are equally unquestionable. He has everything on his side,—funds, time, libraries, associates, knowledge, —but all these will not make a historian. He, like a poet, *nascitur, non fit.* Energy of description, vivid apprehension of character, graphic colouring, M. Theiner cannot acquire. But he might, at all events, write, instead of compiling; fuse, instead of conglomerating; give us a history, instead of a pile of documents; he might be a not unworthy continuator of the *Annales Ecclesiastici*, instead of merely leaving behind him *Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire particulière de l'Eglise Romaine.*

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NOTICES.

'Holy Communion,' (Lumley,) is a well conceived and thoroughly sound addition to our books of private Eucharistic devotion, as supplementing, *in loco*, the points in which our Office is less expressive and full than could be desired: giving, *e.g.* the old Psalm 'Judica,' with its antiphon, at the beginning; suitable prayers at the Oblation, Consecration, and Reception; and also a 'Collect,' 'Introit,' 'Secreta' (*i.e.* oblationary prayer), 'Communion,' and 'Post-Communion,' varying with the Sunday or Festival. These supplementary features are drawn from the Revised Gallican Office of the seventeenth century, which has been often and justly commended in this Review for its adaptation of Scripture to ritual uses. And though the Sarum and other English uses have a prior claim on the attention of English Churchmen for this purpose, thay have this disadvantage, that they cannot be adapted exactly as they stand; whereas, as the editor of this work observes, 'the peculiar doctrines of the Church 'of Rome, respecting the Sacrifice of the Mass and the Real Presence, never 'appear in these devotions; but, on the contrary, the doctrines taught by 'the English Church appear brought out in almost every page. And it 'will be no small source of satisfaction to the members of our communion, 'to find that the language of another branch of Christ's Church agrees so 'well with the doctrines which have been preserved to us.' The editor ought to explain, in a future edition, the manner of using the book. Ordinary readers would never guess that the varying antiphon is to be used (as we presume it is) with the Psalm 'Judica;' or that 'prayer' means a supplementary collect; or 'secret' a prayer at oblation. We must not omit to point out one weak point in this resort to our Gallican sister. On all the Sundays after Trinity, Rome and her affiliated Churches have thrown the entire system of Epistles and Gospels into confusion, while the English Church alone has retained the ancient order and combination of them. The Gallican Collects, Introits, &c. therefore do not apply to our Eucharistic Scriptures.

'The Path of the Just,' (Masters,) is the title of a pretty collection of hagiological narratives, or legendary tales, generally relating to youthful martyrs of the faith. When, as in this case, it is rather the practical than the historical object which is in view, we need not be over-scrupulous as to the exact authority of these narratives. The author, Mr. Baring Gould, of Hurstpierpoint, exhibits a good deal of reading and considerable powers of description.

Mr. Trench, late of Reading, and now of Islip, has published, in an extremely handsome form, three volumes of his 'Works.' (Wertheim & Mackintosh.) We can commend the printing much more than the theology. There are evident traces of a life of study and great earnestness of character, as well as considerable taste, in this writer; but his gifts, natural

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and acquired, have been crippled and his energies paralysed by the narrowest and dullest views of doctrine.

In a small volume of 'Sermons,' by Mr. Burrows, of Christ Church, S. Pancras, (J. H. Parker,) we recognise a very refined and careful style, but, what is far more important, a depth of practical application, which makes them very nearly models of written sermons.

Mr. Fox, of Morley, has added to his previous services to the younger members of the Church, a pretty sketch of 'The Early Church.' (Masters.)

'Quiet Hours,' by the Rev. John Pulsford. (Edinburgh: Jack.) We have here an imitation of Elizabethan thought and manner: there is in it originality, not seldom, however, forced and unnatural. But there are many striking and many extraordinary thoughts in it. In doctrine, Mr. Pulsford is occasionally high, and occasionally heretical, because original. We are utterly at a loss to conjecture to what Christian body this author belongs. He is evidently in a transitional, developing state; but he has in him what may come to great good, if he is not wrecked on affectation. A book so curious in many ways, so suggestive, and so perplexing, we have not often seen.

Mr. Sadler's tract, 'The Second Adam and the New Birth,' (Bell & Daldy,) is in some respects a continuation and in some an expansion of a tract well known and valued, 'The Sacrament of Responsibility,' published a few years ago. Taken together, these tracts may almost be considered a treatise, so full are they both on the Scripture evidence of the Baptismal Regeneration of Infants, and on what may be called the philosophy of the subject. In his recent work, Mr. Mozley contends that the Church's notion of regeneration must be hypothetical, because Holy Scripture addressed all in the Church as 'holy;' and that as apostles and prophets evidently spoke in this particular hypothetically, therefore the Church must do the same. The present tract meets this view, by proving that the prophets did treat the Jews as really and substantially in favour and covenant with God—*pro tanto*, therefore, as really, and not hypothetically, holy; and that therefore, admitting Mr. Mozley's analogy, the Church takes up the prophetic method of speech, and as did the prophets, argues the duty of responsibility from the fact of a real, not assumed, state of grace, just as the Old Testament writers exaggerated the sinfulness of Israel from the fact of their favour and adoption by God. We can recommend these tracts very heartily.

'Caste and Christianity,' by Temple Christian Faber, (Hardwicke,) is by no means what its title indicates, but a coarse and ill-written, as well as ignorant, attack on the Church. In vulgarity of language, Mr. Faber nearly equals the *Morning Advertiser*, and in general stupidity, he is not far behind the *Record*.

Lord Lyttelton has printed two highly creditable Essays,—one on 'Infant Baptism,' and one on the 'Athanasian Creed.' (Rivingtons.) The former exhibits not only sound theology, but is evidently the result of much thought; its conclusions have been fairly reasoned out, not taken at second-hand.

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'Pictures of the Heavens,' (Mozley,) is the title of a manual of practical astronomy, which for simplicity, cheapness, and an unaffected attractiveness of style, we consider to be very suitable for school purposes. From the nature of the case, it has much of the character of an index: but it is full as well as compendious, and brings down the catalogue of planets and planetoids to the latest announcements in the *Times* from Mr. Hind.

From the same publishers we have received a careful and unpretending 'Concordance on the Psalms,'—in the Prayer-book version, of course. And it is in all respects a cheering sign to find the Psalms assuming so generally among ourselves that character which they have ever maintained in the Church of Christ, and entering into all manuals of our private and, of course, of family devotion. Mr. Ernest Hawkins, in his 'Book of Psalms, with Notes,' (Bell & Daldy,) has contributed to this good result: and we are thankful to find one to whom the Church owes so much, and has paid so little, employing what is not his leisure in this simple and affectionate work of ministering in so practical a manner to schools and the poor, for whom this unpretending manual is designed.

'Warnings and Consolations,' by Mr. Skinner, of S. Barnabas, (Mozley,) is a selection of passages from sermons, of an awakening and warm character. The direct object of this publication is, perhaps, as a memorial of one whose ministrations were singularly happy and useful: but it has a further value, and will be found an excellent example of what in parish work is much needed—something to deepen and feed religious impression. It is just the sort of book to place in the hands of a sick person, who cannot be persuaded to think systematically of the past.

'The Last Judgment: a Poem, in Twelve Books.' (Longman.) Anybody who attempts an epic in length, and especially in the good old English rhyming heroic, deserves some amount of sympathy. Nothing but earnestness and, in its way, a conscientious sense of duty, could have prompted any writer to a task like this; for pleasure in such a composition we cannot attribute even to the author. But good intentions, an undoubted piety, and the capacity of counting ten syllables, do not make a poet. These twelve books are as long, and as dull and monotonous, as the old Bath road: without a spark of genius, but throughout displaying a most provoking mediocrity. The writer's forte is synonym, and when he gets hold of a thought he certainly exhausts it. For instance, he has to say that the world is destroyed, and immediately he ransacks and exhausts the whole Gazetteer, and describes in detail what countries the world consists of: the subject brings him to say that the end of all things has arrived, and straightway he goes through his Universal History, and observes, 'No more shall Cæsar die, &c. No more shall Napoleon conquer, &c.' But here is a specimen: the nations of the earth are summoned to the day of doom:—

> 'All nations now come forth: the tribes of Shem, &c.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> All they who bore the great Assyrian name,
> Romans renown'd, and Greeks of ancient fame,

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Chaldeans, Syrians, Saracens, and Jews;
Chinese, Egyptians, Tartars, and Hindoos;
Numidians, Phrygians, Parthians, Persians, Medes;
Libyans, Phœnicians, Saxons, Normans, Swedes;
Sclavonians, Thracians, Vandals, Goths, and Huns;
Hispania's, Gaul's, and Lusitania's sons;
Italians, Austrians, Cossacks, Turks, and Moors,
And all who peopled Afric's torrid shores;
Hibernians, Caledonians, Britons brave,
And they who sleep in Australasia's grave:
Columbia's sons, of every shade and hue,
From Patagonia, Chili, and Peru.'

'Stories for Young Servants,' (Masters,) answers well its object; which is to form part of the kitchen library. If we used the fine language of most of our religious story-books, we should, perhaps, say 'the Servants' Hall:' but in our opinion the servants in large establishments are much less open to impressions of good than in smaller households. For these last the present four stories are designed: and they exhibit in their characters and little hints of domestic economy and scenery considerable and perhaps practised powers.

'A Few Hints to Mothers,' (Rivingtons,) is a translation from the German. We can speak of it in terms of unhesitating approval: and were it constantly in a parent's hands, that is, in her practice, it would perhaps anticipate half the school work. The practical wisdom and minute knowledge of infant character which it displays are as rare as valuable.

'Considerations on Divorce, *a vinculo matrimonii*, in connexion with Holy Scripture.' By a Barrister. (C. J. Stewart.) The mention of this tract—it is a very good one, and deals with great ability with the Scriptural argument, as well as with that particular application of it which is unfortunately sheltered by Bishop Cosin's name—reminds us to notice with great regret, the general apathy which the Church has exhibited on a matter which far more than any Jew bill affects not only the Christianity of the country, but the relations of the Church and State, in a very direct manner. Unhappily, the amendments successively proposed in the House of Lords, to relieve the Clergy from the snare in which they will be placed, have been rejected. There is nothing for it but to await the issue. A direct conflict must arise. Adulterers will of course in some cases demand the Church's office of marriage, which the Clergy, if they pay any deference to the Church's law, must refuse to administer. A single case or two of this sort will, it is not too much to believe, break away many of those links, small enough at present, which we would fain see preserved. Meanwhile, one of that most mischievous of all mischief-makers, an ignorant 'friend of the Church,' Lord Robert Grosvenor, has given notice of a motion for an address for a Royal Commission to alter our Prayer-book. Lord Robert Grosvenor is the tool of deeper heads than his own; and although with an indolent Government, whose largest ambition is to keep things quiet, it is not likely that this motion will receive encouragement from Downing Street, yet it is just the sort of thing which, being to a certain extent iden-

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tified with what is thought or represented to be popular, may be left to its own chances; and those chances, in the present state of the House of Commons, are not matters of calculation. Anyhow, this sort of motion is likely enough to be repeated. Strictly speaking, it is the especial function of what is called 'the High Church party' to resist a move of this sort; but from this phase of opinion we have of late years merely received negations, and protests, and reclamations against their friends. A move of this sort may possibly remind some of them that they have positive duties; and in the extant separations and suspicions among ourselves, it may be a matter of congratulation that anything occurs tending to reunite Churchmen on the basis of the Prayer-book. Meantime, here is an opportunity such as Mr. William Palmer is understood to think as practicable and desirable now, as it was in the crisis of the last mania for Church Reform, to engage in a General Church Defence Association; or, at any rate, we may observe that addresses and petitions against the appointment of Lord R. Grosvenor's Commission are most suitable to an occasion which, if neglected, may become one of serious gravity.

'Public Offices and Metropolitan Improvements,' (Ridgway,) is the title of a pamphlet by Mr. Beresford Hope. This gentleman's pains-taking and conscientious study of the question gives great weight to everything that he says on the subject of the future of London; and though at first some of the suggestions made by Mr. Hope may seem to savour of the imperial taste, and something besides taste, which belongs rather to an Augustus or a Napoleon than to the Committee of Supply, yet we are certain that at least one of the suggestions in this able pamphlet is the truest economy. Sooner or later the parks must be brought down to the river, and must inclose in their *enceinte* the Palace and Abbey of Westminster. Here we are certainly at one with the present writer. His second suggestion, that the site of the new National Galleries should be the inner circle of the Regent's Park, loses much of its importance by the recent report, with which we cordially agree, in favour of retaining them at Charing Cross. But apart from the originality and boldness of the thought, its feasibleness grows upon us; and without adopting the recommendation, we may say distinctly that the plan of radiating galleries alone fulfils the scientific purposes of such a gallery. We must add that this publication displays great neatness and force of style.

Mr. Nugee has printed—we are not aware that it has been published—a sensible and well considered 'Letter to the Bishop of London, on the subject of a London Church Mission.' There is nothing in the plan which has not been recommended before, and it has been recommended before because it combines both common sense and Church principles, which, perhaps, is the reason that it has not been adopted. We trust that as soon as the present chief overseer of the great diocese of London has had time to test both the men and schemes which are offered to him by other than their own estimate of themselves, he will learn that something like Mr. Nugee's substantial scheme is alone fitted to cope with the spiritual necessities of such a place as the metropolis. We respect earnestness wherever it exists; but it is a strange sign of the age that six sane persons can believe that the Exeter Hall sermons, standing alone—that is, not connected with any ma-

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chinery for following up the impression, if any, which is made on the hearers —are of any other use than to satisfy the Puritanizing tendencies of those who, while they have a zeal for souls, have a zeal for their own dissenting principles at least as sincere and certainly more active.

A brief but complete synopsis of the evidence which confutes 'the putid fable' of the Nag's Head consecration, has been brought together by Mr. Fisher, of Hillmarton, under the title, 'The Validity of English Orders.' (Rivingtons.)

The Bishop of Exeter's 'Pastoral Letter' has been published. (Murray.) It is a document full of accurate learning, and is dedicated to a melancholy subject, exposing something which, by an euphemism, we must call the respected Bishop Kaye's unhappy solution of the Gorham case.

Mr. W. E. Heygate has added to his many services to the Church, a full manual of hints to the Clergy, a real and practical guide to the ministry, in his 'Ember Hours.' (Masters.) That such books are among us and of us is a sign of good; but that such principles are at work, and that they must be influential, is more than a sign. They cannot be for nothing; and if we are right in forecasting days which will try men's theories and principles, we may be sure of this, that the signs of evil, and they were never more and more menacing in the Church, are only earnests of a final triumph.

At the last moment before going to press, we have received, and both from the same publisher, Mr. J. H. Parker, what certainly are the two most important books of the quarter,—1. Dr. Pusey's 'Real Presence of the Body and Blood of our Lord the Doctrine of the English Church; with a Vindication of the Reception by the Wicked, and of the Adoration of our Lord, truly present;' and, 2. the second volume of Mr. Philip Freeman's 'Principles of Divine Service.' The value of Dr. Pusey's volume, in common with its predecessor, it is impossible to overrate.

Of Charges, we have to acknowledge,—1. One by the Archdeacon of Taunton, (Masters,) advocating, but not very clearly, the necessity of utilising the Archidiaconal Visitation. 2. One by Archdeacon Dodgson, (Rivingtons,) which, we trust, will have at least one advantage, that of teaching the Bishop of Ripon that he is called upon to rule over those from whose knowledge in theology and soundness in the faith Dr. Bickersteth, judging from his own publications, has something to learn.

And of Sermons,—1. 'David's Grief for Absalom,' the Anniversary Sermon, and a deep and pathetic one, preached before the Church Penitentiary Association, by the Bishop of Salisbury. 2. 'The Progress of the Church,' (Masters,) by Mr. F. G. Lee. 3. 'Christian Zeal and Holy Places,' (Masters,) by Mr. Bennett, of Frome. 4. 'Primitive Church Polity,' (Mozley,) by Mr. Trevor, of York. 5. 'The Home at Nazareth,' (Mozley,) by Mr. Menzies. 6. 'The Offertory and the Church Rates,' (Masters,) by Mr. H. Newland. 7. 'Working Life,' (Rivingtons,) by Mr. Fearon, of Loughborough. 8. 'An Assize Sermon,' (Rivingtons,) by Mr. J. Wayland Joyce. 9. 'Our Saviour's Love,' (Masters,) an Easter Sermon, by Mr. T. P. Nunn. 10. 'Eternal Life,' (Masters,) also an Easter Sermon, by Mr. Heath, of Enfield; and 'Unity among Church Members,' (Hereford: Head,) a Visitation Sermon, by Mr. H. W. Phillott.

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THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

OCTOBER, 1857.

ART. I.—1. *De l'Art Chrétien.* Par A. F. RIO. Tome Deuxième. Paris: Ambroise Bray. 1855.

2. *The Life of Michael Angelo Buonarroti, with Translations of many of his Poems and Letters. Also, Memoirs of Savonarola, Raphael, and Vittoria Colonna.* By JOHN S. HARFORD, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., Member of the Academy of Painting of S. Luke at Rome, and of the Roman Archæological Society. In Two Volumes. London: Longman & Co. 1857.

3. *The Early Flemish Painters: Notices of their Lives and Works.* By J. A. CROWE and G. B. CAVALCASELLE. London: John Murray. 1857.

4. *Sir Joshua Reynolds and his Works: Gleanings from his Diary, unpublished Manuscripts, and from other Sources.* By WILLIAM COTTON, M.A., of the University of Oxford. Edited by JOHN BURNET, F.R.S. London: Longmans. 1856.

5. *Pre-Raffaellitism; or a Popular Enquiry into some newly asserted Principles connected with the Philosophy, Poetry, Religion, and Revolution of Art.* By the Rev. EDWARD YOUNG, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Longman & Co. 1857.

6. *The Elements of Drawing; in Three Letters to Beginners.* By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A., with Illustrations drawn by the Author. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1857.

EVEN superficial observers of the literature of the age must be struck with the number and importance of the works issuing almost daily from the press, which bear upon the philosophy, history, or practical study of art. So abundant a supply is a convincing proof of the existence of a steady demand in this department of letters; and we welcome it as one sign among

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many of the growing interest taken by our educated classes in that revival of art which has been so marked a feature of our social progress during the last few years. As it is now some time since we devoted any space to the consideration of the state and progress of that revival, it may be expedient, before we proceed to any closer examination of the works enumerated in the heading of this article, to prepare the way for our remarks by a rapid survey of the present condition and future prospects of some of the more important of the fine arts in this country.

No one can appreciate the change which a quarter of a century has wrought in the public mind, with respect to this subject, who has not been at the pains to fathom the depth of debasement which had been reached by the general taste in the 'Georgian Era.' Mr. Thackeray, in his newest lectures, (so long kept back from the impatient curiosity of the reading public,) seems to think he has said quite enough in disparagement of the artistic discernment of George III., when he has recorded that Benjamin West was his favourite painter. That monarch's subjects probably divided their artistic allegiance between the President of the Academy and Angelica Kauffman. The next generation will find it hard to believe that two conspicuous works of these most feeble and insipid painters, now degraded to some out of the way corner, occupied a position of honour in the National Gallery, as that collection was arranged in the time of their fathers. So low had painting fallen; but the plastic art had reached a still lower level. The sculpture of the early part of this nineteenth century culminated in that atrocious caricature of George IV. in plaster of Paris, in compliment to which the old historic name of Battle Bridge was changed to the modern King's Cross. That figure, however, was too bad to remain. *Descendunt statuæ restemque sequuntur.* The royal effigy was deposed by a peaceful revolution; and Mr. Thwaites's parliament may, perhaps, restore the old name to the no longer desecrated site. But it is almost to be lamented that the demolition occurred before the introduction of photography; for posterity will never do justice to the improvement of sculpture without knowing what was the starting-point of the revival. In architecture, again, the Gothic style had actually expired under the hands of Horace Walpole and Batty Langley; and, in the Anglo-classic, Wren, Hawksmoor, and Chambers had left no worthy successors. Music indeed then, as always, was an exception to the laws which have governed the progress of her sister arts. Palestrina did not flourish till architecture and painting had passed their zenith; and Mozart and Beethoven anticipated in point of time that revival which is at length inaugurated, as we hope, for the whole compass of art. The

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national appreciation of Handel is a redeeming trait in the æsthetic estimate of the England of the last century; and it must be owned that musical taste, though greatly deteriorated, had never become extinct. Finally, in the apparatus of daily life, all pure taste for form or colour had nearly disappeared. The 'willow pattern' reigned without opposition in ceramic manufactures; and 'Furniture' Hope—in this, as in some other matters, a pioneer of better things to come—instead of followers obtained a nickname.

The change from those days to the present time is perfectly marvellous. Let us take these several branches of æsthetics in reverse order. Compound words, such as 'art-manufactures,' 'art-culture,' 'art-treasures,' are already used so commonly, perhaps so unavoidably, that they have become the property of penny-a-liners, and the butt of 'Punch.' We have a 'Department of Art,' and museums and exhibitions of Art, and 'Schools of Art' in our principal seats of manufacture. Many people, indeed, profess to think that the opposite extreme has been reached already, and that these things and these phrases savour of cant. We do not go so far as this, though we may ourselves fear that the reaction from former indifference will be sometimes in excess. Let us rather hope that these are unmistakeable signs of a growing change in English opinion, and that the old reproach of our not being an artistic nation is likely to be wiped off. Why should this charge be true? No one has ever yet shown a sufficient reason why Englishmen should be inferior to the natives of other Cisalpine countries in the love or practice of the fine arts. It was not so, as a matter of fact, in former times. Mediæval England was not behind France or Germany or the Low Countries in architecture and its subsidiary handmaids. Italy indeed then, as now, was signally favoured. Besides its prerogative in the original genius of its people, it was the first land to receive the torch of art from the expiring civilization of the lower empire, at the fall of Constantinople. Again, what other country could be so rich in remains of that still earlier art of ancient heathendom which had in like manner travelled, ages before, westward from Greece, and one fragment of which, according to the fascinating story, was destined to strike a spark of rekindled fire in the mind of Nicolas of Pisa? And still more as the centre of intellectual life, and energy, and religion to western Christendom, Italy was of necessity the head-quarters of art at a time when all its inspirations were drawn from the Church's teaching. But, granting this undisputed precedence to the Italian peninsula, our own land may fairly claim a high place among its more equal rivals. That a native school of painting of average merit existed is proved by

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lamentably few indeed, but sufficient, examples and authorities. Flaxman and Professor Cockerell may be cited as unprejudiced witnesses to the high perfection of ancient English sculpture, and the remains of the glorious architecture of our forefathers speak for themselves, while, in the later musical development, the composers from Byrd to Purcell will bear comparison with the ablest of their contemporaries. To what causes the decay of English art in the two last centuries is to be attributed, must continue to be a very difficult subject of speculation. The lamentable divorce of æsthetics from the service of the Church is doubtless one considerable reason for this change, but not a sufficient one; for the prostration of art, and the decay of its true spirit, have been quite as decided in other countries where no such change of ritual or of dogma was accomplished. And, conversely, the present revival of distinctively religious painting has found nothing uncongenial in Protestant Germany; while we have lived to see the Church of England, (*pace* Mr. Westerton,) become the home of the highest aspirations, the most ardent endeavours, and the happiest successes of a large and growing brotherhood, pursuing in a religious spirit the study and practice of art in all its ramifications. Nor, again, is a sufficient explanation of this fact to be found in the supposed materialistic tendencies of our extraordinary development of manufacturing industry. Lancashire and Yorkshire, at any rate, are doing their best to throw off the reproach. Manchester is rebuilding her warehouses, if not her mills, with palatial magnificence; and Liverpool, Bradford, Leeds and Birmingham can boast of halls, devoted to the fine arts, which the metropolis does not parallel. The musical culture of the manufacturing districts is proverbial. Marylebone, indeed, finds itself unable to support a free library, and the City of London declines to rate itself for one; but Liverpool and Manchester can scarcely keep pace with the literary demands of their self-taught working classes. In the latter city the artisan may read his newspaper, and consult books of reference, in an apartments carcely inferior to the drawing-room of a London club; and in availing himself of these privileges, he is seen to show a self-respect and a propriety of demeanour which would shame many persons of higher pretensions and advantages. It is to be hoped that many of the visitors who have flocked to Manchester in the course of the present summer, to examine the Exhibition of Art Treasures, have devoted part of their time to the inspection of the permanent intellectual and educational resources of the place. It is certain that a large proportion of cultivated Englishmen are wholly ignorant of the extent of literary activity in the chief centres of our manufacturing population.

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Whatever, then, may have been the causes of our late national shortcomings in respect of the cultivation of the fine arts, there is reason to think that those causes are no longer in active operation. And the improved feeling of the present day may justify a hope that the energies of our countrymen, directed in a new channel, may achieve new triumphs in new fields. As the home of freedom and the seat of commercial activity, our island possesses at least some of the conditions under which art has often most signally flourished: and the glories of Athens, Venice, and Bruges, if renewable anywhere, ought to find their parallel in the capital of England. Should there be any hope of this consummation, we may well be lenient with the extravagances which must necessarily attend so thorough a revolution of public opinion. Much indeed remains to be done, but still, unless we are mistaken, the tide has turned. Many circumstances have contributed to bring about this result, and the change has been long preparing. We are told by philosophers that a sort of cyclic law may be observed in all human things; and it is evident that a certain re-action from a merely utilitarian and materialistic temper is discernible in the literature as well as the art of modern Europe. In one of the books noticed in the heading of this article, Mr. Young derives what he calls 'Pre-Raffaellitism' from the Lake school of poetry. But that school itself was probably not more a cause of future changes than one consequence among many of a deep stirring of the human mind. The thoughtful observer is prepared to expect epidemic influences in psychology as well as in medical science. It is probable that opinion was ripe among us for the further progress of this movement when the Great Exhibition of 1851 produced, as one of its results, a general conviction that art culture had been strangely neglected in England, and that, with all our mechanical superiority, we were distanced, as to design and taste, by our continental neighbours. To this we owe the institution of a public Department of Art, with its central museum at South Kensington, and its local organization in the chief seats of industry. That there is such a thing as purity and correctness, fitness and truth, of form and colour, —that there is in short a morality of art, independent of fashion or whim or opinion, is now widely acknowledged, in spite of the inert opposition of obstinate habit, the hostility of interested advocates, and the burlesque of would-be humourists. And the result is seen in a marked general improvement in design. The Paris Exhibition of 1855, in which the first signs of progress might be expected to be seen, was instructively criticized at the time in its practical bearing on this question in the pages of the 'Ecclesiologist;' and the lately-published Report

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of the government officials, who were deputed to study the Exposition, follows elaborately in almost identical conclusions. In one great department of manufactures, the ceramic products of the Staffordshire Potteries, the regeneration of the art of design seems to have quite kept pace with—if not to have outstripped—the surprising improvement of the mechanical processes employed. The fine majolica of the Bernal and Soulages collections (the latter of which, saved from premature dispersion by the public spirit of some Manchester magnates, may still be secured for the nation in its entirety at a most inconsiderable price,) will ere long, we believe, be rivalled at Stoke and Burslem. The local schools of art, which must in the first instance depend for their chief success on the intelligent support of the employers of labour, promise to supply the crying want of skilled designers; but a story current, and uncontradicted, to the effect that at a late public display of the students' works in the last-named town, the prize drawing of the most hopeful pupil was turned with its face to the wall, lest the nude human form should offend puritanized susceptibilities, does not say much for the enlightened patronage of some of the authorities. We feel strongly that it is the bounden duty of all to co-operate as best they may for the dissemination of a taste and love for art. And there is one way in which much may be done with little trouble, but to great profit: we mean the encouragement of drawing, as a part of the instruction in our elementary schools. There are now, as many of our readers are aware, special facilities for the introduction of this study; and no one knows, save by experience, how popular as well as useful is the drawing lesson. It is something to relieve the somewhat monotonous routine of a parish-school; but it is more to implant or cultivate the faculty of appreciating, not art merely, but nature herself. People do not realize that the ignorance or indifference of uneducated minds to the scenic charms of the beautiful world that surrounds us are due, as much as to anything, to the want of elementary teaching as to form and colour. We cannot but take this opportunity of saying how much we honour the disinterested exertions of Mr. Ruskin, in organizing, under his own tuition, a drawing-class at the Working Men's College; and his last published, and very suggestive work, 'The Elements of Drawing,' must be mentioned as another proof of the earnestness of his convictions as to the importance of spreading more widely a practical knowledge of the art of design.

In another department of humanizing and purifying art the battle has been won already. There are few schools now of any pretensions where music is not regularly taught. One hears in all quarters that we are fast becoming a musical people. Patrons

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of music, indeed, have always been plentiful in England; but that general practical culture of the art which has provided nearly all our towns and many villages with their choral societies has never been exceeded since those old days when, as we are told, every educated Englishman could take his part in a madrigal. Mr. Hullah did admirable and well-timed service by introducing Wilhem's comparatively easy method of teaching singing. And we owe it probably to the spread of musical education that all attempts to repress choral service, by those who would strip the service of the Author of all good of all appliances of loveliness and beauty, have been foiled signally. Such attempts indeed were manifestly and perversely insensate, in an age when nonconformists themselves have become reconciled to religious æsthetics, and the organ is insinuating itself into the cold conventicles of the Scotch Establishment.

To pass to another art, the 'Pointed' architects of modern England, victorious in the European competitions of Hamburg and Lille, form a school of whom we have just reason to be proud. The revival of the national styles of Gothic, for domestic as well as ecclesiastical uses, fostered by the early labours of Carter and Britton, took root as it were in the choice of Sir Charles Barry's design for the Houses of Parliament, and has already reached a maturity of excellence. The architectural movement has been carried on with rare vigour and ability by a host of writers and critics, as well as by the actual professors of the art. The bolder spirits of this school venture now to look forward to perfecting the style by the introduction and assimilation of new elements of use and beauty, and to a further development of its resources. And that this is no vain boast was proved in the masterly designs sent in for the late competition for Government Offices by Messrs. Scott, Street, Woodward, and Seddon. It is true that the highest prizes were adjudicated on that occasion to designs of a pseudo-classical or Renaissance character; but the decision of a Commission so selected as to satisfy no party has not been endorsed by the verdict of intelligent public opinion. Mr. Beresford Hope has elicited in Parliament the avowal that it is most improbable that any of the chief prize designs will be carried into execution. Meanwhile the general mediocrity and unfitness of the selected designs are becoming more widely acknowledged; and, without entering further upon the many unsatisfactory circumstances attending this most important trial, we believe that we are expressing the opinion of the most competent judges, when we say that the greatest vigour and mastery of art were undeniably manifested among the competitors in the Pointed style.

Sculpture alone seems to be halting in the onward progress;

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more, we believe, for want of encouragement, than for want of genius among its professors. The patrons of this art must, from the nature of things, be comparatively few in number, and endowed with pecuniary means beyond the average. And this class, it must be remembered, needs education as much as any. A better taste for the plastic art had not been so widely spread, but that there was reason to fear lest the Crimean war should have entailed upon us a crowd of cenotaphic memorials of that familiar debased type, which, by its fatal facility and bastard symbolism, has degraded art and artist alike, and made the revival of sculpture seem more hopeless than that of any other branch of art. But, happily, not much harm has been done. The 'Illustrated London News' has delineated some monstrous monumental compositions that have found their way into country churches, and the metropolitan cathedral has not escaped a very miserable specimen, in which the unsuitableness of the design is not compensated for by the terseness of the inscription.

The infliction of a portentous monument to the Duke of Wellington, by one from whose undisputed genius and power better things might have been expected, seemed to have been happily averted from that English Walhalla by a crushing criticism of its incongruous character in the pages of the 'Saturday Review;' but the scheme has quite lately been resuscitated. A specimen of Baron Marochetti's monumental design was vouchsafed to us, in a full-sized model, in the Sydenham Palace; where, however, a sufficient antidote to its platitudes was near at hand in those marvellous courts of sculpture where the untravelled lover of art can study and compare the choicest treasures of all the glyptotheks of Europe. Upon the whole, the future of English sculpture is less hopeful than it might be, and the results of the late competition for the Wellington Memorial are undeniably discouraging. That great occasion failed to produce a single worthy design from the sculptors not of England merely but of all Europe. It is true that the conditions of that competition were held to be unsatisfactory among sculptors themselves, and that no confidence was felt in the competency of the authority that was to select the judges. Still, no one was prepared for so very contemptible a result; and the one hopeful circumstance connected with the recent exhibition in Westminster Hall is that the general taste of the public seemed to be in advance of that of the sculptors themselves. If so, the artists will soon rise to the higher level, and there may yet be a bright future for English sculpture. Gloomy as the general prospect may be, we need not shut our eyes to such signs of improvement as there are. There are indubitable evidences of a better taste in respect of the effigial monu-

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ments of the departed; a school of able carvers is growing up in connexion with many of the more important ecclesiastical buildings, in which, at last, sculptured ornamentation, though timidly introduced, is becoming far from uncommon. And in the highest branch of the art, the fine effigies that adorn S. Stephen's Hall seem to show that ability will not be wanting when patronage is more liberal and intelligent, the demand greater, and the critical public better educated.

Painting has the great advantage of its sister art in being at once more universally popular, more easily comprehended, and more within reach of general encouragement. The English school, however indifferently represented in the highest region of idealism by West, or in a later generation by the unhappy Haydon, was always respectable in portraiture, admirable in landscape, and remarkable for its fine appreciation and skilful use of colour. We should be very unwilling to tarnish the laurels of Gainsborough or Reynolds; and we should not fear to assert that our own painters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have been, to say the least, equal to the best of their continental contemporaries. But in all that concerns the higher aim of art—its moral purpose and informing spirit—painting had fallen as low in England as elsewhere. It was content to minister to the refined gratification of the senses, but had well-nigh forgotten its old mission of quickening faith and inspiring devotion, and stirring the emotions and sympathies of the soul. The painter had merged the poet in the manipulator; the creative faculty was postponed to imitative excellence. Art must, of necessity, be conventional; but the pharisaic conventionalism of academies had all but stifled the inspirations of genius; and the traditions of the studio had taken the place of personal converse with the living truths of nature. It were unreasonable to expect from every generation a creation such as the Madonna di San Sisto—that almost superhuman work, of which it has been not untruly said, that it is a complete commentary on the Incarnation. But let any one take the ordinary historical treatment of Scriptural scenes with which artists such as West or Mignard have made us so familiar, and let him honestly consider whether any human being can be the better for such insipid and jejune representations? Their heartless unreality deprives them of all interest and of all instructiveness; they touch no chord in the soul and embody no truth, and the Illustrated Bible is thrown aside together with 'childish things' so soon as the expanding intellect learns to attach a relative, rather than an absolute, value to the fact of pictorial delineation. Everyone knows how difficult it is, even since the praiseworthy and not unsuccessful labours of Messrs. Rose and Burgon, to find any religious prints

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of decent merit for use in schools and the houses of the poor,—too many of whom are still in need of 'the layman's books.' And yet sacred art, in the hand of Angelico da Fiesole, or Fra Bartolommeo, or Overbeck or Steinle or Scheffer, is capable of becoming not merely the amusement of infancy and the aid of the unlearned, but the teacher and monitor of the highest and most trained intelligence. Our meaning would be illustrated, were any one to compare the moral influence—the effect on the higher faculties of the mind—produced by such pictures on the one hand as Del Piombo's Raising of Lazarus, or Guido's Lot's daughters in the National Gallery; and on the other hand, those two priceless works of Francesco Francia, and the late acquisition of that exquisite Perugino, which form the crowning glory of the same collection. What we speak of is in a great measure independent of merely mechanical merits of design or execution. Of course no excellence of ideal conception is worth anything without competent powers of expression: but we complain that poverty or unworthiness of thought and purpose are too often tolerated or excused on the score of the subsidiary charms of technical skill and manual dexterity.

It was high time for a revival of the higher bearing of the painter's art, and for its emancipation from the traditional bondage of a degenerate practice. And this is the true *rationale* of the late movement or revolution which, commencing in the school of Overbeck, has spread far and wide, and in our country (under the somewhat absurd name of Pre-Raffaellitism,) has been, and continues to be, the subject of an active controversy. In making a few remarks on Mr. Young's essay on this question, we have no intention of entering fully upon the merits of this controversy, either on one side or the other; not merely because we have no special sympathy either with Mr. Ruskin or his extreme opponents—nor again because the subject has been discussed almost *usque ad nauseam* in the pages of most of our critical contemporaries—but because we object to narrowing the issue to a mere debate on the works of two or three artists, or to a controversy on the somewhat inconsistent theories of art propounded by the eloquent but illogical author of 'Modern Painters.' It has been our object to show that a broader view may be taken of the whole subject. The quickening of the expiring embers of artistic life is, we hope, universal; not confined to one nationality, and far less to one isolated department of æsthetic study. Among the conspicuous signs and evidences of this mighty movement we gladly reckon the existence of the Pre-Raffaellite school and the brilliant disquisitions of Mr. Ruskin; but we can give them no higher importance.

Few will deny that the numerous publications of the last-

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named author have contributed not a little to induce people to think more deeply than they had been wont to do on the philosophy of art; or that much good has been effected by his earnest, and for the most part generous, advocacy of sound principles of taste. And this may be safely conceded by those who profoundly distrust his positive theory of art, so far as he has one, and by those who differ widely from most of his dogmatic conclusions, and who repudiate his intemperate assaults on venerated and established reputations. But we believe that Mr. Ruskin has few disciples. The Turner controversy, as it is termed, is regarded by most sensible people as a 'bore' to be avoided on all occasions; and Mr. Ruskin is more read, we imagine, for the sake of his noble diction and vivid powers of description, than for guidance and teaching in the principles for which he contends. It is much to be regretted that an author so powerful in his style and so honest in his purpose should have impaired the usefulness of his writings by so much that is extravagant and self-contradictory in his speculations, and by scant justice, not only to those from whom he differs, but to those who have been fellow-labourers with him in the same cause.

Holding this opinion of Mr. Ruskin, we feel that his clever assailant, Mr. Edward Young, in his essay on 'Pre-Raffaellitism,' has rather wasted his labour in so elaborate an attack. It was doubtless a tempting game to expose Mr. Ruskin's inconsistencies out of his own mouth; and Mr. Young has accomplished the task easily to himself, and with very damaging effect to his adversary. He has also pulled to pieces a great many transcendental paradoxes, and drawn out to their extreme and contradictory conclusions many rashly-asserted premisses. But the critic is far less happy when it comes to his turn to lay down positive principles; and he is wholly unsuccessful in defending against the revivalists the traditional 'high art' or the 'ideal' of the academies. In fact, it is our conviction that the controversy, noisy as it is, is, after all, little more than a logomachy: and we honestly believe that if Mr. Millais did but paint a picture, such as, in spite of his failure in this year's exhibition, we still look for from his easel—a picture in which his undisputed artistic power of colouring and expression, and his noble moral purpose, were not marred and stultified by some strange caprice of exaggerated or unbeautiful detail—we should have Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Young combining to extol it. For we note in the volume of the latter writer several incidental testimonies to the signal ability and the laborious diligence and the healthy reality of the Pre-Raffaellite artists: and in one place the depth and poetry of Mr. Millais's 'Autumn Leaves' is very adequately and candidly acknowledged. Mr. Young, in fact, is fighting

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shadows more than he would perhaps like to confess; excepting so far as he is attacking extremes and extravagances which have no necessary connexion with the truth which they deform.

It is so easy to fasten upon the weak points of some of Turner's later pictures and to expose them with good-humoured flippancy, that we do not mean to quarrel with Mr. Young for his entertaining, but hardly convincing, criticism on some of the works of that great artist. But it is important to point out his failure, as it seems to us, in comprehending the sentiment of two recent mystical pictures which he too strongly reprobates. The painter of that early Pre-Raffaellite picture, which bore the title, 'Wounded in the House of his Friends,' is not to be unhesitatingly condemned because he chose to illustrate those touching words by a possible scene in a carpenter's shop at Nazareth, amidst the almost repulsive accessories of lowly and poverty-stricken condition. There have always been two opposite theories of treating scriptural scenes—the ideal and the naturalistic—each reflected in the mirror of Christian art. And it is narrow-minded in the extreme to prohibit the one which may not commend itself to one's own sympathies. Be it remembered that this particular picture—so striking by its strange reserve and thoughtful suggestiveness—abstained from anything like the coarse and degrading or humorous concomitants of low life, such as a Fleming or Hollander would have depicted. It merely presented a possible combination of circumstances in the mysterious human life of our Lord, such as they would have seemed to the natural eye: the artist left it for the eye of faith to read the hidden meaning of the picture. We do not say that this is the highest form of Christian art; but it is one which may be defended. M. Rio, in the former volume of the work whose title we have given at the head of this article, has an able essay on the two types under which our Lord's human form was represented in ancient art, both founded on hints contained in Holy Scripture, and both supported by names and arguments of weight. For our own parts, we strongly prefer the ideal type preferred in Western art, in which the perfect beauty and majesty of the humanity imaged the shrouded glory of the Godhead. But we can tolerate the exemplification of the opposite theory, so long as it is done in a reverent and becoming spirit.

So again with respect to Mr. Hunt's 'Scapegoat' of last year's exhibition. Mr. Young criticises that picture very severely, but, to our mind, most unjustly. In fact, we should say that the artist had done just what his critic complains of his not doing, and that he has really avoided the fault which he is here charged with committing. How can it be fairly said that

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in this instance 'art has converted a significant metaphor into a vulgar fact?' On the contrary, it has here, as we think, fulfilled what Mr. Young says is the very 'office of poetry:' that it has 'converted a simple fact into significant metaphor.' It takes that simple fact which was divinely chosen as a most significant type, and leaves the contemplative mind to interpret that type by the light of faith. Does Mr. Young imagine that devout meditation on the type is incompatible with belief in the antitype? or because Christians can go in contemplation to Calvary itself, are they forbidden to think of the ordained prefigurements of that awful consummation? Mr. Young seems to share the vulgar English inability to conceive a symbolical or mystical view of a sacred subject: but there is a time and a place for the pious memory of the typical adumbrations or figurative representations of the most solemn realities. The author's mental constitution has led him, if we mistake not, to serious error, or at least short-coming, with respect to the highest and most sacred of all mysteries respecting the Eucharistic Sacrament. We regret extremely to see in a clergyman's writing certain theological statements, such as are to be found especially in the chapters on the religion of art, which would not be pardonable in a lay author. We will not enlarge on this matter further than to say that we are reminded, by this style of criticism, of the effect produced on some rather prosaic minds by the famous Adoration of the Mystic Lamb at Ghent. People destitute of any imaginative power have been known to be quite shocked at that picture, as though it depicted the literal fact of an idolatrous worship of a mere animal! We may now dismiss Mr. Young's volume on the Pre-Raffaellite controversy, with the remarks that little but good can result from the free discussion of the theory and philosophy of art; and that the very existence of the controversy is a proof of the revived interest and amended taste in matter of art for the vitality of which we have been contending.

This improved tone of public feeling with respect to painting in particular has been produced, we think, more by the labours of *litterateurs* than of artists themselves. We by no means wish to undervalue the merits either of the 'Pre-Raffaellite' painters, still less of that more moderate but refined school, of which Mr. Dyce is the best example. Nor are we blind to the numerous and increasing indications in successive exhibitions—of water-colours as well as of oil-painting — that English artists, as a body, are striving to improve their method by adopting the better characteristics of the new school. Still we think that this has rather followed public opinion than directed it. And in like manner, it was the growing artistic

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culture of society that brought about the extension of the National Collection, especially in its historical aspect, and has enriched us with such noble specimens of early Christian art. The National Gallery is, doubtless, now re-acting with tenfold force on the improvement of the public taste, and its influence will increase as education is diffused. We must express our great satisfaction that the Royal Commission appointed to decide upon the best site for the National Gallery has concluded, if not to keep it in its present central position, at least to hinder its removal to such a distance as would make it a toil and labour and expenditure of time for any but the richer classes to reach it. We are jealously suspicious of anything that may tend to keep the masses of our population away from the educational influences of the Collection. The Dulwich Gallery is too far off to be of much benefit; and fewer people probably visit it than the Bridgewater Gallery and Lord Ward's Collection, which are so liberally opened to the metropolitan public. It would be strange if the habit of seeing fine pictures did not exalt and inform the popular taste, and the local exhibitions that are happily becoming more common, and especially the noble example of the Manchester Exhibition of Art Treasures, may well be expected to give a new impulse to the appreciation of art in general and pictorial art in particular.

But for hundreds who have an opportunity of seeing the actual pictures, there are thousands who read of them. And therefore we repeat, that the literature of art is more potent in influencing opinion, than the actual material handiwork of the painter; and this is especially true, when the skill of the engraver aids the labour of the compositor. Here, indeed, we must recognise a special privilege of the present epoch. The multiplication of engravings, and above all the copious illustration of books treating of the history of art, such as Mrs. Jameson's beautiful volumes, or the admirable hand-books of Mr. Murray's series, enable a person to learn by his fireside what his predecessors could not attain without many a pilgrimage to distant shrines of art. Unless the eye bears the chief part in the apprehension of art, it is uphill work indeed to make progress in the study. To give even a general account of the extensive literature which has collectively produced so great an effect on the public sentiment for art, would lead us to transgress all reasonable limits. We content ourselves with selecting for notice two or three of the most recent publications; not thereby implying that they are superior either in interest or importance to works of somewhat older date—and which we are forced to pass over in silence—such as Mrs.

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Jameson's graceful and instructive Treatises, or the Handbooks of Painting for the Italian, German, and Dutch Schools, published by Mr. Murray, or Dr. Waagen's admirable volumes, or Mr. Bohn's humbler but most useful translations of Lanzi and Vasari.

The volume lately put forth by M. Rio is the second instalment of a work commenced upwards of twenty years ago. That former volume, of which an English translation has appeared lately, had the merit of opening a new field, and of advocating views and principles which were at that time strange and novel. One consequence of M. Rio's former success is, that the views he advocates are no longer unfashionable, and that he now appears to be rather behind the age than before it. It is not, however, that he himself is so much altered, as the prevailing tone of public feeling. The movement has already advanced beyond the negative re-action from the tame eclecticism of the academies. We demand something more positive, and had we now a painter who rivalled the B. Angelico himself in fervour and purity of sentiment, we should still expect from him an accurate anatomy and the most perfect mastery of his brush. Twenty years ago technical skill would have been unduly postponed to motive. Hence it is, perhaps, that M. Rio's new matter seems wanting in vigour and in breadth of vision. Still, indeed, as before, he carries with him his reader's sympathies, and approves himself an agreeable as well as trustworthy guide in the track through which he leads us. But he leaves us with a longing for a more bracing atmosphere, and a sense that there was another side in the battle of artistic principles which has been veiled from us. It must be granted, however, that M. Rio had upon the whole a more inspiring set of subjects in his first volume than in his second. Then it was his task to trace the first beginnings of Christian art from the rude delineations of the Catacombs to the abandonment of Byzantine types in the reform of Cimabue and Duccio, and further on to the first rise of naturalism and to the re-introduction of a 'pagan' element. But the best parts of his book were his description of the mystical school of Umbria, and his notices of the saintly Dominican, of Benozzo Gozzoli, Francia, Perugino, and the youthful Raffaelle. Thence he passed to the reform of Savonarola, and its artistic results; so soon to be absorbed in the advancing and resistless tide of the pagan *Renaissance*. Finally, the somewhat independent history of the Venetian school, treated *con amore* by our author, offered a very charming episode. M. Rio pursues his sketch in his newly published volume. Commencing with a notice of the state and progress of the arts in Milan, before the arrival of Leonardo da Vinci, he

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devotes considerable space to the history of that great artist, and his influence upon art. In him M. Rio seems to discern something like a just mean between the opposed principles of the mystic and naturalistic styles; and in tracing out the ramifications of the Lombard school as it spread, chiefly by means of Leonardo's pupils, to Pavia, Bergamo, Brescia, and Lodi, he leads us through a little trodden but delightful by-way of art. He has taken loving pains in investigating the lives and works of many of these less known artists; and there is great novelty and interest in the results, especially when their fortunes happen to be interwoven with the exciting political events of the first half of the sixteenth century in Italy. Two chapters, on the schools of Cremona and Ferrara respectively, conclude the book; and we are left to hope that M. Rio will not permit another interval of twenty years to elapse before he continues or completes his story.

Such of our readers as take an interest in the fortunes of distinctively Christian art, will, we hope, make personal acquaintance with M. Rio's pages. We do not know where else they could find so thorough an account of the Lombard school; and, remembering that the author is an earnest partisan of the mysticists,—a bias which must qualify all his dicta as to artists whom he charges with naturalism,—his guidance may be safely followed.

It will be felt indeed a great drawback to his book that it is entirely without illustrations. A sketch, however slight, of the *ordonnance* of a famous painting is worth many pages of minute description. In fact, where form and colour are concerned, no verbal description, however technical or exact, can convey an adequate image of the reality; while the roughest outline is sufficient to enable us to comprehend the broad treatment of a subject, so far, at least, as respects its composition.

The life of Leonardo da Vinci, who is, not without reason, called by M. Rio the most imposing figure (not even excepting Michael Angelo) that the history of art presents, is the most striking portrait in the present volume, and will afford us a good subject for closer examination. Born near Florence in 1452, Leonardo received his first lessons in art from Andrea Verrocchio. This master was a greater sculptor than painter, and is best known for the magnificent equestrian statue of Bartolommeo di Coleone at Venice; but his merits, as exemplified in various little known works at Florence, have not been sufficiently valued by the majority of critics. To the teaching of Verrocchio M. Rio attributes, with much probability, a certain fondness for a statuesque simplicity of arrangement in his groups and general composition that may generally be

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observed in the paintings of Leonardo. He finds a complete accordance — what he calls, in a phrase borrowed from the philosophical language of Leibnitz, '*une sorte d'harmonie préétablie*,'—between the master and the pupil; in each of them, as artists, a remarkable vigour, not purchased at the cost of beauty—a marvellous fondness for minute detail—a strict attention to the science of perspective; while they were strikingly alike in their love of music, their lack of persevering industry enough to bring their various works to completion, and their predilection for the war-horse as an object of anatomical study and artistic representation. The charming gossip with which Vasari, the Plutarch of art, has enlivened his biographies, is not to be found in M. Rio's graver pages. The latter contents himself, in this portion of his biography, with briefly mentioning some of Leonardo's early works which are now lost, and noticing his intimate friendship with his fellow pupil Perugino, and the capricious indifference with which his talents were slighted by Lorenzo the Magnificent. In 1483, at the age of twenty-nine, Leonardo first went to Milan, and solicited the patronage of Ludovico Sforza. His letter on this occasion is preserved, in which, with a frankness betokening the thorough confidence he had in his own resources, he boldly asserts his ability to undertake any works either of painting or sculpture, of military or civil engineering, and especially of hydraulic science. He had opportunities of showing experimentally that this estimate of his powers was not overrated; and his physical gifts rivalled those of his intellect. It is recorded that his appearance was all that is noble and attractive, and that his manners and conversation were irresistible. He was a most accomplished musician and improvisatore; without a rival in fence or in the dance; a daring and consummate horseman, with a muscular organisation equally fit for the most violent exertion or the most delicate handiwork; generous and open-hearted almost to extravagance, and so tender-hearted that he would purchase caged birds in order to set them free. The world has seldom seen a man so richly endowed, both corporeally and mentally, with faculties so varied and prodigious, and yet so well balanced in their relations to each other. M. Rio traces an analogy between Leonardo and Schelling; the latter having, as a philosopher, had an insight into the mysteries of art only rivalled by Leonardo's mastery, as an artist, of the arcana of science. The philosophical papers of Leonardo, preserved, some at Milan, some at Paris, and some at Lord Leicester's seat at Holkham, are said to prove that their author had anticipated theoretically many of the most important scientific discoveries of later times. Among these are reckoned

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the construction of the barometer, the application of steam, especially to warlike purposes, and the use of the pendulum for measuring time. 'Sometimes,' says his present biographer, 'there are observations in geology which astonish us by their 'justice, and their coincidence with the facts so recently and so 'laboriously demonstrated; sometimes there are theories which 'seem to reveal a daring successor of Archimedes; it has even 'been thought that in certain passages could be found the germ 'of the great cosmogonic theory of Leibnitz, so ably developed 'by Buffon. He harps so constantly on the necessity of experi-'ment as the interpreter of the processes of nature, that one 'might with reason add the name of Bacon to the list of great 'intellects of which Leonardo was in some sort the precursor. '"Nature alone,"' he says somewhere, '"is the mistress of 'superior intelligences."'

Settled at Milan, Leonardo founded the first Academy of which there is any record, and M. Rio enumerates many of his literary essays in connexion with that institution. These exercises were by no means confined to his own more peculiar objects of artistic study: he read Vitruvius for architecture, Albertus Magnus for philosophy, and sought in the poetic ideal of Dante a counterpart to his own ideal in æsthetics. A sonnet of his own composition is preserved, remarkable at once for its terse concinnity of language and its psychological insight.

Ludovico il Moro, Duke of Milan, whatever may have been his faults in other respects, was a liberal patron of the arts, and he seems to have had discernment enough to value sufficiently the genius of Leonardo. Besides other works, as well of painting as of engineering, he commissioned him to execute an equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, the founder of his dynasty; a work which cost Leonardo fifteen years in merely finishing the clay model; and which, owing to his own dilatoriness, was never executed in any more enduring material, but perished in the fall of Milan in 1499. It is an irremediable loss to art; for in the opinion of contemporary judges, the work was faultlessly excellent. Meanwhile the artist had been charged with a share of responsibility as to the completion of the Duomo; but unfortunately there is no record of the part he took in the animated disputes and public competitions among rival architects, which resulted happily in the determination to finish that church in the Pointed style of the original design, rather than to add a cupola of the then fashionable *Renaissance*. But it was the famous Cena in the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie, (by which alone the name of Leonardo would be immortalized), that, dividing his thoughts and labour, hindered the casting of the colossal statue. Bandello the novelist relates how he had

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seen Leonardo, in the fiercest heat of the dog-days, rush from the statue to the fresco in order to add a feature or modify a contour, with two or three strokes of the brush; and at other times how the artist would be so absorbed with his work as to sit from morning to night in total forgetfulness of his meals.

The discussion of this famous picture is one of the least satisfactory parts of M. Rio's volume. Committed to his own theory, that idealism preponderates over naturalism in the perfect manner of Leonardo, he finds the Cena a very serious obstacle to the establishment of his position. For, in point of fact, granting to the fullest extent the elevated purity of the conception and the dignity of its treatment, any unprejudiced observer would be inclined to agree with Goethe's assertion that the composition is eminently naturalistic; and to claim it as a mystical picture at all seems to us entirely to mistake its character. Surely the subject is treated in this design not in a symbolical, but entirely in a historical or narrative point of view, as indeed became its position on the wall of a refectory. The reason for choosing the Last Supper for that association of ideas is obvious. It was meant to consecrate the ordinary meals of the fraternity by a memento of that memorable paschal feast. The higher aspect of the same supper as the institution of the Eucharistic Sacrament is not here intended to be expressed by the painter. The proper iconological representation of that mysterious event, when the last Passover was consummated in the person of the Incarnate Lord, its great antitype, and superseded for ever by the Christian sacrifice of commemoration, is altogether different from the method here adopted by Leonardo. And this is the reason—as has been pointed out in a contemporary critique—why this fine picture is almost too highly rated by those religionists who take a somewhat low view of sacramental doctrine: and we cannot sufficiently express our surprise that M. Rio, who seems to belong to a strict school of Roman Catholicism, should have allowed his theory to drive him to the assertion that the Cena was thus handled by Leonardo, under the 'inspiration of a prophetic instinct,' to 'revive among artists the consciousness of their religious mission,' and to cause the multiplication of such representations at the moment when 'the schism was endeavouring 'to obliterate from the public faith the sacrament of the Eucha-'rist.' We believe, on the contrary, that the popularity of the picture has operated in a precisely opposite direction.

The key to the whole of M. Rio's present volume is his wish to contrast the comparatively firm front opposed by Leonardo and his followers to the encroachments of the Renaissance with the rapid decline of the Roman school of Raffaelle and the

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Michelangioleschi. And undoubtedly the great master of the Lombard school impressed on his pupils and successors a character of remarkable purity of design and elevation of religious sentiment, very different from anything observable among the followers of his chief rivals and contemporaries. Borgognone, Salaino, Luini, Beltraffio, and Cesare da Sesto, form a galaxy of purely Christian artists; and, not to mention the names of his less famous successors, his influence extended probably to Moretto of Brescia, Lotto of Bergamo, and Piazza of Lodi, whose little known works are described by M. Rio as standing protests in a corrupt age against sensualism and naturalism in art. The truth, however, seems to be that Leonardo himself, though avoiding the extreme of Raffaelle's last manner, and eschewing the extravagant physicalism of Michael Angelo, was by no means such a purist in his artistic principles as his present biographer would make out. He kept a just mean between the two rival theories of art more successfully than any of his own disciples; and nothing shows more strongly the great superiority of his powers over those of his imitators than this independent moderation. Take, for instance, his noble portraits. It cannot be pretended that such pictures as his 'Mona Lisa,' or 'La Belle Ferronnière,' have anything of a 'Pre-Raffaellite' character. And M. Rio himself not only has to find excuses for certain other pictures on mythological subjects, as being professedly naturalistic; but again, expressing his dissatisfaction with the type adopted by Leonardo for the Blessed Virgin, as being inferior to that of our Lord, takes occasion to assume that the manner of the artist altered from the purer traditions which he followed at Florence to a less chastened style, adopted, under the patronage of Ludovico Sforza, at Milan. We greatly doubt whether any such difference of manner existed; M. Rio himself admits that it cannot be established. It is surely more reasonable to conclude that Leonardo, who was strong enough to resist the temptations of the Renaissance on the one hand, was wise enough not to cling too tenaciously to the conventionalisms of the past on the other hand. We prefer to look upon him as the model of what the best Christian painters must always be: equal to the foremost of their contemporaries in the practical detail of their art, and not fairly chargeable with archaism of method or narrowness of intellectual grasp and sympathy.

We return to our brief sketch of the great painter's history. Twenty years' sojourn at Milan left him, it appears, as poor in worldly goods as when he first came thither from his native Tuscany; and when, in 1498, Milan was taken by the enemy, Leonardo quitted his adopted country, and returned unwillingly to Florence. Here he was well received, and executed many

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works; though his stay, upon the whole, does not seem to have been a happy one, as the city was still suffering from the natural effects of the moral convulsion occasioned by the attempted reforms of Savonarola. Here, too, the youthful Raffaelle made his acquaintance, and borrowed, it is thought, some advantages from his experience. It was a great epoch of the artistic life of Leonardo, when, in 1503, during this sojourn in Florence, he entered into public competition with Michael Angelo, in a historical cartoon. The originals of both these great works have perished; but their general composition is known, and sketches of each will be found in Sir Charles Eastlake's edition of 'Kugler.' Michael Angelo's 'Bathing Soldiers' is an astonishingly powerful delineation of struggling nude men; while Leonardo's 'Battle of the Standard' is a characteristic and scarcely less forcible representation of a skirmish of cavalry. The general opinion of their contemporaries seems to have preferred the former; and this defeat was not the only mortification that Leonardo was doomed to experience in Florence. Finally, after an absence of seven years, varied by more than one visit to Rome, he returned to Milan, where he was warmly welcomed by the French viceroy of Louis XII., Charles d'Amboise, the Marshal de Chaumont, and where he was allowed to enjoy a few years of comparative tranquillity and honour. But in 1512, Milan was evacuated by the French garrison, and Leonardo was once more an exile. Florence was now closed to him; so that, attended by many of his pupils, he repaired to Rome. He received but a cold welcome from Leo X. who was then regnant; and he found the ground pre-occupied by his former rival, Michael Angelo, and by Raffaelle, then at the culminating point of his glory. His stay there was short. The death of Louis XII. was speedily followed by the victory of Marignan, won by his successor; and this recalled the wanderer to Lombardy for the last time. He was soon to quit for ever the country both of his birth and adoption. Francis I. provided him with a retreat at Clou, near Amboise, and endowed him with place and pension. Here he died in 1519; and the story that he expired in the arms of his royal patron, though not confirmed by authority, is a pleasing commentary on the honour and competency which surrounded his last days. To us, however, there is something exceedingly painful in the closing scenes of a life once so hopeful; and we cannot but believe that the sense of expatriation, of dependence, and disappointed ambition, must have saddened the lot of the illustrious exile. This feeling, however, is not shared by M. Rio, who almost seems to think the honour of French patronage and a French asylum more

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than compensation for the severance of the associations of a lifetime, and for the loss of the civilization and the climate of his native Italy. He pleads hard, against the opinion of Vasari, for the unsullied orthodoxy of the faith of the dying painter—a conclusion to which we would gladly follow him; but as to which we can scarcely agree that the language in which his will is couched, is, in itself, conclusive evidence. It is impossible not to feel that the artistic life of this great and extraordinarily gifted man was, in some respects, a failure. The discursiveness of his prodigious genius, by dissipating his powers, limited his success in each particular department of art. From his procrastinating habits, and the variety of works which he undertook simultaneously, there are but few finished *chefs d'œuvre* of his in existence; and many even of these are more correctly attributed to his pupils. His great rival, Michael Angelo, reigned supreme for half a century after Leonardo quitted the scene, and stamped his impress on all succeeding art; while Raffaelle, whose short career was ended nearly simultaneously with the long life of Leonardo, bears away the undisputed palm of painting, even when Da Vinci's warmest admirers are themselves the judges.

The memoir of the founder of the School of Lombardy isthe central subject of M. Rio's present volume. It is executed with signal care and ability, and is not the less agreeable for exhibiting occasionally the warmth of a partisan. There is no way of studying the history of art more agreeable than in biographical essays of this sort. Technical descriptions and systematic catalogues of works and schools are essential for reference: but for spreading a knowledge and love of the subject we must go to writers like Lord Lindsay, Mrs. Jameson, and our present author. May we not hope soon to read the story of Raffaelle in a third volume by M. Rio? He will find his task, however, to some extent anticipated, so far as Raffaelle and Michael Angelo are concerned, by the next work which we propose to notice. But the story of Italian art bears to be told in many ways by many men.

Mr. Harford has thoroughly qualified himself to be the biographer of Michael Angelo, as well by the patient examination of all the facts and documents that are preserved, as by the most sincere admiration of the subject of his memoir, both as an artist and a man. If he has not succeeded in writing a very brilliant work, he deserves, at least, the credit of having provided us with a most satisfactory book of reference, and of having given English readers a better opportunity than they have ever before had of making acquaintance with one of the very greatest men of whom art can boast. Of the goodness as well as the greatness

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of Michael Angelo no one can reasonably doubt who has ever made himself acquainted with the outline of his history; and even those who most deplore his influence on art must cherish the memory of so honourable and virtuous a career.

Michael Angelo was born near Arezzo, in Tuscany, in 1474, twenty-three years later than Leonardo. Unlike his rival, he was of noble lineage; but he resembled him in precocity of intellect, and rivalled him in the depth and variety of his acquirements. From his very earliest years he showed the strongest bent for an artist's life, and at last, after considerable opposition, succeeded in obtaining his father's consent to his becoming the pupil of Domenico Ghirlandajo. Soon he acquired the warm favour of Lorenzo de' Medici, the Magnificent; and, under his intelligent patronage, devoted himself not merely to sculpture, but to the study of music, literature, and philosophy. Florence was at that time the most polished and intellectual city in Italy; and the youthful artist shared the society of such men as Politian, Pico di Mirandula, Landini, and the refugee Chalcondyles. Nor is it uninteresting to remember that among the companions of Michael Angelo's academic days were three distinguished Englishmen, Linacre, Grocyn, and Colet — the friend of Erasmus, and the founder of St. Paul's School—who were about this time at Florence, learning the Greek language, the study of which was carried back by them from the banks of the Arno to their own country. To the influence of the Platonic philosophy, which was in vogue among the *literati* ot Florence at this time, Mr. Harford attributes the 'lofty idealism, love of allegory, and mystical views of nature and art,' which he traces in the works of Michael Angelo.

Mr. Harford's plan allows him to interrupt the current of his biographical narrative by any number of digressions that may seem necessary to illustrate the main subject. Such, for example, are his chapters on the Platonic Academy, the political constitution of Florence, and the connexion between the sculpture of Michael Angelo and the earlier school of Nicolas of Pisa. Such also is his sketch of the life of Savonarola, which is extremely well executed, and which should be compared with M. Rio's account of that remarkable reformer in the first volume of his treatise. It is a story that can never tire; and even those who lament the absence of any gentleness or moderation from the character of the eloquent Dominican must admire the purity of his motives and the unselfishness of his zeal, and must grieve over his tragic end and the utter failure of his reforms. But the influence of Savonarola, however shortlived in the city which was the theatre of his experiment, was by no means thrown away on the more distinguished of his contemporaries, either in art or

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in politics. When Fra Bartolommeo and Lorenzo di Credi, in a fit of enthusiasm, threw all their sketches and studies from the life on the bonfire of the Prior of St. Mark's, they symbolized their resolution henceforward to consecrate their powers of heart and hand to none but the holiest of objects. The act was fanatical, and it is fortunate for their reputation as painters that it was far easier to burn the papers than to forget the knowledge which those sketches had enabled them to acquire: but such a sacrifice is the strongest possible proof of the power that the stern preacher had obtained over their minds. The wiser Buonarroti knew better where to draw the line of moderation. He made no holocaust of his anatomy, but a long life of irreproachable personal morality attests the depth of the impression made upon him by the preaching and denunciations of the uncompromising reformer. Doubtless also he owed to Savonarola his political creed as a philosophic republican; and, though he was not so imprudent as to make any needless, because fruitless, display of unfashionable opinion, it is clear that in religion, as in matters of government, he was fully alive to the abuses and corruptions of the times, and earnestly desired their reformation.

It was during the period of Savonarola's power that Michael Angelo, about 1496, made his first visit to Rome; and it was owing to the fame he there acquired that, six years later, he was selected by the citizens of Florence, in preference to Leonardo da Vinci or Contucci, to execute a statue out of a mutilated block of marble that had long lain neglected in the court-yard of the Palazzo Vecchio. To this commission the world owes the David —one of the very finest of the artist's works, and free from the exaggeration and mannerism into which he fell in later years. The next great epoch in his life was the competition with Leonardo, to which we have already referred in our sketch of that painter's biography. We pass over Michael Angelo's quarrel and reconciliation with Pope Julius II.—that able and unscrupulous pontiff, whose features have been made so familiar to us by the pencil of Raffaelle—and come to the period when, at the Pope's urgent demand, but against his own inclinations, Michael Angelo undertook the painting of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Mr. Harford describes the progress of this immortal work in a very interesting way, and devotes a chapter to a minute account of the composition. An outline of the design of the whole ceiling forms also one of the most valuable of the numerous illustrations with which his volumes are embellished.

The pontificate of Leo X. was not signalized by any conspicuous artistic triumph of Michael Angelo. His fame, already

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established as a sculptor and a painter, was to be tested by the new Pope in the capacity of an architect. Leo commissioned him, after a limited competition with Raffaelle, Sansovino, and Giuliano San Gallo, to design a façade for Brunelleschi's great church of San Lorenzo, which was the mausoleum of the Medicean family. But, after several years of fruitless labour and anxiety, the scheme was abandoned; and in 1521, shortly after the premature death of Raffaelle in the zenith of his glory, Leo was succeeded by Adrian VI. on the Papal throne. In this place we have to thank Mr. Harford for a brief memoir of Raffaelle, and for a comparison, fairly enough argued, and finally left undecided, between the merits of these two great artists. It would be impossible, indeed, to settle satisfactorily a point so long and so warmly contested. Those who prefer the charms of grace and sweetness, expression and colour, will give the palm to Raffaelle; while the partisans of Michael Angelo will claim for him superiority over his rival in vigour of design, in anatomical knowledge, and in dramatic power. But whatever critics may say, there can be little doubt that among ordinary students of art, while the latter is respected and admired, the former wins their love and gratitude; and the gracious inspirations of Raffaelle are treasured in our hearts, while the scientific design of Michael Angelo makes its chief appeal to our intellectual sympathies.

Clement VII. taking refuge in the Castle of S. Angelo, and Rome sacked by the Duc de Bourbon, Michael Angelo retired to Florence, which had now thrown off the yoke of the Medici, and which needed the aid of all its citizens against the foreign enemy. How M. Angelo, a republican in heart, brought his engineering powers to bear in the fortification and defence of the city, is known to all who have had the good fortune to hear the story on the spot consecrated by his patriotic labours—the terrace of San Miniato. There is, perhaps, no fairer view in the world than that which is commanded from the eminence which is the 'key' to the fortifications of Florence; and we will do ourselves the pleasure of borrowing Mr. Harford's description of the scene, only expressing our surprise that the two most striking objects in the prospect—the majestic dome of Brunelleschi and the lovely campanile of Giotto—are not more prominently noticed by the writer:—

'The hill of San Miniato commands a charming view of Florence. It is best viewed towards sunset. From an eminence, studded by noble cypresses, the Arno meets the eye, reflecting in its tranquil bosom a succession of terraces and bridges, edged by imposing streets and palaces, above which are seen the stately cathedral, the church of Santa Croce, and the picturesque tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, while innumerable other towers, of lesser fame and altitude, crown the distant parts of the city, and the banks

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of the river, which at length—its sinuous stream bathed in liquid gold—is lost sight of amidst the rich carpet of a vast and luxuriant plain, bounded by lofty Apennines. Directly opposite to the eye rises the classical height of Fiesole, its sides covered with intermingled rocks and woods, from amidst which sparkle innumerable villages and villas.'—Vol. ii. pp. 19, 20.

We do not say that this passage conveys a very vivid picture of that matchless landscape, but it is a good specimen of Mr. Harford's somewhat level style; and his volumes, in proportion to their merit, contain remarkably few passages adapted for quotation.

All, however, was in vain. Florence fell through the treachery of its general-in-chief, the Medici were restored, and Michael Angelo, barely escaping with his life, relinquished political action for ever. Henceforward his years are marked merely by the succession of his artistic triumphs. First came those mysterious statues of the tombs of the Medici in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo, which are so well represented, in everything but the cold austerity of the solemn chamber in which the originals are placed, by the fine casts in the Sydenham Palace. Next followed the painting of the Last Judgment for Pope Paul III., and the Mausoleum of Julius II., and the forbidding 'Moses' of the church of San Pietro in Vincoli. And, last in order of his more famous artistic undertakings, came his stupendous work in the completion of S. Peter's. His energy and intellectual power, the manliness and kindheartedness of his disposition, remained with him to the last. He outlived all jealousies and rivalries; and, rich in honour and respect, favoured in friendship, and as happy as a man never married could be in the society of his near relations, he continued his artistic and literary labours till a truly Christian death released him from this world, in 1563, in the ninetieth year of his age. His earthly lot was certainly a happier one than that of the expatriated Leonardo; and the annals of art cannot show a greater or brighter name.

It is to be regretted, perhaps, that Mr. Harford has segregated into a supplemental chapter many of these well-known and piquant anecdotes which add so great a zest to the ordinary biographies of Buonarotti. But we must thank him for his very laborious and exhaustive compilation, and in particular for the careful edition and translation of the great artist's forcible but somewhat laboured poetical compositions, and for several specimens of his correspondence. We must make room for the following description of his personal appearance—

'Michael Angelo was of middle stature, of a spare habit of body, bony and muscular, active in his gait and movements, and of a ruddy complexion. His forehead was square, lofty, and somewhat projecting; his

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nose might have been fine but for the flattening injury inflicted upon it early in life by Torrigiano; his cheek-bones were a little prominent; his eyes were rather small, sparkling, of a grey colour inclining to blue, and but slightly overshaded; his lips were thin, the lower lip somewhat projecting; his hair and beard raven black, till extreme old age shed its snows upon them; the beard terminated in two points. The cranium was large in proportion to the face. His aspect was amiable and animated, blended with an expression of resolute firmness and decision. He was rather broad in the shoulders; but his limbs were in good proportion.'—P. 209.

Mr. Harford's subsidiary memoirs also are of great interest, especially that of the celebrated Marchioness of Pescara, Vittoria Colonna. There can be, we think, little doubt that this accomplished lady shared, with Michael Angelo and other distinguished men whom she honoured with her friendship, if not any direct sympathy with the movement of the Reformation, yet at least a conviction of the abuses and corruption of the Papal system. Mr. Harford's remarks on this interesting and suggestive topic seem to us sensible and in good taste; and we venture to recommend his volumes, which have the advantage of some very good illustrations, especially the medallion-portraits of many of the celebrated characters mentioned in the memoir, to the best notice of our readers, as a very valuable contribution to the literature of art.

The last work which we have selected for more particular notice, *The Early Flemish Painters*, by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle—names new to us as authors—forms a great contrast to M. Rio's and Mr. Harford's volumes. Beautifully got up, possessing the great advantage of copious and generally well-chosen illustrations, and dealing with a subject of great novelty and interest, it is, nevertheless—for purposes of perusal—one of the most spiritless and fatiguing books that we have lately seen. And it is not often that in works of Mr. Murray's publishing, we have to complain of such orthography as 'dyptic,' 'tryptic,' throughout the volume; or that we read of a 'S. Hyppolitus,' among the martyrs. We welcome the work, however, as a diligent and painstaking monograph of the schools of Bruges and Louvain, made doubly useful by its minute index.

The chief painters here introduced to us are, of course, Hubert and John Van Eyck, followed by Petrus Cristus, Van der Meire, Van der Goes, Justus of Ghent, Roger Van der Weyden, Antonello da Messina—an interesting Italian graft on the Flemish stock, and the well-known Memling. We would gladly have attempted a sketch of the lives of one or other of the Van Eycks as a pendant to those of the two great Italian masters whose memoirs we have noticed. But, important as

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was the place occupied in the history of art by these two distinguished brothers, their lives were singularly uneventful, and their present biographers afford us no suitable passages for quotation. Our authors' sympathies are more warm in favour of Hubert than of his younger and more famous brother. In the former they recognise the honest independence of the unpatronized painter of the commune, and in his art the most thorough mastery of colour, anatomy, and design; while John Van Eyck, who 'led the life of courts, and followed princes,' and was enrolled as a 'varlet' in the household of Philip the Good, is characterized as not merely morally inferior to his brother, but as less profound and less skilful in the exercise of his art. To the latter, however, on the authority of Vasari, the invention of oil-painting—or rather of using oil, not merely as varnish, but as a medium—has always been attributed. The present writers explain, with some ability, the process of the discovery: how the search after a siccative coloured varnish was superseded by an improved medium of mixing the colours; after which a colourless varnish became the final object of scientific research. We quote the passage:—

'In these latter sentences are evidently condensed the experiments and discoveries of years. The really great thing which was done was the mingling of the new medium with colours. But the result of doing so is curious, and has not, perhaps, been dwelt on sufficiently. The mixture of the new medium with colours rendered their tones more vigorous, so that the necessity of the *coloured* varnish must have been superseded. The object of Van Eyck, which was first to obtain a more drying coloured varnish, was at last to obtain a colourless medium; for the vigour which was given to tempera by the last coat of preservative oleo-resinous varnish was obtained without that means. From the very time, therefore, when the medium was employed mixed with colours, the old coloured varnish was superseded, and it became necessary to obtain, as a preservative, a pure and colourless medium. It was evident that the old varnish, which was laid on tempera with a sponge, or with the hand, was far too viscous to be useful in mixing colours, and must, therefore, be liquefied. By means of its use the proceedings of the old painters were changed; and from tempera pictures partially painted in oil, no doubt there was a change to oil pictures partially painted in tempera.'—Pp. 42, 43.

The credit of this great discovery is here shared between John and his elder brother; and not without reason, seeing that at the usually assigned date of the invention John was scarcely nineteen years old, while Hubert, who was confessedly his instructor, was twenty years his senior, and was at that time in the height of his fame. The comparatively early death of Hubert, leaving John Van Eyck in the possession of all the results of his experience, and without a rival in his profession, amply accounts for the attribution to the younger brother of the chief merit of this chemical discovery.

Of the special gem of the Flemish school, the Adoration of

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the Mystic Lamb, we have in the present volume a very full description. It was commenced by the elder Van Eyck, as the altar-piece for the chapel founded by Judocus Vydts, in the cathedral church of S. Bavon, at Ghent; and its upper portion alone was finished at his decease, in 1426. His brother John was commissioned to complete it; a task which he seems to have accomplished at his leisure, working at it occasionally during his residence at Bruges, suspending it during his diplomatic voyage to Portugal, but finishing it in 1432. Critics have observed in some portions of this noble picture, in their general warmer colour, in the swarthy complexion of the figures, and especially in the introduction in the landscape of the palm and orange, copied faithfully from nature, evidences that they were painted after John Van Eyck's return from his Lisbon journey.

One of the illustrations of the volume before us is an outline of this great altar-piece, with the additions of its volets. The central part alone is preserved at Ghent; the wings, after many adventures, having been deposited at Berlin. The picture is too well known to make it expedient to extract a description of it, even were an account of so many various groups at all intelligible without pictorial illustration. The frontispiece of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's volume introduces to us what is far less commonly known, an altar-piece by John Van Eyck, from the Santa Trinita Museum, at Madrid, representing the mystical subject of the Triumph of the Church. And of this, being somewhat more simple in its composition, our readers may thank us for quoting the description:—

'The subject is the triumph of the Greek and Latin Church over that of the Jews; the field of victory being a mediæval court, of which the centre is a spire, in the pointed style of S. Laurent' (why is the name given in French?) 'of Nuremberg, the filmy tracery of whose numerous spindles dart into the air with wondrous elegance, in all the glory of profuse and chosen ornament. This graceful spire of open tracery forms a dais, in which is the throne from whence the Saviour contemplates the victory; whilst the Virgin Mary and S. John the Evangelist, in the attitude and vestments consecrated to them, sit upon each side. The Lamb is at the Saviour's feet, and the symbols of the four Evangelists are on the throne, from the foot of which seem to flow the crystal streams of the fountains of grace. The shallow current runs clear and limpid, and crowded with the wafers of the host down three successive steps or planes into which the picture is divided, then falls in tiny jets from a Gothic fountain in the foreground. Two light pointed spires, also of open work, in whose airy spaces are depicted angels, flank the throne, and give symmetry to the scene which they enclose. The sacred choristers sing their glorious psalms beneath the Saviour, sitting in a flowery meadow, yielding strawberries in plenty. The fountain separates the Greek and Latin Church from that of Moses. A pope with the tiara, triumphantly points to the wafers of the host, and holds the flag of hope; his followers,—a cardinal, at whose feet an emperor is kneeling, a bishop, and others in secular costume, foremost amongst whom we notice Hubert and John Van Eyck,—looking gravely on. The figure

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of the former is on the left of the group, kneeling in an attitude of adoration, clothed in a red mantle turned with grey fur, a blue bonnet lined with fur on his head. An order hangs over his shoulder, and a belt keeps in the folds of his dress. The features are similar to those of Hubert, in the altar-piece of S. Bavon. The figure of the latter stands somewhat in rear on the extreme left; the dress is black, and the head is covered with a cap. Here, also, the features resemble those of John Van Eyck in the Agnus Dei, but the likeness is not so striking as that of Hubert. Opposite to them are closely huddled the despairing figures of the Jews. The high priest, with the broken staff, turns away his head from the revivifying fountain, although his blindness is depicted by a handkerchief which shrouds his eyes. Another Jewish priest is falling in consternation, whilst a third has taken to his heels, and another runs away with his hands to his ears. A fifth is observed tearing his breast, and the group expresses terror and despair, as ably depicted as is the deep and solemn, yet cheerful gravity of the princes of the Greek and Latin Church.

'For power of conception, creation, and distribution, there is no picture of the Flemish school which approaches this, except the Agnus Dei of S. Bavon. It is the labour of a single hand, and the figures are all of similar stature, but of proportions less than those of John Van Eyck, in the central panel of the Agnus Dei. The colour is too powerful for a pupil or contemporary of the painter.'—Pp. 94—96.

The two portraits, by the way, mentioned in the above extract, of the painter and his brother, are singularly fine, and are judiciously repeated on the title page of the volume under review.

The other illustrations make us acquainted with a very interesting altar-piece by Melchior Broederlein (before 1400), preserved at Dijon; another by Roger Van der Weyden (about 1450), in the Hospital at Beaune; besides two curious examples of the interpenetration—to borrow an architectural phrase—of schools very different in their nationality and antecedents. In the former of these we have a mural picture in the cloisters of the Dominican convent of Santa Maria di Castello, at Genoa, drawn in distemper by Justus d'Allemagna, date 1451, in which our authors find an instance of the importation into Italy of a manner formed partly by the Flemish school, and partly by that of Cologne. The other is an example of the converse process; the Crucifixion, in the Antwerp Museum, by Antonello da Messina. This Sicilian artist, according to Vasari, having seen accidentally at Naples a picture by John Van Eyck, 'so admired 'its liveliness of colour, and the evenness and beauty of its paint-'ing, that he put aside all other things, and went to Flanders; 'and having come to Bruges, became familiar with Giovanni.' Antonello returned to Italy after the death of Van Eyck, and in his future works exhibited so faithfully all the peculiarities of method and colouring of the Flemish master, that his paintings are often mistaken for those of Memling, who is confessedly the most distinguished inheritor of the traditions of the Bruges

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school. Through him a decided Flemish influence was introduced into the Venetian succession of Gentile da Fabriano and Giovanni Bellini, and from them it was transmitted to the great colourists, Giorgione and Titian. The striking portrait by Giovanni Bellini in our National Gallery, is appealed to by our present authors as affording clear evidences of the intermediate steps of this interesting transmission.

The romantic circumstances that are told in connexion with the reception of Hans Memling in the Hospital at S. John, and which the grateful painter is said to have repaid by those masterpieces of art that have made Bruges so famous, might have led us to expect a more interesting biography than is here given us. In fact, however, little or nothing seems to be known of the life of this celebrated man. It is not even certain where he was born, or where he lived; the legend to which we have referred, is considered mythical; and it is only lately that the orthography of his name has been established. From documentary evidence it now seems to be an ascertained fact that Memling was duly commissioned and remunerated for his works for S. John's Hospital, and the date, 1486, is assigned for the completion of the shrine of S. Ursula. Mr. Crowe and his fellow-editor give 1499 as the year of his death, and argue from the number and character of his works, that the painter's life was much less stirring than has been supposed; that he neither went to Italy nor to Spain; was neither a libertine nor a soldier, but a quiet and laborious devotee to his gentle art. His works, remaining at Bruges, and in various galleries, are enumerated and duly described, but we regret that only one illustration, the panel representing S. Ursula's martyrdom, is engraved. Memling seems to us to have deserved more full pictorial illustration, especially as he was the last great ornament of the pure Flemish School. His imitators, though numerous, were very inferior to their master, and most of them eclecticized considerably, and diverged into other styles.

But meantime, Flemish art, though destined to wane and perish before the art of Italy, had not only left its traces in the Venetian school, as we have seen, but exercised an influence, more or less powerful, on the painting of Spain and Portugal, France and Germany. In Germany it supplanted the old school of Cologne in its native seat, and its individuality may be traced onwards in Holbein, Martin Schön and Albert Dürer. In Spain, the Flemish artists, who migrated thither in great numbers, rather carried their school with them, than impressed their character on the, as yet, undeveloped national style. France, and still more England, owed but little to the earlier painters of Flanders. It was not till a somewhat later period

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that Mabuse painted in England, and by that time his style was a cento in which the Italian element predominated.

It is strange that the descent of the later Flemish school or of the Dutch painters of *genre* from these early artists of Belgium is not traced out in the volume before us. It is clear that, in colour, in minuteness of detail, and in general naturalism, there is much connexion between the two epochs. The present compilers have perhaps declined the task, from feeling but little sympathy with the realistic school of Holland. Indeed, their personal predilection for Italian art is so marked, that it is a wonder they have so impartially and patiently investigated the history and works of a school which, with all its merits, had undoubtedly the germs in itself of that unideal and unspiritual development that was to succeed it. Their own taste is best shown by the following paragraph, which is the last that we shall quote. Speaking of the degenerate successors of the Van Eycks, as artists who 'produced pictures marked, perhaps, by 'a certain breadth of hand, but devoid of sentiment and 'lacking nobleness of conception and composition,' they thus continue:—

'Respecting these painters, no judgment can be too severe, when we consider the degree of abasement to which they reduced the Flemish school, at a period when the arts in Italy had reached the pinnacle of their greatness. Nor can we consider the tendencies of the two countries, as exemplified by their works, more strikingly than by putting this comparison—that whilst the Flemings followed the tendency to naturalism, and the reproduction of the real by innate sense rather than by science, and gradually entered the track of simple imitation, making their art one of servile portraiture—whilst, at the same time, they perfected the technical processes of colour to such a degree, that they helped to found the Venetian school—the great masters of Tuscany and Umbria founded their art on severity and perfection of form, rising to the extreme point of grandeur in Raphael and Michael Angelo, the last of whom never painted in oil. In the same period we see the upward and the downward course. Can men of taste be blamed for preferring the former to the lowest extreme of the latter?'—P. 354.

With this extract we conclude our notice of a book which, if not all that we could wish, has most substantial merits, and cannot fail to be highly useful to the intelligent student of art. That such a literature as that of which the three works we have described are average specimens is flourishing among us, must be taken, we repeat, as a most wholesome sign and augury for the future. Time was when the study of art was a task of difficulty, and beyond the reach of most men. This is now altered. Not only is travelling, both abroad and at home, more easy and therefore more common, but, without travelling, it is possible for a considerable practical knowledge to be obtained of works of art. Exhibitions are becoming common in pro-

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vincial towns. Some places, as for instance Liverpool, have local museums of some value. The galleries of our great country-houses are rendered more accessible to their neighbourhoods, now that their contents are no longer merely objects of vulgar sightseeing but of a cultivated admiration. Manchester, in its noble Art Treasures Exhibition, has had the merit of making a forward step of extraordinary importance. In the metropolis, besides its annual exhibitions—which are no longer confined to English art, but afford specimens of the French and Belgian schools—we may now reckon the Ellesmere, Vernon, Sheepshanks, Dulwich, and Kensington Palace, and even the Hampton Court galleries, with the augmentation, under happy auspices, of the National Collection. Such opportunities of practically studying art have their fruit in the encouragement of a copious and instructive art-literature; and this literature re-acts, in its turn, on the love and appreciation of art. When, in addition to this, it is remembered how pure and high-toned are the works which we have enumerated, as well as those two or three which we have noticed more fully, it may be allowed us to express once more our hope that the increased cultivation of art among us is no result of a mere intellectual, or still less of a mere sensual refinement, but an ennobling and purifying influence, an antidote to the materialism of the age—an education, too, of our higher spiritual qualities, and to some minds, perhaps, 'a schoolmaster' to bring them to still more sacred truths. Art is not religion, indeed; but there has never been a true religion which has not made a handmaid of Art.

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ART. II.—1. *Sinai and Palestine in connexion with their History.* By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, M.A. London: Murray. 1856. 8vo.

2. *Later Biblical Researches in Palestine and the adjacent Regions; a Journal of Travels in the year* 1852. By EDWARD ROBINSON, ELI SMITH, and Others. London: Murray. 1856. 8vo.

3. *Five Years in Damascus, &c., with Travels and Researches in Palmyra, Lebanon, and the Hauran.* By REV. J. L. PORTER, A.M., F.R.S.L. London: Murray. 1855. 2 vols. fcap. 8vo.

No country in the world has exercised that attractive power over foreign nations which Palestine can boast even to the present day; for no country has equally influenced the religious mind of the diversified families of Europe, or contributed in anything like so large a measure to its sacred literature. Without precisely subscribing to the too partial statement of Mr. D'Israeli, that 'the Semetic principle,'—whatever that vague term may import—as represented by the Jews, absorbs 'all that is spiritual in our nature,' we admit, with some abatement for Oriental hyperbole, the remarkable fact that 'the Saxon, the Sclave, and the 'Celt have adopted most of the laws, and many of the customs, 'all the literature and all the religion,' not, indeed, as he either ignorantly or loosely states, of 'the Arabian tribes'—'the Bedouin race, that, under the name of Jews, is found in every country of Europe'—but of that elect family, owning a common origin with many of the Arab tribes, as being descended from the Father of the faithful, the progenitor likewise of Ishmael and Esau; but both in its origin, and in all its subsequent history, entirely distinct from the Joctanite family, the acknowledged staple of the Arab race, which absorbed those collateral branches of the Hebrew nation; while the identity of the nation itself was preserved in unbroken succession, and its separation from all external admixture jealously guarded, at first by traditionary precepts confirmed by the highest sanctions, and subsequently by a code of laws affecting the minutest details of civil and religious polity, so exclusive and so stringent as to furnish an effectual barrier to all social intercourse with aliens.

The high prerogatives of this peculiar people no Christian can have any wish to challenge; to do so would be to arraign the providential dispensation which has assigned to them the most prominent place in the annals of Revelation, and to ignore the debt of gratitude still due to them as faithful guardians

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of the Divine oracles. We can even sympathise, in some measure, with Mr. D'Israeli's chivalrous feeling, which so gracefully becomes his name and race, and only regret that it should lead him, as it occasionally does, to distort historical facts, or to colour religious truths, in an attempt to found an exclusive claim to all intellectual preeminence, and all moral worth, on a purely spiritual title, of the real value of which he appears, meanwhile, wholly unconscious.

With the exception then of the Mosaic writings, including the book of Job, of the writings of the Prophets Ezekiel and Daniel, and perhaps of a few Psalms, the whole of the Old Testament was actually composed within the limits of Palestine; while of those writings which have been specified, all, with a single exception, centre in that narrow strip of land: for the Pentateuch, like its author on the summit of Pisgah, traces out the features of the country, and anticipates the occupation of it by the chosen people; Ezekiel in the land of his captivity, by the river Chebar, sings in swan-like strains the dirge of its capital, before which, portrayed upon a tile, as he watched three hundred and ninety days, he told the story of its ruin; while the prayers and prophecies of Daniel, like 'the man of loves' himself, with 'his window opened towards his darling west,' look back with fond regret upon the desolations of the city and its Holy House, and forward with firm faith and hope to its restoration. Contemplated, then, merely from its human side, the collection of records contained in the Old Testament is a marvellous phenomenon, extending back to an antiquity more remote than can be claimed for any other writings, yet covering a period longer than can be assigned to the literary history of Greece and Rome united, and, above all, embracing a range that is only to be measured by the eternal truths of which it is the depository; all its interest centred in that spot of land.

Now when it is considered that the varied events of fifteen centuries have all been enacted on this confined stage—for the area of Palestine does not much exceed that of the principality of Wales—it becomes at once apparent that every part of so small a country must abound in historical interest, and be associated with events which have obtained a world-wide celebrity. For the Scripture narrative is full of incident, shifting from one tribe to another, between the furthest limits of Dan and Beersheba, concentrated now about Hebron, now at Shechem, now at Jerusalem: encircling at one period the cities of Philistia, and then passing to Gilboa and the plain of Esdraelon; thence conducting us to the trans-Jordanic provinces; and anon passing over to the land of Cabul, and the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. Further; the historical incident is so mixed up with

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minute geographical and topographical detail that they cannot be divorced: and this is doubtless one secret of the life-like character of the sacred narrative. The outline is so distinct, the scene so vivid: the protraiture of places as of persons has an individuality and reality that stamps the whole with unmistakeable evidence of genuineness and truth. There are here no vague generalities, no confusion of places, no contradictions, no such difficulties as would be sure to occur in a work of fiction, however artfully and elaborately contrived. We are still taking only the human side of the sacred writings, and we maintain that no mythical history could be so true to geography as the Old Testament. We do not allude so much to that most remarkable description of the country contained in what Mr. Stanley very aptly terms the Doomsday book of the Hebrews, as to particular historical passages, such *e.g.* as those with which the books of Joshua and Judges abound. It may be sufficient to specify the minute description of the site of Ai, the course of Joshua's conquests in the south and north, the delineation of Shechem and its vicinity, in the history of Jotham, and the precision with which the position of Shiloh is marked in the last chapter of the book of Judges. The names of places once fixed, in the East, become as it were indelibly impressed on the soil. Ages of war and desolation may have swept over the land and effaced every vestige of house, and wall, and gate of the massive strongholds of the gigantic sons of Anak; but the name still cleaves to the deserted site, and the traveller, with no other guide than the narrative penned three thousand years ago, may walk up to the mouldering heap and say, Here stood Shiloh, there Ziph, there Arad, here Dan, there Beersheba; and the ancient echoes of the traditionary past will render the names distinctly from the mouths of the natives, sometimes slightly modified to suit the form of the Semetic language now prevailing in the country; occasionally in a translation of a Hebrew name by an Arabic equivalent, as *e.g.* ancient Dan has now become *Cadi*,—both signifying Judge.

If thus it is with sites of towns, much more with the unalterable natural features of the country—hills, and valleys, and plains. To give one or two examples. The road from Jerusalem to Jericho, taken by the pilgrims, and followed by all English travellers, in their stereotyped excursion to the Jordan, skirts a deep and rocky valley, through which runs a small stream, sometimes fancifully identified with the brook Cherith: this is beyond all question the river mentioned in the Doomsday-book, in the northern boundary of Judah, (Josh. xv. 7,) and this identification may be checked by the fountain, once named of the Sun, now of the Apostles, by the ascent of Adummim, and the

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site of Beth-Hoglah, both still existing under their ancient names. Most of us can doubtless remember the intense interest with which we listened, as children, to the story of David and Goliath, an interest ever new, ever increasing with every repetition. Who has not pictured the stripling champion going forth with undaunted front to meet his insulting antagonist? Who has not held his breath as though the fortune of the day still hung in the balance? and who has not planned the battle-field, so admirably adapted as a theatre for the momentous combat, a valley enclosed with hills on either side, and permeated by a brook? We will venture to assert that any traveller who has visited the genuine scene of that narrative,—not the apocryphal one, transferred for the convenience of pilgrims to the direct road between Jaffa and Jerusalem,—has there seen the very dream of his childhood verified, excepting only the dry pebbly bed in place of the purling brook; while that old indelible name of *Schweikey*, though marking only a deserted village, still testifies to the Shocoh that lay within the lines of the Philistines.

We have spoken hitherto of the historical incidents of the sacred narrative. But, in truth, all the rich and varied imagery of the poetical books is borrowed from the scenery of Palestine, rendered no less faithfully by the prophets than by the historians. The verdant pastures, the fruitful corn-lands, the wide-spread plains, carpeted with wild-flowers, the rocky valleys, the vine-clad hills, the olive-yards, the palm-groves, and gardens of pomegranates, all the physical features of a 'land flowing with milk and honey,' as they are familiarised to an agricultural people; these, under the lights and shades of Nature in her various aspects, by day and night, in summer and winter, in storm and calm, are the homely scenes most familiar to the Hebrew poets, teeming with life and gladness or blasted by ruin, as the inspired strain proclaims blessings to obedience or denounces impending judgments against the impenitent.

We have said nothing as yet of the New Testament, composed in great part without the limits of Judæa, less exclusively Hebrew in all its features, as befits the catholic dispensation to which it belongs. But yet the interest attaching to the history and geography of Palestine culminates in the Gospel narrative; Bethlehem and Nazareth, the river Jordan and the sea of Tiberias, Bethany and Mount Olivet, are henceforth while the world lasts associated with the most sacred recollections of every member of the Universal Church, dearer far than the most illustrious fields of national glory, more familiar than the scenes of our childhood's home. These considerations will amply account for the passion which, originating in the earliest ages of

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the Faith, has continued, with scarcely any abatement or interruption, to the present day among all nations of Christendom. Even before the conversion of Constantine had added to the attractions of Jerusalem the Martyry of the Resurrection, which has ever since been the most prominent object of Christian devotion, while the sepulchral cave was concealed beneath the artificial mound on whose summit the Emperor Hadrian had erected the shrine of Astarte—that old indigenous object of idolatrous worship,—the most renowned doctors of the Church, including Origen, considered their education in the Holy Scriptures incomplete until they had visited the land consecrated by the sacred narrative. The tide of pilgrimage set in so strongly in the fourth century of the Christian era, that two of the most distinguished fathers of that century set themselves vigorously to correct the exaggerated notions that already began to prevail, of the advantages to be derived from such a pilgrimage. Mr. Stanley has happily expressed a sentiment borrowed from Sir F. Palgrave, that 'there is a satisfaction in 'treading the soil and breathing the atmosphere of historical 'persons or events like that which results from familiarity with 'their actual language, and with their contemporary chronicles.' And it is interesting to observe the operation of this feeling in those who might be thought to be least susceptible of the influence of religious association. Even Miss H. Martineau, for example, is kindled into something like enthusiasm at the sight of Bethlehem; although the scant measure of her faith obscures to her mind the main object of its historical interest, and inclines her rather to dwell on the dry fact that there 'Ruth and her descendant David were out in the fields'!

It ought, then, to be no matter of surprise, still less for censure, that an unusually large proportion of travellers in Palestine are desirous to publish an account of their pilgrimage for the instruction of posterity. Undoubtedly, the scenery of the Holy Land fixes itself more firmly in the memory than that of other countries; the incidents of travel in the footsteps of patriarchs and prophets, of our Lord and His apostles, cannot but cleave to the recollection with a vividness that no time can obliterate; and many pilgrims have shared the feeling so modestly expressed by Mr. Stanley,—that it is something like a religious duty 'to leave on record some, at least, of 'the impressions which it seems ungrateful to allow wholly to 'pass away.'

Not that his volume required any such apology, but we have offered the above explanation in behalf of authors of inferior note who have deluged the English and American press with their lucubrations on the topography of Jerusalem, and the

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geography of Palestine. The very small proportion of these books that can lay any claim to originality of idea or profundity of remark must excuse the brief list at the head of this article, for the Reviewer is constrained, by the hopelessness of dealing with such a mass of materials, to select the most important works on the subject; and there is, happily, no difficulty in adjusting the respective merits of the numerous travels in the East which have appeared since we last recurred to the subject.

We cannot attempt in this article even to put on record the present state of Geographical Science, in its bearings on Sacred History; we must confine our notice—and that a very partial one—almost exclusively to one of the three travellers, when we have first instituted a general comparison between the merits of the writers who have of late contributed most to our knowledge of the Sinaitic Peninsula, of Palestine and Syria.

Very few English travellers have set out upon their pilgrimage with such advantages as Professor Stanley. The historical and critical works of his great master indicate the importance which he was early taught to attach to minute geographical detail as illustrating the historical records of the nations of antiquity, and the biographer of Dr. Arnold would be sure to regard as the most essential viaticum, a mind furnished with all the information requisite to turn his journey to the best account. A diligent and conscientious study of the subject, prolonged, for some years, by the accidental hindrance of his projected tour, had familiarised him with the countries through which he passed; so that he had but to confirm, or to correct, by actual observation, his previous impressions of the various scenes. An extensive acquaintance with the continent of Europe was a further valuable preparation for the study of the physical features of Eastern lands, and has rendered his essays in comparative geography the most interesting, as they are certainly not the least valuable, part of his volume. Add to these qualifications, his established reputation for the graces of style, and it is nothing strange that his 'Sinai and Palestine' should have attained a popularity which has been accorded to no book of Eastern travels since the publication of Mr. Eliot Warburton's very flimsy performance, entitled 'The Crescent and the Cross,' or the shallow but pretentious novel of 'Eothen.'

Yet, notwithstanding the acknowledged merits of Mr. Stanley's book, we must honestly express our disappointment with its contents. We felt that we were justified in expecting more decided results from his careful investigation of Scriptural Geography, and of the topography and antiquities of Palestine.

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We anticipated the settlement of disputed questions, the solution of acknowledged difficulties, the addition of hitherto undiscovered facts for the elucidation of the sacred narrative. But it would seem that the very qualities to which we trusted for these important results have prevented the author from attaining them. A candid mind, an impartial judgment, combined with great patience and diligence of investigation, seemed admirably to fit Mr. Stanley to act as moderator between the conflicting theorists who have been for years contending about the sacred places in the literary arena, with almost as much zeal as the rival Churches and their respective diplomatic champions at Constantinople. But a laudable desire to do equal justice to the arguments of all parties has apparently indisposed him to pronounce a decided opinion upon any one of the disputed points; and we are not aware that he has contributed anything towards the solution of any one question of interest, or restored one name to the geography of Palestine. He has done something towards unsettling previous conclusions generally acquiesced in by all, and has successfully demolished some recent hypotheses. But the construction of any sounder, or even more plausible, theories on the ruins of those which he has overthrown appears to be a task beside his scope, if not beyond his powers. There is a more serious objection to some parts of his work, the statement and consideration of which we defer for the present.

Persuaded as we are that no living writer has deserved so well of Sacred Geography as Dr. Robinson, the publication of a new volume of 'Biblical Researches' from his pen was a subject of congratulation to all interested in Sacred Literature. Nor is its execution inferior to that of the earlier work to which the author owes his well-earned reputation. The same careful and accurate observation, the same minute attention to the chronometer and measuring-tape, the same diligent and exhaustive reference to earlier authorities, which constituted the main excellences of his earlier production, have been applied to the preparation of these pages likewise; and it is no mean commendation of this new volume to say that it is a worthy sequel to those which preceded it. It is marked, too, by the same blemishes. A strange and unaccountable prejudice against early Christian writers, which leads him to regard with actual suspicion any statement not merely resting on, but so much as supported by their authority; an overweening confidence in his own judgment, strangely contrasting with the diffidence and modesty of Professor Stanley; and what we must call an ungenerous depreciation of the labours of others, almost amounting to contemptuous insolence, which disfigured his earlier work, reappear without modification in this volume. Dr. Robinson

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could actually see nothing in Palestine on his second visit which he had not seen before. Every discovery that had been made in the interval of fifteen years on the routes which he had traversed, or in the cities which he had explored, are either noticed only to be set aside as unworthy of the slightest regard, or wholly ignored by this supercilious traveller. We could adduce abundant evidence of these charges; we have noticed them in this general review of his merits, because they seriously detract from the value of his work. Wherever his *archæophobia* comes in, he really is not rational; he appears to lose his argumentative faculty and his just appreciation of truth and falsehood; and on all questions in which the credit of others is involved, we find a partial advocate instead of a discriminating and candid critic. Not satisfied with the comparatively modest claims advanced in behalf of America by all his countrymen, Dr. Robinson will appropriate to himself alone the exclusive merit of all modern progress in the geography and archæology of Palestine, and parades his supposed discoveries of indisputable and undoubted facts with a vanity quite unworthy of so eminent a scholar. Dr. Robinson may rest satisfied under the conviction that no one on this side the Atlantic has the slightest wish to detract from the credit due to him as the most able and the most successful of all modern explorers, within the range of his subject. There are, we have heard, those among his transatlantic readers who are of opinion that he has appropriated an undue proportion of the laurels which at least he should have shared with his countryman, Dr. Eli Smith, to whose thorough acquaintance with the country, its language and inhabitants, acquired by a residence of many years at Beyrout, Dr. Robinson was unquestionably indebted for some of the most valuable and original information contained in the 'Biblical Researches.' We cannot mention Dr. Eli Smith's name without an expression of regret at the recent intelligence of his death, which has deprived the Congregational Mission in Syria of one of its most estimable members, and by far its brightest ornament. We have no great faith in the object of the Mission, and still less sympathy with the means by which that object is pursued, but we can thoroughly appreciate the incidental advantages derived to Sacred Literature by the long residence of such men as Dr. Smith in the country, and may regard those advantages as compensating in no small measure for the mischief occasioned by their not over-successful aggression upon the faith and discipline of the Oriental Christians.

In turning to Mr. Porter's volumes, we are reminded of an eminent service incidentally rendered to Biblical Science by Dr. Robinson, which ought to be fully and frankly acknowledged.

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He has furnished us with a model of journal-writing, which has exercised, and is exercising, a wholesome influence on Eastern travellers of very inferior ability. The trumpery and trashy journals with which we were too familiar only a few years ago, have given place to a much higher and more wholesome tone of writing; and Mr. Porter's most valuable contribution to the geography of Southern Syria must be regarded as the production of this new school of which Dr. Robinson is the founder. We are not sure that the disciple has not outstripped his master; for if he is not so well furnished with materials as Dr. Robinson—it may be only that he does not make so much display of his learning—he has shown at least equal skill and diligence in the use of those with which he is provided; with this additional advantage, that he has a more interesting and graphic style than he. Dr. Robinson is undoubtedly a heavy writer, and it requires a large amount of interest in his subject to prevent the reader from nodding over his massive volumes. Not so with Mr. Porter: his style is natural and easy, quite free from affectation; his descriptions always vigorous and life-like, sometimes even eloquent; his arguments and authorities well and forcibly stated and arranged, without parade, and with perfect fairness. Mr. Porter must rank next to Dr. Robinson as a successful explorer of sacred lands. We have been glad to learn that he has lately been investigating the geography of Philistia Proper, and other parts of Judæa, and shall anxiously look for the results.

In comparing the three writers whose travels we have selected for general notice, we may be permitted to describe their various excellences by three styles of drawing, which have been applied of late years to the illustration of the Holy Land, and with which all are familiar. The most popular of all modern illustrative works on Palestine, is unquestionably Mr. Roberts's—a very beautiful and no less elaborate work, but one which does not at all satisfy the cravings of those who desire for the eye a reproduction of the scenes imprinted on their memory. The colours are too vivid, the outline of the landscape not strictly true to nature; liberties have been taken with its details in order to add to the artistic effect; the buildings are too trim, the landscape too neat, the natives too handsome, their dresses too gay; the whole too highly polished, too artificial. The halo of antiquity is wanting; this is not the atmosphere of the East: the walls of Jerusalem, the rock-hewn sepulchres and dwellings of Petra, have been pointed and white-washed to suit the prevailing taste for modern improvements. Turn to the Photographic Gallery at the Crystal Palace, or better still on the Boulevard des Italiens at Paris,

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from which, if we mistake not, the series of illustrations of Palestine has been imported. This is more to the traveller's mind: for here Nature herself has portrayed the well-remembered outline, with exact fidelity; bare and cold indeed, as a carcase without animation, but faithful memory will invest it with the colouring of the original, and supply the lights and shades as they fell on the varied landscape, when viewed under that transparent atmosphere. But forasmuch as the hard outline, and dull, monotonous tint can convey no adequate conception of the original without the aid of memory, the impression conveyed by the photographic drawing will be scarcely less delusive to the stranger than the exaggerations of artistic illustration; however, the stern fidelity of the former may compensate for the glowing unreality of the latter, and is, of course, much more valuable in an archæological and architectural view; so much so that important topographical facts, overlooked by modern antiquarian research, have actually been brought to light by the application of photography to the illustration of ancient and modern Jerusalem.

For the most accurate notion of the East that can be conveyed by the pencil of the artist, we are indebted to the modern pre-Raphaelite school; and all who, being familiar with the scenery and climate of Syria and Egypt, have had the opportunity of studying the paintings of Mr. Seddon, will acknowledge that in them was to be found a faithful portraiture of nature and art as they appear amid the hills and valleys, the rocks and caves, the domes and buildings of Egypt and Palestine. But in mentioning that young and promising artist, whose early death we have recently had cause to deplore, we would not be thought to detract from the merit due to Mr. Hunt and others, for their praiseworthy and successful labours in the same field; but we have made special mention of Mr. Seddon, because he alone appears to have had a sufficiently high appreciation of his subject to induce him to render the sacred scenes for their own sake, not as accessories to representations of historical or antiquarian interest: and we cannot but recognise something heroic in an artist sitting down before Jerusalem for months together, under the oppressive heats of summer, amid the insecurity of a lawless people, and the privations incidental to such unremitting application as his, to devote his hours from sun-rise to sun-set to the elaboration of a facsimile of the consecrated terrain of the Holy City.

We have indicated in the three styles of pictorial illustration above noticed the respective merits and defects of the three writers whose volumes we are engaged in reviewing. Mr. Stanley is the idealistic, Dr. Robinson the mechanical, Mr.

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Porter the realistic renderer of the scenery which they severally describe, and through some of which we could fain desire to follow them, had we not a less agreeable duty to discharge, which will require us first to review the history of the Exodus, so far as it bears on the geography of Northern Egypt and the Sinaitic Peninsula, and then to devote ourselves to the thankless but not arduous task of demonstrating the futility of Mr. Stanley's attempt to supersede the Mosaic miracles by the intervention of natural causes.

A serious difficulty is encountered at the outset of any investigation of the commencement of the route of the Israelites, from the conflicting statements of ancient and highly respectable authorities, concerning the point from which the assembled host took their departure on that 'night much to be remembered in their generations.' The Septuagint translation of Exodus xii. 37, compared with that of Genesis xlvi. 28, plainly intimates that the Alexandrine Jews who executed that translation identified the Rameses of Moses with the Nome of Heroopolis in the Delta, south of the Pelusiac branch of the Nile. Josephus on the other hand conjectures that 'the start was made from Latopolis,' which he identifies with the Egyptian Babylon, that is, Old Cairo,—now called by the natives Fostât or Musr-el-Atîkeh, situated only a few miles south of its modern representative and substitute Musr-el-Kahira, or Cairo, and on the same side of the Nile. In favour of the latter hypothesis is a valley, which, commencing near the ruins of Old Musr, runs down to the Red Sea, upon which it debouches at a point nearly opposite to the 'Fountains of Moses,' precisely at the place to which tradition has assigned the miraculous passage of the Israelites. This valley, most fully described by Dr. Wilson, who traversed it from one end to the other, is supposed to preserve also in some of its names a tradition of the march of the host of Israel, being variously called in various parts, as, beginning at the West, *Wady-el-Teh* (the Valley of the Wandering); then *Wady Ramliyah;* and where it opens into the wider plain, *Wady-el-Tawarik,* and *Wady Badiya,* sometimes *Wady Mûsa,* as believed by the natives to be the path of Moses. At its eastern extremity where the plain expands, it is bounded on the south by the chain of *Abu Deraj,* which shelves down steeply, as its name implies, into the sea; and on the north by *Jebel Atakah* (the Mountain of Deliverance), so called, according to the tradition, from the signal deliverance wrought for Israel in the vicinity of this mountain. The width of the sea at the promontory called *Ras* (Cape) *Atakah,* is, according to Captain Moresby's chart, 6½ geographical miles, which Dr. Robinson, arguing against the tradition, characteristically increases to 12.

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Dr. Shaw, who argues ably for this route, points out very forcibly the consistency of the geography with the circumstances detailed in the sacred narrative: explaining the words of Pharaoh, 'they are entangled in the land, the wilderness' (between the mountains, as he explains it) 'hath shut them in,' of the mountains of *Gewoubee* (so he calls Abu Deráj) on the south, *Attachah* (so he writes it) on the north, and the Red Sea on the east. He calls the valley Tiah Ben Israel, *i.e.* the road of the Israelites, as it is also called Baideah, which Golius explains to mean 'casus novus et inauditus,' from the new and unheard-of miracle that was wrought near it.

Yet, notwithstanding the accumulated force which, as Dr. Wilson remarks, both 'local tradition and nomenclature' lend to this hypothesis, the counter-arguments in favour of the northern starting point appear to prevail against the theory of Old Musr and *Wady-el-Teh*. For first, the authority of the Alexandrine translators of the Septuagint must countervail the witness of Josephus, representing as it probably does an earlier tradition, authenticated, as will be shown, by a host of geographical and historical evidence. And here we are happy to be able to avail ourselves of the labours of one of the most learned and intelligent of modern travellers, which are unhappily placed without the reach of all but a select few by the employment of the Russian—the author's vernacular language. We are indebted to the courtesy of the author himself for a translation of the passage which we cite, from the original Russ into French, and we are gratified to have it in our power to introduce a hero of Borodino, the present Minister of Public Instruction for Russia, to the notice of our readers, as a sound and judicious critic of the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, as well as an observant traveller and a devout pilgrim.

'Salahie' (he writes) 'occupies the site of an ancient Roman fortress, *Selæ*; Magdalum, a town of ancient Egypt, is a little above (north of) Selæ, in the direction of the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, and near the lake Menzaleh. Many writers suppose that Memphis was the point of the Israelites' departure. But they are mistaken. King David expressly names Zoan as the scene of the transactions between Moses and Pharaoh. (Psalm lxxviii. 12, 43.) As for the route which the Hebrews followed on their departure, the Book of Exodus furnishes a circumstantial itinerary. Moses first explains the reasons which necessitated a *détour* from the direct route towards the promised land. "And it came to pass when Pharaoh had let the people go, that God led them not through the way of the land of the Philistines, although that was near; for God said, Lest peradventure the people repent when they see war, and they return to Egypt: but God *led the people about through the way of the wilderness of the Red Sea.*" (Exod. xiii. 17, 18.) Further on: "and they took their journey from Succoth, and encamped in Etham in the edge of the wilderness," (ver. 20.) "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, that they

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turn and encamp before Pi-hahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, over against Baal-zephon: before it shall ye encamp by the sea. For Pharaoh will say of the children of Israel, They are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut them in." (xiv. 1—3.) Before their departure, Moses had told Pharaoh that "they would go three days' journey into the wilderness to sacrifice to the Lord their God." (viii. 27.) This is precisely the distance from Zoan to Suez. He adopted that line in order to change the direct route, which was through the country of the Philistines. But to march from Memphis, by Suez, to Palestine, is to take the direct route, and leaves no place for the *détour* of which Moses speaks. It must be further remarked, that Moses directed his march towards that part of Egypt where the colonies of the Hebrews were established, viz. the land of Goshen, in order to proceed in company with his compatriots, towards Mount Horeb, to the place where God had ordained to give them His law. It would be difficult at this day to recover Succoth and Etham, the ruins of which have been probably swallowed up by the sea; but knowing the site of Magdalum, so well determined by the Roman itineraries, the position of these two towns becomes a matter of comparatively small importance.'

He then proceeds to identify Baal-zephon with Pithom, one of the seven cities built by the Israelites during their captivity, which Pithom D'Anville, on the authority of the Coptic translation of the Septuagint, further identifies with Heroopolis: and thus concludes, 'Now that the position of Heroopolis or 'Baal-zephon is clearly determined between Magdalum and 'Suez, the above cited passage of Scripture becomes perfectly 'clear, "that they return and encamp before Pi-hahiroth, (*e 'regione suburbii*, Vulgate), between Migdol and the sea, over 'against Baal-zephon: before it shall ye encamp by the sea."'

In confirmation of this view of the learned Russian officer, it may be further remarked that Heroopolis is placed by the Septuagint translators in the land of Rameses (Gen. xlvi. 28, 29), which would thus be identical with the land of Goshen (xlvii. 1, 11). But Dr. Lepsius has well-nigh demonstrated the identity of the modern *Abu-Kesheb* with the ancient Rameses. Now Rameses is fixed by the sacred narrative as the rendezvous of the Israelites preparatory to their departure from Egypt (Exod. xii. 37), and *Abu-Kesheb* is only a few miles distant from the ruins of Heroopolis. It is important to remark that the point of Israel's departure from Egypt was precisely that of their original settlement on their first arrival in the country, which the Jews of Alexandria, who executed the Septuagint version of the Pentateuch, certainly believed to be the Nome of Heroopolis, and that this theory is countenanced by the existence of the Magdalum of Herodotus and the Roman itineraries, most probably identical with the Migdol of Moses and Jeremiah, the existing Mijdal, sufficiently near to the place of rendezvous to admit of its being introduced as a landmark in the history of the Exode: while the designation of the land of Goshen, on

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the eastern boundary of Egypt, and its description as a country well suited to a pastoral population, would suggest a connexion with the district of the same name at the southern extremity of Palestine, apparently in the vicinity of Gaza, mentioned among the conquests of Joshua (x. 41; xi. 16), thus furnishing an illustration of the proximity of the Philistines to the point of Israel's departure, which is assigned as one of the reasons for a circuitous route, the conditions of which are obviously better satisfied by assuming the departure from the Eastern Delta than from the banks of the Nile in the vicinity of Cairo.

We are not aware of any arguments that seriously militate against the hypothesis above advocated: and General Noroff has well shown that the most plausible objection that has been advanced against it does really supply something like demonstration in its favour, so far as regards the proof of the important fact that the vicinity of Zoan or Tanis,—the classical Heliopolis, the modern *Sân*,—was the principal theatre of the plagues inflicted on the Egyptians by the miraculous power of Moses: for the narrative clearly implies that the settlements of the Hebrews were at no great distance from the city where the Pharaohs then held their court. In the account of the plague of the locusts, it is said in our translation that *the east wind* brought the locusts, and that 'a mighty strong *west wind* took them away and cast them into the Red Sea.' (x. 13, 19.) Now, here it is remarkable, that the Septuagint makes the *south wind* bring the locusts; and the strong *wind from the sea* take them away and cast them into the Red Sea. Why the translators have departed from the ordinary rendering of the word which our version correctly renders 'east,' it is impossible to conjecture, and is a question of smaller moment, as it is clear that an east wind, blowing from the northern desert of Arabia, would produce the effect here ascribed to it better than a south wind from the Red Sea or down the Valley of the Nile. But the substitution of the 'sea wind' for the 'west,' is easily accounted for, and furnishes another interesting example of the consistency of the Alexandrine tradition and of the care of the translators to perpetuate in their version the then prevailing theories of the ancient geography of Egypt. It will easily be understood how the sea wind came to be synonymous with the west wind, after the settlement of the Hebrews in Palestine. But in the Delta of Egypt, the sea wind was in fact the north wind; and the translators accordingly, having strongly in their minds the fact, that the devastation of the locusts, so far at least as it affected the fortunes of their forefathers, specially afflicted the fruitful Delta of the Nile, with nice discrimination depart from the

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common rendering, in order to represent that it was a northern wind from the Mediterranean which swept the devastating host into the Red Sea.

But now a new difficulty occurs. If the march of the host of Israel commenced from a point little if at all to the west of the Heroopolitan or Suez Gulf of the Red Sea, does it not seem passing strange, almost unaccountable, that on arriving at the tongue of the Gulf they should have skirted the western shore rather than the eastern, as they obviously must have done, in order to render the miraculous passage of the Red Sea in any way practicable or available for their deliverance? Does not the theory here advocated go far to discredit, if not the sacred narrative, at least the local traditions which fix the passage to some place between the Ras Atakâh, and the Springs of Moses? Now, undoubtedly, in the minds of many it does discredit both; and Dr. Robinson is not the only modern traveller or writer who has reduced what once appeared a stupendous miracle to the humble dimensions of an opportune occurrence of an ordinary phenomenon, providentially ordered for the deliverance of the Israelites and the destruction of their pursuers. It is a well authenticated fact, although we are not aware that any modern traveller has witnessed the phenomenon, that there is a point in the small arm of the Gulf of Suez which runs up to the north of the town, occasionally fordable at low water, partly by aid of broad shoals, left bare at the ebb of the tide. A strong north-east wind, which Dr. Robinson substitutes for the east wind of the Mosaic narrative, would, he imagines, drive out the Sea from this arm, and admit of a dry passage of three or four miles from shore to shore, which is enough, he thinks, to satisfy the reasonable requirements of the sacred language, which is 'somewhat indefinite' in the historical, and, of course, exaggerated with Oriental hyperbole in the poetical, descriptions. The miracle was simply 'wrought by natural means supernaturally applied.' But, then, it is inconceivable that the fame of such an incident should have spread to the land of Canaan, and not only have survived in the recollections of the inhabitants for forty years, but have produced the effects ascribed to it by Rahab. (Josh. ii. 10.)

Without, however, discussing this theory in detail, as Mr. Charles Forster, Dr. Wilson, and others have abundantly done, it may be sufficient to reply to the objections urged to the more southern passage at Ras Atakâh. It must, then, be remembered in this discussion, that the host of Israel were not at this time under the guidance of a human leader. From the very commencement of their march they were miraculously guided by the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night; 'to

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go by day and night.' Human calculations may well be baffled under such extraordinary circumstances, for it is precisely of this wonderful journey that the words are used—'Thy way is 'in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps 'are not known; Thou leddest Thy people like sheep by the 'hand of Moses and Aaron.' No doubt, to human appearance a great strategic mistake had been committed, and Pharaoh was well disposed to take advantage of it: but supposing that a human agent could have commanded the means and resources which, if we believe the sacred narrative, were actually employed, can we imagine a more consummate stroke of generalship, more ably planned and executed, than that which converted the panic desperation and apparently inevitable destruction of the pursued into joyful deliverance and triumphant jubilation, the exulting confidence and certain victory of the pursuers into utter and irretrievable ruin? 'The Lord is a man of war,' sang Moses in his song of triumph, and we know not that it is in any way inconsistent with reverence to admire the exhibition of wisdom as well as of power manifested in the miracle, every incident of which is fully satisfied, and no one in any way violated, by fixing it to the spot to which tradition has assigned it. Dr. Wilson and his party 'noticed particularly that a large 'body of men, with a broad column, could easily march down 'along the headland from Suez to the Badiya,' a distance of ten miles in a direct line; but 'owing to the incurvature caused by the Gulf considerably more to the traveller.'

It were superfluous to remark that we accept the Mosaic narrative in its literal sense even where it implies the intervention of miraculous agency. It will be understood that we do this on principle, although, as we are not here discussing the question of Inspiration or the nature of evidence, we shall not deem it necessary to state, much less to vindicate, the precise principle on which we do so. But, thus much it may be permitted to avow. We really have not sufficient faith to accept those historical facts of the Bible which are universally admitted to be facts, without some more rational account than Mr. Stanley can give of them, some more philosophical or at least more adequate connexion between cause and effect, than modern science has yet supplied. We are fain to take refuge from credulity in the miraculous account of events which must certainly have occurred, for they have left indelible marks deeply impressed on monuments which date back to centuries before the earliest annals of any written history, except that on whose warrant we accept both the facts and their only adequate explanation. And the serious charge which we have to bring against Mr. Stanley, and to which we have already alluded, is

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this, that he does in a covert manner insinuate doubts and difficulties in the miraculous parts of the Mosaic narrative, which as a whole he assumes to be authentic, without offering any adequate solution at all of the difficulties which he suggests. As we have now arrived at the Sinaitic Peninsula, and it is there that these tendencies most distinctly exhibit themselves, it will be necessary to dwell upon this serious blot in Mr. Stanley's book.

But, first, we would distinctly disavow any narrow construction of Scripture language as regards miraculous agency. Although we cannot accept Dr. Robinson's theory above enunciated, we can admit that 'natural means, supernaturally applied,' constitute a miracle, and may occasionally satisfy the Scripture notion and description of a miracle. But having a confessedly miraculous history to deal with, it is simply delusive to attempt to account by natural causes for phenomena and effects which the narrative ascribes to supernatural causes; and this is what Mr. Stanley is perpetually aiming to do. We will give a few instances from his chapter on Sinai.

It is in discussing the 'changes in the features of the desert' that Mr. Stanley is led to investigate the question, 'How 'could a tribe so numerous and powerful as, on any hypothesis, 'the Israelites must have been, be maintained in this inhospitable 'desert?' And here the form in which the question is proposed must not be passed over without comment. The question of the numbers is not one of hypothesis, but simply of authority. The Mosaic narrative (Exod. xii. 37) states it at '600,000 on foot that were men, besides children,' and the mixed multitude, probably of Egyptians. This round number, which is repeated elsewhere (Numb. xi. 21), is apparently more exactly estimated in the sum of the offerings for the ark (Exod. xxxviii. 26), and twice in the specification of the tribes (Numb. i. 46; ii. 32), at 603,550, exclusive of the Levites in every case. Neither is there any question of various readings or discrepancy of versions, which, no doubt, are to be considered quite as much in Biblical criticism as in that of secular writings. The passages above referred to check one another, and they are further confirmed by other statements entirely consistent with them and with one another. Further, in none of these passages does the Septuagint version vary by an unit from the Hebrew text, as it notoriously does in a vast number of numerical statements; and under these circumstances we are warranted in claiming for the figures a higher authority than we could if they occurred only in one single passage. Now what would be thought of a commentator on any classical author who should hint at 'uncertainty always attached to attaining exact state-

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ments of numbers in any ancient text,' for the purpose of disparaging the authenticity of a statement contained without any material variation in five distinct passages, and in two most ancient versions? But it is quite clear that a style of criticism is to be applied to Holy Scripture which no author of however undoubted genuineness could bear. 'Oriental calculation' is another element that must be taken into consideration, it seems, in estimating the correctness of the Mosaic numbers; and, considering all things, we should perhaps regard it as a mark of some condescension in Mr. Stanley, that he assures us, on Ewald's authority, that 'in this case the most recent and the 'most critical investigation of this history *inclines to adopt the* '*numbers* of 600,000 as authentic.' (P. 25, note.) We are sorry that we cannot appreciate the boon, but must believe that criticism has mistaken its vocation.

But to come to the main question of the maintenance of the Israelites in the desert during their wanderings of forty years, which does not appear to be questioned, though even here 'the unhistorical character of the narrative,' it is implied, might be admitted, had not 'Ewald well shown that the *general* truth of 'the wanderings in the wilderness is an essential preliminary 'to the whole of the subsequent history of Israel.' (Stanley, p. 25.) Now, if this difficulty should be proposed to an ordinarily intelligent child in a village Sunday-school, it would undoubtedly be explained by the fact that the miraculous supply of manna was sent very shortly after the departure of Israel from Egypt, by the time that the stock of unleavened bread would be spent, and was continued uninterruptedly until they entered the Promised Land, when the sudden cessation of the supply was as miraculous as its first commencement and regular continuance. More highly educated persons may be permitted to share the amazement with which the unsophisticated rustic would undoubtedly learn that, 'It is no answer to say that 'they were sustained by miracles; for except the manna, the 'quails, and the three interventions in regard to water, none 'such are mentioned in the Mosaic history; and if we have no 'warrant to take away, we have no warrant to add.' It is scarcely credible, but the only account that can be given of this strange passage is this, that Mr. Stanley does not seem to be aware that, according to the narrative to which he here appeals, the miracle of the manna is discriminated from the miracle of the quails, and other such exceptional miracles, by its regular daily recurrence, except only on the Sabbath; and that the very miracle of the quails was designed by way of a temporary suspension of this standing miracle, as a reproof and punishment of the murmurers whose souls 'loathed that light bread.' Now it is

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of course quite competent to Mr. Stanley to reject the Mosaic narrative, and to find some other way of solving the question which he has propounded; but he has no right to ignore the fact that Moses has furnished in his narrative an adequate solution of the difficulty, if only we are prepared to accept a miracle in explanation of facts which we shall vainly endeavour to account for by natural causes. We should be quite ready to admit the Horatian rule, both in this and in other particulars of the sacred narrative, if only we could consider ourselves competent judges of the contingency of the '*dignus vindice nodus*' which calls for Divine intervention. But as we cannot profess to do so, we are fain to acquiesce in the fact of a miraculous intervention, as a sufficient proof of its necessity. But here again we are unfortunately at issue with Mr. Stanley, who obviously thinks that the Israelites might well have dispensed with the supply of manna, if only we will grant a sufficient modification of the physical features of the desert to account for the provisioning of their numerous host. Indeed, as he ignores the received account of their maintenance, he is bound to furnish a commissariat from his own resources.

This, then, is another feature which we regret to observe in Mr. Stanley's book, that, having set aside as inadequate the Mosaic account of the manner in which the Hebrews were maintained in the wilderness, he substitutes for it a series of suggestions which are palpably insufficient to meet the case, when allowed their fullest weight, and that those suggestions themselves are calculated to mislead an uninformed reader. There are, it seems, certain considerations which mitigate the force of this [imaginary] difficulty, though they do not solve it, and then the change in the physical constitution of the desert must account for the yet unsolved residuum. We will consider in detail the mitigating or extenuating circumstances. The first is stated as follows: 'Something, of course, may be allowed to the spread of the tribes of Israel far and wide through the whole peninsula.' Mr. Stanley has cautioned us in a passage already cited, that 'if we have no warrant to take away, we have no warrant to add' to the Mosaic history. Surely this scattering of the tribes, though stated as a matter of course, is nothing better than an unauthorized addition to the record, which always represents the Israelites as marching in a well-ordered and regularly marshalled band, or as encamped in a compact body, so far as was consistent with its numbers; with the various tribes, whether in camp or on march, duly assigned to their respective posts. We may dismiss this statement as 'not proven.'

The second will demand more respectful consideration. 'Something, also, for the constant means of support from their

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'own flocks and herds.' The existence of the flocks and herds in the army of the Exodus cannot be doubted. They were spared in the murrain of Egypt, and it was an express condition demanded of the reluctant king, that not 'a hoof should remain behind.' The 'flocks and herds, even very much cattle,' are expressly mentioned as accompanying the host on their hasty escape from the land of their captivity. Now, before we attempt to ascertain how far this supply would have sufficed for the wants of the entire host, it may be remarked that the distribution of the cattle among the tribes was certainly not uniform; since it is mentioned as a peculiarity of the tribes of Reuben and Gad, that they had 'a very great multitude of cattle,' in consideration of which they obtained an inheritance on the east of Jordan, in the pastoral country of Gilead and Bashan. But we are not left to conjecture as to the adequacy of the supply of cattle to the wants of the people. When the murmurings of the people had provoked the threatened surfeit of flesh, the faith of Moses was tried to the utmost, and thus he expostulated: 'The people, among whom I am, are six hundred thousand foot-'men; and Thou hast said, I will give them flesh, that they may 'eat a whole month. Shall the flocks and the herds be slain 'for them to suffice them? or shall all the fish of the sea be 'gathered together for them to suffice them?' Now, making all due allowance for 'ancient text' and 'oriental calculations,' we may still conclude that, if the prospect of one month's meat diet was so alarming as to threaten the entire consumption of all the cattle, for a permanent supply they must have been wholly inadequate to satisfy the demands of the host. Indeed, when it is considered that they were still well provided with cattle at the termination of their wanderings, it may well be doubted whether they had used them for any other than sacrificial purposes during the forty years in the wilderness. In any case, they could have furnished so small a part of the necessary consumption, that it may well be left out of any calculation in estimating 'the constant means of support.'

'More, also, might be elicited than has yet been done, from the undoubted fact, that a population, nearly, if not quite, equal to the whole permanent population of the Peninsula, does actually pass through the desert in the caravan of the five thousand African pilgrims on their way to Mecca. It is, of course, a number incomparably less than that ascribed to the Israelites, and passing only for a few days; but still it shows what may be done for a large addition to the habitual population of the country, even while traversing a portion of the desert (the 'Tih) far less available for the resources of life than the mountains of Sinai.'—(Pp. 25, 26.)

It must be distinctly said that this supposed parallel is simply illusory, and calculated only to mislead. It is absolutely

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worthless for the purpose for which it is adduced; for, while the African caravan is as nothing compared with the number '*ascribed* to the Israelites'—why again that invidious word, since Ewald admits the statement?—the circumstances are wholly different. But as the subject opened by Mr. Stanley's remark is one of considerable interest, it may be well to devote some attention to it, in its bearing, not upon the comparatively small section of the Great Haj, or Mecca Pilgrimage, contributed by Egypt, but upon that much more numerous body from Aleppo and Damascus, which annually traverses the desert between Syria and the Hedjaz, on its way to and from the sacred cities of Islam. It may furnish an argument, *à fortiori*, not precisely in accordance with Mr. Stanley's views. Great part of this route was traversed, not in company with the Haj, by Burckhardt, in 1812; and that intelligent traveller has incidentally furnished particulars which serve to explain the difficulty which Mr. Stanley represents as parallel in kind, though not in degree, to that for which he is seeking a solution—How are the pilgrims maintained in this inhospitable desert? The answer is very easy. Simply as Mr. Stanley and his party were in their journey through the desert, only that, inasmuch as the wants of the Oriental are much fewer than those of the more luxurious western traveller, the array of canteen and cooking pots, of preserved and potted meats, of jams, and marmalades, and such other luxuries, form no part of the *impedimenta* of the Moslem pilgrim. Corn and rice suffice for his frugal fare; *oophinum fœnumque supellex*, and he is furnished for his journey. This provision the more careful bring from home, sufficient also to serve for their return. All along the route, at least in the most desert parts, the Government has provided small castles, garrisoned by four or five soldiers from Damascus, who remain shut up there the whole year, until they are relieved by the passage of the caravan. At these stations are wells within the castle walls, in which the rain-water is collected and preserved for the service of the Great Haj; and 'the pilgrims, 'in order to lighten their loads, generally leave in every castle 'a small parcel of provisions, which they take on their return.' But the more improvident pilgrims are not left to starve. The caravan is always accompanied by a large train of sutlers, who reap a handsome profit from the Haj; and all along the route the constant demand has produced in the neighbouring villages a supply of such necessaries as are most in request. Thus the Arabs of the Belka are in the habit of depositing in the castle of Fedhein their superfluous provisions of wheat and barley, which they sell to the Haj; so also at the castle of Belka; both on the direct route. At the castle of Maan, near

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Petra, where the caravan remains two days, is a large well of water; the inhabitants cultivate figs, pomegranates, and plums, in large quantities. They purchase wheat from Kerek, which their women grind; and at the passage of the Haj they sell the flour, as well as their fruits, to the pilgrims, which is their means of subsistence. Zat-Haj abounds in male palms, which bear no fruit: the inhabitants sell the wood for fuel to the Haj. At the next station, Tebuk, the castle is surrounded with shrubs with long spines, called Mehdab, which the Fellahs sell to the Haj as food for the camels. Here the Haj is met on its return from Mecca by a provision caravan, by which all the Syrian pilgrims receive refreshments, sent by their families. Thus is it all along the line of march; and even the inhabitants of villages situated at some distance from the route meet the Haj at the nearest point, and reap a plentiful harvest. Ketrane is eight hours distant from Kerek; but this distance does not deter the inhabitants of the latter town from resorting thither with provisions of all kinds, for which they are sure to find a ready and profitable market: or the pilgrims will resort to villages contiguous to their halting-place for the same purpose. Khaibar is four hours distant from the Haj station at Hedye, where it halts for two days; and the people of the caravan often go thither to buy fresh provisions.

Now, compare these facts with the circumstances of the Israelites in their hasty flight from Egypt, in their unpremeditated march through the desert, the various tribes of which were everywhere hostile to them, refusing them the scanty boon of water on their passage, though they were willing to purchase it with money; and where is there the slightest resemblance, or how can the Haj serve to illustrate, much less to explain, the difficulties in which Mr. Stanley and others find themselves involved by the rejection of the only trustworthy and truly consistent account of these events? Mr. Stanley has thought it worth while to preserve 'a curious instance of the sacrifice of 'the whole moral grandeur of a miracle, to which men are often 'driven by a mistaken desire of exaggerating its physical mag-'nitude.' Has not he also furnished a no less instructive example of the straits to which men may be driven by an opposite bias; by a tendency, *i. e.* to detract from the physical magnitude of a miracle in order to make room for a rational solution, which, after all, is not forthcoming?

But it remains to consider the physical changes in the desert, which are supposed to explain all the remaining difficulty, which, it is confessed, is not entirely removed by the above considerations. 'There is no doubt,' he tells us, 'that the vegeta-

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tion of the wâdys has considerably decreased;' and authorities and parallels are adduced in confirmation of the statement. But we fail to discover in this fact any solution whatever of the imaginary difficulty, unless Mr. Stanley intends to insinuate that the Israelites, as well as their cattle, were graminivorous, or that the fruit of the acacia and the palm might have sufficed for that vast multitude during the time that they were encamped in the peninsula. As no one pretends that the cattle of the Israelites were miraculously sustained in the wilderness, the fact is important, as showing that Mount Sinai might then have been adequate to supply pasturage to the flocks and herds, though Burckhardt informs us that now 'there are no good pasturing places in the neighbourhood.' The consumption of timber in the construction of the ark, the erection of the tabernacle, and the furnishing of its sacred utensils, would not be such as to exhaust even the scanty supply of wood now to be found at no great distance, although not at the precise spot where they were originally prepared; considering that 'charcoal 'from the acacia is, in fact, the chief, perhaps it might be said, 'the only traffic of the peninsula.' But then 'the greater abun-'dance of vegetation, and, therefore, of *tarfa*-trees, should be 'taken into account,' (p. 28, note;) and as the *tarfa*-trees produce manna—or what is supposed to resemble it—we may thus dispense with the miraculous supply; and then, 'the greater 'abundance of vegetation would, as is well known, have fur-'nished a greater abundance of water; and this, again, would 'react on the vegetation, from which the means of subsistence 'would be procured.' So that these well-known physical facts will enable us to obviate the necessity of the miraculous supplies of water, as well as of manna! And what, after all, results from this trifling with physical science? we can call it by no milder term. 'Whether these changes are sufficient 'to explain the difficulty in answer to which they are alleged, 'may be doubtful. But they, at least, help to meet it.' Yet even this impotent conclusion assumes too much. They really do nothing of the kind, for they entirely ignore the fact, that the time during which the Israelites were encamped in the vicinity of Sinai was but a very small period compared with their 'forty years' wanderings, or sojournings, in the northern desert, to which none of Mr. Stanley's remarks will apply. In violation again of his own canon of Scripture interpretation, he first converts the peninsula of Sinai into a vast garden, and then settles the Israelites in those happy abodes, like the lotus-eaters of Homer, or the favoured inhabitants of the *oasis* of Paran, described by Pliny in his mythical account of this very region.

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How far such a representation is calculated to convey a correct idea of the condition and circumstances of the Israelites during that penal period of their history we cannot question, when we remember the description of their wanderings given in the Book of Deuteronomy; confirmed in all its horrors by the present aspect of 'that great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery 'serpents, and scorpions, and drought; where there was no 'water.' In vain will the theory of natural agency, or human providence, attempt to clothe and provision such a host in that inhospitable waste; and whatever Ewald may think, or Professor Stanley say, we must profess our belief that there is no other solution of their difficulty—if they persist, that is, in rejecting the miraculous incidents—than the denial of the authenticity of the entire history. Besides, they are bound to explain why—if vegetation and water, water and vegetation, went on reacting one upon another in that marvellous manner—the peninsula is not now a fruitful garden, a tangled jungle, or a thick-set forest, instead of a parched and barren wilderness.

We might at least have hoped that the terrors which accompanied the giving of the Law on Mount Sinai would have escaped the profanation of neologian scepticism, or the sort of treatment which this event receives at Mr. Stanley's hands. Those sublime and awful sanctions, appealing to the senses of the perverse and rebellious Israelites, are referred to both in the Old and New Testament as evidencing the Majesty of the Divine Lawgiver, and the terrible penalties attached to the violation of His fiery law. But, it seems, those terrible sights and sounds at which even Moses said 'I exceedingly fear and quake,' if they do not admit of a natural explanation, may at any rate be paralleled by similar phenomena, still to be witnessed in the peninsula, and we are led to infer that if these phenomena are as yet inexplicable, though clearly to be referred to natural causes, there is so much the more reason for believing that the same may be the case with those recorded in the Mosaic narrative!

Gebel Nakûs, the Bell Mountain, is best described by Lieut. Wellsted, the accuracy of whose account has been confirmed to us by a recent traveller, whose testimony is not equally favourable to the accuracy of Mr. Stanley's descriptions.

The mountain in question is situated a few miles north of Tor, about 3½ miles from the coast of the Gulf of Suez, and forms one of a ridge of low calcareous hills. Its height is about 400 feet, and it is composed of a soft friable sandstone, as is the rest of the chain. The peculiarity of the Bell Mount consists in its inclined plane of almost impalpable sand, which rises at an

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angle of 40° with the horizon, and is bounded by a semicircle of rocks, which extend to the base of this remarkable hill. The sound is produced by putting in motion the sand on this steep incline, and the experiment fails when the surface of the sand has been consolidated by rain. The intensity of the sound varies at different parts of the surface, the loudest being produced by disturbing the sand on the northern side, about 20 feet from the base, and about 10 from the rocks which bound it in that direction. At their commencement the sounds might be compared to the faint strains of an Æolian harp when its strings first catch the breeze; but as the sand becomes more violently agitated—by the more rapid motion, *i.e.* of the disturbing Bedouin—the noise more nearly resembles that produced by drawing the moistened fingers over glass. At the base it produces a rumbling like distant thunder, and causes a perceptible vibration, as the wave of sound follows, or rather accompanies a visible wave of moving sand. There is no question whatever that the sound is produced by the sand, although the phenomenon has not been further explained on scientific principles. Now when it is remembered that the formation of the mountains about Sinai consists, not of friable sandstone, or inclined planes of impalpable sand, but of solid granite, it will be admitted that the Æolian breathings, or even the distant thunders of Gebel Nakûs, do not go very far towards accounting for the thunders that attended the giving of the Law. Nor does Mr. Stanley appear to rely so much upon this Bell Mountain as upon the more unaccountable sounds of Um-Shômer, one of the Sinaitic range, which are distinctly adduced as a parallel. 'It has often been asked, whether 'there are any natural phenomena by which the wonders of the 'giving of the Law can be explained or illustrated.' The volcanic theory is briefly considered and summarily rejected. 'On the 'other hand, the mysterious sounds which have been mentioned 'on Um-Shômer and Gebel Mousa may be in some way con-'nected with the terrors described in the Mosaic narrative.' (P. 23.) Now, what are those sounds? No traveller, so far as we know, has heard them: those of Mount Sinai are merely matters of tradition, to account for the transference of the Monastery from the summit to the base of the Mount—the fact of which transference has first to be proved; but Burckhardt has described the sounds of Um-Shômer from the account of the Monks and Bedouins. It is worth while to give the passage entire, as the subject certainly challenges further investigation.

'Several Bedouins had acquainted me that a thundering noise, like repeated discharges of heavy artillery, is heard at times in those moun-

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tains; and they all affirmed that it came from Om-Shomar. The Monks corroborated the story, and even positively asserted that they heard the sound about mid-day, five years ago, describing it in the same manner as the Bedouins. The same noise had been heard in more remote times, and the Ikonomos, who has lived here forty years, told me that he remembered to have heard the noise at four or five separate periods. I inquired whether any shock of an earthquake had ever been felt on such occasions, but was answered in the negative. Wishing to ascertain the truth, I prepared to visit the mountain of Om Shomar.'—(*Syria*, p. 587.)

Before proceeding, it may be stated that Burckhardt carried his design into execution; but, so far from gaining any information, he appears entirely to have forgotten the object of his visit; for, strange to say, he never recurs to the subject again, although one would have thought that the view of the other vocal mountain must have recalled it to his memory; for it is from the height of Shômer that he describes and explains the phenomena and traditions of Nakûs. It is remarkable that meteorological agency did not suggest itself to Burckhardt, as offering even a more satisfactory explanation than volcanic; for as Um-Shômer is described to be the highest mountain of the Sinaitic group, the attraction of the electric fluid to that mountain would account for the heaven's artillery being heard most frequently in that quarter. Even if the informants of Burckhardt were not sensible of the usual concomitants of a thunder-storm, yet Mr. Stanley's reading must have taught him that thunder from a serene sky, though a portent in pagan times, is not of unusual occurrence in certain states of the atmosphere, and not unknown to the physical philosopher, however hitherto unaccounted for. Strange, indeed, it is that phenomena which in ancient days produced such startling effect on the mind of an Epicurean as to convince him, for a time at least, of the fallacy of his atheistical theory, should now be adduced by a Christian scholar as an argument against that miraculous intervention which stands out prominently on the pages of Revelation as the most memorable and awful of all Divine manifestations under the Old Dispensation. It is even suggested that it would be rash to reject the theory of Um-Shômer being the Mount of the Law—an original notion of Mr. Stanley, we believe,—because that the 'strange stories of sounds like thunder' 'agree to a certain extent with the Scriptural indications of Sinai.' (P. 39, note 1.)

Here again how utterly inadequate is the presumed cause to the effects described! An ordinary phenomenon—with which Moses must have been at least as familiar as Burckhardt's Ikonomos, for he had fed the flock of Jethro his father-in-law in this very region for precisely the same period—exaggerated

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to that tremendous description contained in the nineteenth chapter of Exodus, in which it will be observed that the thunders, for which alone Mr. Stanley's theory attempts to account, were mingled with the voice of the trumpet, and the sounds were accompanied with sights of which no explanation whatever is vouchsafed, since the hypothesis of volcanic action is rejected. We transcribe the passage, as in the former instance, to mark more clearly the utter inadequacy of the natural or rational solution attempted by Mr. Stanley.

'And it came to pass on the third day in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that was in the camp trembled. And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire: and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly. And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice. . . . . And all the people saw the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking: and when the people saw it, they removed, and stood afar off.'—(*Exod.* xix. 16, 18, 19; xx. 18.)

We believe that Mr. Stanley would shrink from the impiety of suggesting that this scene was 'got up' by Moses, or that a statement of facts of which a whole nation were eye and ear witnesses, could be so distorted as this must have been, supposing the reality to admit of any kind of comparison with the phenomena by which he has attempted to explain and illustrate them. The simple fact is, that Mr. Stanley has fallen into a temptation, which, we are aware, it requires some moral courage to resist in such days as these, when to accept the records of Revelation as of inspired authority, is considered unscholar-like and unphilosophical; and nothing is allowed to pass current as fact, until it has been submitted to the test of, what is called in the cant phrase of this school, sound reason and critical investigation. And hence it is that the history of the Exodus is only to be admitted as authentic so far as it satisfies Ewald's judgment! We had rather that they would speak out; as it is, we do not know whether they believe the Bible or not, or what Bible it is that they believe. What we do protest against, as wholly unwarrantable and indefensible, is this insidious attempt to undermine the faith of our countrymen in the great facts of revelation, the insinuation that Ewald is more trustworthy than Moses, even though the latter be supported by the testimony of Christ and His Apostles. For let this be distinctly understood by both parties. The miracles of the Exodus—those in particular which have been here examined—have the sanction of our Lord's countenance. If the

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narrative be fraudulent—we utter it only to repudiate it as an intolerable blasphemy,—our heavenly Master has made Himself a party to the fraud.

We have discharged a thankless,—we can assure Mr. Stanley, most sincerely, a painful duty. But the popularity which his book was sure to acquire rendered it incumbent upon us to expose the unsoundness of its theology. Since we commenced this article, we have seen a list of the prizes awarded at the first Examination of the Middle Class Schools, by the examiners appointed by the University of Oxford. We observe, with more regret than surprise, that Mr. Stanley's volume was much in request as a prize book among the intelligent competitors for these new honours; and we cannot contemplate with any kind of satisfaction the introduction of scepticism, under such highly respectable sanction, into the ranks of these youths, whose smattering of knowledge, highly creditable as it is to themselves, under their disadvantages, does not in any way qualify them to deal with such subtleties as we have exposed. It may be quite true that Professor Stanley would lose caste among those whose favour he most values, were he to show such an unphilosophic contempt for German neologian criticism as we have not hesitated to avow; but he may rely upon it,—and we are persuaded that he will not be indifferent to this consideration,—he is doing a greater injury than he will be able to repair to religion and morality, if he shakes the faith of our most hopeful youths in the historical credibility of the Mosaic narrative, and leads them on to the inevitable conclusion that the Divine Teacher, who was very and essential Truth, has lent the solemn sanction of His infallible authority to a lie.

We have dwelt so long upon Mr. Stanley's questionable notices of the peninsula of Sinai, that we have left ourselves no space for the discussion of the very interesting questions suggested by the volume before us. We can but sum up the state of the question as it regards the Mountain of the Law, and must leave the question of the Sinaitic inscriptions—with which we honestly avow ourselves incompetent at present to deal in a manner satisfactory to ourselves—for future consideration. But we trust to be able to suggest one or two points which may be of service to any who may hereafter undertake to adjust the rival claims of Gebel Serbal and Gebel Mûsa, as the Mountain of the Law; the former, first proposed, only to be rejected, by Burckhardt, but lately advocated by Dr. Lepsius, Mr. John Hogg, and Mr. Charles Forster; the latter supported by the great weight of Dr. Robinson's, Dr. Wilson's, and Mr. Stanley's names and adhesion, in aid of whose arguments we would advance the

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following considerations. The great strength of Serbal lies unquestionably in the testimony of Cosmas Indicopleustes. And very reasonably so. We have no wish whatever to detract from the value of his evidence. There can, we think, be no doubt that he identified Gebel Serbal as the Mountain of the Law. There is, however, abundant evidence to a conflicting tradition coexisting with this, and pointing to Gebel Mûsa; and the real question lies between the credibility of the two traditions, not between the authority of the witnesses, which may be considered as equal. Now it does so happen that Cosmas has quite undesignedly given us the opportunity of testing the tradition to which he witnesses, by recording another, concerning which all are agreed, and which we venture to think is inconsistent with the tradition of Sinai, which he accepted and perpetuated. Mr. Stanley rightly designates the tradition of the identity of Rephidim and Paran, as 'the oldest known tradition of the peninsula.' It is also the most consistent, and, as we have said, the most commonly received, by the advocates of Serbal, no less than by the defenders of Gebel Mûsa, by Lepsius, no less than by Robinson. Now Cosmas certainly held to this identification. His testimony is clear. After passing through the sea between Clysma and Phœnicon, the Israelites, he says, journeyed through the desert of Sur to Merra (Mara) and Elim (then called Räithu), where the twelve fountains still existed in his day; but the palm-trees had diminished considerably in number since the Exodus. During this journey, which, be it remembered, the writer himself had travelled, they had, he remarks, the sea on their right, and the desert on their left, but at this point they turned their backs on the sea, and struck into the desert towards Sinai, where the manna and the quails descended upon them. 'Then again they encamped in Raphidin, 'which is now called Pharan; and when they thirsted, Moses 'went forward with the elders, according to the commandment 'of God, having his rod in his hand, to Mount Horeb, that is in 'Sinai, which is near Pharan, at the distance of six miles, and 'there, when he had struck the rock many waters gushed out,' &c. Happily, nothing can be more distinct and self-consistent than these notices. But then they are quite inconsistent with the Mosaic narrative in one particular all-important for its bearing on this question, viz. this, that they ignore the journey between Rephidim and Sinai, which are mentioned, both in Exodus and Numbers, as two distinct stations, separated by a march of certainly an average length, which the six miles of Cosmas cannot satisfy. If the Law was given at Serbal, Israel must have been encamped the while in the Wady Pharan, *i. e.*,

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Rephidim, but then the station at Sinai and the intermediate march cannot be accounted for. Dr. Lepsius is fully aware of this difficulty, but surmounts it by the convenient theory of inaccuracy in the Mosaic narrative, which we simply decline to admit. Thus then, Cosmas furnishes us with the means of correcting himself, and obliges us to fix Sinai at some point more distant from Pharan than Serbal is. And here we are supported by the authority not only of the unwritten tradition of the sixth century, stereotyped by Justinian in the massive walls of the Convent of S. Catharine, which unquestionably owes its original erection to that emperor, but of the writings of a pilgrim, probably not of later date than Cosmas, though the precise age of neither can be exactly defined; to which it is strange that no reference has been made in this controversy, as his testimony is not only remarkably consistent with itself, but also with the Mosaic narrative, with the existing traditions, and strikingly confirmatory of some of the conjectures of recent travellers. Antoninus Placentinus is a credulous writer, no doubt, and not always very intelligible, owing chiefly to the obviously corrupt state of the text; but his description of Sinai is so remarkably clear and precise, that almost every feature can be identified at this day. We cannot cite his description in full, but there can be no question whatever that his Sinai is the actual Gebel Mûsa, while his Horeb exactly corresponds with the Gebel-ed-Deir, on the east. The valley between Horeb and Sinai, the fountain where Moses was watering his flock when he saw the burning bush, (then inclosed in the monastery,) the cave and fountain of Elias, the small oratory on the very summit of the Mount; the rocky Sinai itself, almost destitute of soil, surrounded with the numerous cells of servants of God, (the remains of which may still be seen,)—all these features, existing to this hour, leave no room for doubting that Antoninus Placentinus is describing the mountain now known as Gebel Mûsa. Then for Rephidim, he as unquestionably fixes that to the place assigned it by Cosmas Indicopleustes; and bears witness to a tradition remarkably consistent with a theory of Mr. Stanley and other modern writers. Antoninus and his party, having decided to return by Egypt, 'came from 'Sinai to the city where Moses fought with Amalek, where is an 'oratory, the altar of which stands over those stones which 'were placed for Moses while he prayed. In that very place is 'a city fortified on its sides; the place is extremely fertile' (we substitute *fertilis* for *sterilis* without any misgiving, in such a text), 'on account of the water. Here there met us women with 'children, carrying palms in their hands, and jars of oil, with

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'which they anointed our feet and heads, singing in the Egyptian 'tongue the antiphon, "Blessed be ye of the Lord, and blessed be 'your coming. Hosanna in the highest."' These he takes for the family of Jethro, Moses's father-in-law. Let that by all means be ascribed to his credulity, yet there can be no mistake about the site of the city, or the manners of its inhabitants, when we read the following description of Dr. Wilson and his party in Wady Pharan. 'The hearty salutation of men, women, 'and children . . . . brings into action the hundred sympa- 'thies connected with human society, which have been so long 'dormant.' 'We were close to the spot which is considered the 'acropolis of the ancient town, the humble ruins of whose houses, 'tombs, churches, and fortifications, were before us and around 'us.' And it is of this acropolis that Mr. Stanley remarks, conditionally, as usual, 'Rephidim, "the resting-place," is the 'natural name for the paradise of the Bedouins in the adjacent 'palm-grove; the Church of Paran may fairly be imagined to 'be "the hill" on which Moses stood, deriving its earliest con- 'secration from the altar which he built; the Amalekites may 'thus have naturally fought for the oasis of the desert, and the 'sanctuary of their gods,' &c. (P. 41.) The credulous Placentine is strangely in accord with Dr. Wilson and Professor Stanley.

But now, can any account be given of the mistake into which Cosmas was led with regard to the identity of Serbal with Sinai? Dr. Wilson diffidently suggests that the pilgrimages to Serbal, which the inscriptions, as he thinks, attest, 'origi- 'nated in the belief that Gebel Serbal is really the Mount Paran 'of Habakkuk, and so might be reckoned one of the sacred 'mountains of the peninsula.' Ritter has well surmised, both from the title assigned to it by Moses, in the account of Jethro's visit, and from the fact that it is still held in veneration among the Arabs, that it had from very ancient times a sacred character attached to it. But what if a distinct proof can be adduced that a pilgrimage to the true Sinai involved considerable risk, and must have been a service of danger? Would not this have a tendency to deter pilgrims from resorting thither, and incline them to acquiesce in a mountain more accessible? All Oriental travellers know how accommodating the monks are in transferring sacred localities to more convenient sites, which was especially necessary in this instance. A very remarkable fact is mentioned by Antoninus, the investigation of which may, we are persuaded, throw much light on the Sinaitic inscriptions, and on the unexplained mysteries of the peninsula. It seems that Horeb was in the times of idolatry a place of resort for the Saracenic tribes, and that a feast was

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celebrated in that mountain to a miraculous idol of chameleon-like qualities, being composed of white marble, which the adoration of its worshippers converted into the blackness of pitch, nor did it resume its fair complexion until the conclusion of the festival. The concourse of Arabs to this festival was enormous. Antoninus and his company fell in with a haj of 12,600 pilgrims on their way to this solemnity, and at the conclusion of the festival, proclamation was made that no Christian should return to Jerusalem by way of the desert, on account of these hordes of Ishmaelites. Surely the proximity of such a Bedoui sanctuary might well dispose the Christians to find a more secure place of pilgrimage; and we are now prepared to admire the policy as well as the piety of Justinian, who, as Procopius informs us, not only dedicated a church and a monastery of the Theotokos at the foot of the mountain, but also erected a castle, which he strongly garrisoned with troops, in order to prevent the Saracens from making incursions on the south of Palestine from this favourite rallying-point. And here we may note the foundation of the story questioned above, to the effect that the monastery formerly stood on the summit of the mountain. Procopius expressly states that 'it was not built on the height of the mountain, but far below; 'for (he adds), it is impossible for a man to pass the night on its 'summit, since there are perpetual noises, and other such like 'prodigies are heard, which strike with amazement the powers 'and faculties of men.'

Such, then, is the state of the general question concerning the most venerable of all those traditions which affect the sacred narrative of the Exodus, and although the minor details are of comparatively small importance, we shall be expected to state what appears to us the most probable disposition of the camp of Israel during that momentous period of their national history.

We accept, then, the junction of Wady-er-Raheh with Wady-esh-Sheikh for the encampment of the armies of Israel, under that magnificent promontory of granite rock, called Ras Sasafeh; and we find authority for this preference in the name of *Wady Mûsa*, which Russegger assures us is still given to the wide plain formed by the junction of the above-named valleys. *Wady Seb'âyeh* at the back—south, *i.e.*—of Gebel Mûsa, does not appear to be sufficiently remote from the summit to answer the requirements of the narrative; for we are persuaded that Gebel Mûsa, at the southern extremity of the oblong basin, and not Ras Sasafeh, at its northern termination, is the scene of the Divine communication with Moses. The whole narrative is cramped, if a narrower space is assigned to it than the whole group

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bounded by Wady-el-Leje on the west and Wady-ed-Deir on the east. All is consistent and harmonious within these bounds. Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu, with the seventy elders of Israel, would accompany the lawgiver to this plain, from whence they would return to the camp, while he and Joshua advanced nearer to the Divine Presence on the craggy height of Sinai. Then, on his return, the sounds of revelry would reach his ears as he approached the plain, which would have been distinctly audible throughout, on the nearer and lower elevation of Sasafeh, particularly when we take into account the fact, mentioned by Dr. Wilson and others, that the rarity of the atmosphere in this elevated region adds intensity to sound, and causes it to travel much further than under ordinary circumstances. In fact, it is with this as with so many other ancient traditions which modern scepticism has undertaken to question and correct,—the actual sites do so remarkably harmonise with the narrative of the events, that history and tradition mutually illustrate one another; while the late attempts to define more exactly the spot where the Divine communication was vouchsafed to Moses involve endless inconsistencies and contradictions.

And here, then, we must draw our remarks to a close. It will be observed that we have confined our special notices to the first few pages of Mr. Stanley's book. The interest and importance of the subjects suggested by him will furnish an ample apology for our doing so; and, so far as we may judge from experience, occasions will not be wanting for pursuing the track of the Israelites to their promised rest, whenever we may be disposed to do so, since the wilderness is so very prolific in literary productions, of whatever merit, and Palestine contains an inexhaustible mine of research which has hitherto, like the land itself, been only superficially examined, notwithstanding all that Dr. Robinson and his worthy collaborateurs have accomplished. It were much to be desired that the cause of Sacred Literature could command sufficient interest to induce some who have the power, to organize an expedition to the East for the purpose of scientific investigation, with a special view to the illustration of Biblical History, Geography, and Antiquities. The scientific expedition to Egypt, under Dr. Lepsius, sent out by the munificence of the King of Prussia, is a model which might well be followed, in all but its results. Why should not Imperial France follow up, in Palestine, and by pacific means, the great work undertaken in Egypt with such signal success, under the Republican General of the military expedition in 1798? The trigonometrical survey of the country by our corps of engineers in 1840, although under-

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taken with no such design, has been an inestimable boon to Sacred Literature. It is, of course, vain to hope for Parliament to sanction a grant from the public funds for any such purpose; but it is not, perhaps, too much to expect that any maturely considered and well-organized plan undertaken by private enterprise would receive all possible countenance and support from the authorities in the Foreign Office. For example, that the Ambassador at the Porte should be directed to apply for a firman, granting special powers to the members of the expedition, with such instructions to the local governors as might be necessary to give them full effect; that the Consuls and other British agents in the country should also be officially charged to forward the ends of the mission: above all, that the officers of the Mediterranean squadron on the coast of Syria, whose time often hangs heavily on their hands, should be encouraged to volunteer on such a service, and permitted to employ the ships' instruments and hands in surveying, or levelling, or excavating, or in any other work that may be requisite for the purposes of the expedition. It is obvious how much real service might be done by lending this semi-official countenance to such undertakings; as has been done on the coast of Africa and elsewhere. Some years since Lieut. Molineux was allowed to undertake a survey of the Jordan and the Dead Sea; and an American expedition under Lieutenant Lynch was fitted out for that express purpose. But these were partial objects: whereas, half-a-dozen English uniforms, whether of red or blue is a matter of comparative indifference, might march through the country unmolested from Dan to Beersheba, from Acre to Gerash, with what engines and instruments they pleased, turning the soil, both in a literal and a classical sense, wherever and as often as they deemed expedient. Since admission to the Mosk at Jerusalem has become—as admission to the Mosks at Constantinople has long been—a purchasable privilege at a fixed tariff—one pound sterling a-head we believe to be the sum—there can be no objection on religious or political grounds to any amount of excavation or exploration in any part, even of the Holy City itself, so long as property is not injured without ample compensation. Those fanatical black door-keepers of the Haram esh-Sherif, the terror of all curious travellers, would soon be made to understand that their day is past, and their vocation gone. A Government which owes its very existence to the European powers ought not to be permitted to tyrannize any longer over the meanest subject even of the King of Sardinia.

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ART. III.—1. *Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Religio Disciplina Ritusque Sacri. Cosini Episcopi Dunelmensis opusculum.* Editio altera. 1857.

2. *Doctrine de l'Eglise Anglicane relative aux Sacrements et aux Cérémonies Sacramentales.* 1854.

3. *L'Eglise Anglicane n'est point Schismatique.* 1855.

4. *De la Validité des Ordinations de l'Eglise Anglicane.* 1856.

5. *Rome; son nouveau Dogme et nos Devoirs.* 1856.

6. *Erreurs Historiques qui existent dans la Communion Romaine à l'égard de l'Eglise Anglicane.* 1856.

7. *Della Religione, Disciplina, e Riti Sacri della Chiesa Anglicana.* 1854.

8. *La Santa Chiesa Cattolica.* 1855.

9. *La Supremazia Papale al tribunale dell' Antichitá.* 1856.

10. *Vita della Beata Vergine Maria.* 1857.

11. *Religione Disciplina y Sagrados Ritos de la Iglesia de Inglaterra.* 1856.

12. *La Supremacía Papal examinada por la Antigüedad.* 1856.

13. Coſin, Biſchof von Durham, über Glauben Zucht und Cultus der Engliſchen Kirche. 1857.

14. Περὶ δογμάτων διοικήσεως καὶ ἱερουργίων τῆς Ἀγγλικῆς Ἐκκλησίας· πονημάτιον Κοσίνου ἐπισκόπου Δυνέλμου. 1856.

THE first thing that strikes us with respect to the 'Association 'for making known upon the Continent the Principles of the 'Anglican Church,' is that it has a very long name. We shall take the liberty of speaking of it under an appellation which we see that its supporters have begun lately to apply to it, the 'Anglo-Continental Association.' It is true that the latter title does not mean much, perhaps without some further interpretation it means nothing, whereas the other name excellently describes the purpose of the society; but 'Anglo-Continental Association' is short, 'Association for making known upon the 'Continent the Principles of the Anglican Church' is long, and any Society which is to live and work must have a short name, even though it be a nickname. The 'Society for the Propaga-'tion of the Gospel in Foreign Parts' has become the 'S.P.G.,' or at the longest the 'Propagation of the Gospel Society,' and

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the 'Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge' has been cut down to 'S.P.C.K.' The 'Association for making 'known upon the Continent the Principles of the Anglican 'Church,' must submit to the same process.

But what is the Society in question, and what has it done? We know that these are early days to make the latter inquiry; for the Society has scarcely been in existence four years, and to be looking for any great fruits and results yet would be premature. 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days,' must be the motto of any man or of any body of men whose purpose it is to have an effect upon the minds even of their fellow-countrymen, much more upon the course of the world's thought; and it would appear that no less than this is the purpose of the Anglo-Continental Association, modestly as it veils it at present under the specific proposal of making known upon the Continent the principles of the Anglican Church. Let those principles bear their fruit, whatever that may be, is the idea which evidently underlies the existence of the Society.

That there is room for such an Association is clear. Indeed, it is astonishing, now that the idea is started, that we should have gone on so many years without it. We have the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, by means of which we can deal with our colonies and the heathen. We have the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, the Additional Curates' Society, and others, to battle with home ignorance and depravity; but where is our machinery for affecting the religious mind of the Continent? What agency have we for making ourselves understood whether by Roman Catholics or Protestants in the West, or by the ancient Churches of the East? We have none, none whatever, except the tentative efforts of the Anglo-Continental Association.

The Society consists of a number of churchmen, clergy and laity, who have voluntarily combined for the purpose signified in the longer title of the Society,—for making known upon the Continent the principles of the Anglican Church. It consists of patrons, a committee, a staff of secretaries and editors, and ordinary members. The patrons are all of them bishops. Four are English, viz. Durham, Exeter, Oxford, Salisbury; four Scottish, Argyll, Glasgow, Moray, S. Andrews; five colonial, Gibraltar, Newfoundland, Fredericton, Capetown, Natal; two American, Maryland and Bishop Southgate. Death has snatched away another American prelate who felt warmly for the Society's welfare, the excellent Bishop Wainwright, and an English prelate who gave it his fullest sanction, the late Bishop of London. The Committee contains a greater number of honoured and trustworthy names than we often see collected together within the compass of a com-

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mittee. Among the clerical members we may name Archdeacon Churton, Rev. T. Claughton, Rev. E. Hawkins, Rev. J. S. H. Horner, Rev. F. C. Massingberd, Rev. Dr. Moberly, Rev. J. Oldknow, Rev. E. C. Woollcombe, Rev. Dr. Wordsworth. Among the laymen, Lord Robert Cecil, M.P., F. H. Dickinson, Esq., Sir John S. Forbes, Bart., Henry Hoare, Esq., A. J. B. Hope, Esq. M.P., J. G. Hubbard, Esq., J. H. Markland, Esq., J. Watts-Russell, Esq., and last, but far from least, Roundell Palmer, Esq. The secretaries are three,—Rev. F. Meyrick, Rev. F. Godfray, and Rev. A. Cleveland Coxe, the last of whom superintends the operations of the Society in America. The editors are as yet six, but we presume that they are to be increased as the sphere of the Society enlarges. Dr. Camilleri, an Italian by birth, and now pastor of the Anglo-Italian congregation in London, under the licence of the Bishop of the diocese, is answerable for correctness of translation in the Italian publications; Archdeacon Churton undertakes the superintendence of the works published by the Society in Spanish; Mr. Godfray, perhaps the best French scholar in England, is French editor; Mr. Kitchin is German editor; and Dr. Wordsworth is Romaic editor. Mr. Meyrick is described as general editor, which implies that he is answerable for the tone and matter of the whole series. The ordinary members of the Association consist not only of donors and subscribers, as is usual, but also of all those who will undertake to pray daily for the blessing of God upon the Society's operations. In the list of members appear the names of Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Heathcote, Mr. Keble, the Marquis of Lothian, the Bishop of Quebec, and others.

So much for what the Society is. Now, What is it doing? First, perhaps, we should ask, What has it professed to do? It has not been a society which has made much profession, from the beginning. We believe that it first entered life, not with a declaration of what it was going to do, but with the publication of a work of Bishop Cosin; that is, by beginning instead of saying that it was going to begin. Contemporaneously with this publication was issued the following paper:—

'It has long been desired to make known upon the Continent, with far greater accuracy than at present, the principles of the English Church. There are few who are not aware of the ignorance and misrepresentation at present rife on this subject in every quarter of the world, especially in those parts of it where the Roman Catholic Church has sway. It has, therefore, been determined to publish works illustrative of the doctrines, discipline, and constitution of the Anglican Church, and the character of its Reformation, which may attract the attention and find their way into the hands of natives of foreign countries, and members of other branches of the Church. It is proposed that some of the intended publications should be in the Latin language, some in the different languages spoken

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by the several nations of the continent, and that they should be offered for sale at low prices in France, Germany, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, and South America, as well as in the northern and eastern parts of the globe.

'The first of the series has been now published, being a short work of Bishop Cosin on the Faith, Discipline, and Rites of the English Church, together with extracts from Bishops Andrewes, Jewell, Bull, Beveridge, and others, as Crakanthorpe and James I., explanatory of the nature of the English Reformation. This will serve as a specimen of the tone which will run through the rest of the series, the whole of which will be edited or written by members of the English, Scottish, or American Churches.'

This was in the year 1853. No further statement of principles has been made since that time, till within the last week or two. The Society seems to have been satisfied with an annual statement of the publications issued by the editors, together with an account of sales, subscriptions, and such like practical matters. There is, however, a letter which may be regarded as embodying the idea of the Association, written also in the year 1853, by the same gentleman who issued the circular which we have given above, to a brother clergyman in the United States, and there published at the time in the 'Church Review:'—

..... 'You ask for an account of,—1. The origin of the Association for making known upon the Continent the Principles of the Anglican Church; 2. What the Association has effected; 3. What it proposes further to effect. I will answer these questions separately.

'1. You are aware that my countrymen and your countrymen are much given to travelling abroad; and I suppose that every Churchman who has so travelled has been vexed in his soul to find the misconceptions universally entertained in reference to what he holds dearest,—his faith and his Church. In almost every continental country, I suppose, the faith of the Englishman is looked upon as something allied very closely to infidelity. Thus, in Italy I was informed that in England no one was baptized, but that, in place of baptism, a little rose-water was thrown over them. In Greece, I found the English party looked upon as the infidel party, in spite of the good works done by your excellent countryman, Mr. Hill. In Spain, Englishman, Protestant, and non-Romanist, are all identified with non-Christian, and the title Catholic unknown, except as synonymous with Papist. And the Anglican Church fares no better in common estimation. Almost universally, I believe, it is regarded as a sect set up by Henry VIII. in place of the Catholic Church, because the latter would not allow him to put away one wife and take another; and as long as Cobbett is the book to which foreigners have recourse for information on the subject of the Reformation, such an opinion cannot fail of prevailing. Now, there is always something in the human breast which stirs us up to correct what we know to be false, and redress what we know to be wrong; and we are stirred the more deeply when the thing misrepresented and wronged is something very dear to us. Here, then, was one motive for the institution of such an Association.

'To this was added a feeling akin to indignation. The existing ignorance with regard to our claims and position, is clearly not in all cases the ignorance of simplicity. On the contrary, it cannot be doubted that the simple ones are industriously taught calumnies about us for controversial purposes. This is not the case where the Greek Church holds sway; but in the countries subject to the Roman supremacy it cannot be doubted.

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It is so in England. There is no body of men so calumnious towards the Church as the Romanists; and, among them, that class from which we might most confidently have looked for better things. Amidst much suffering and sorrow of heart, amidst many incurable evils, caused by men falling away to Rome, it was thought by some that at least there would be this good,—that the converts would carry with them into the Roman Church a knowledge of the Anglican Church, and cause it thereby to be better appreciated. The result has been the very contrary to this. Nowhere have there been found such sharp and false tongues,—nowhere such bitter words against the Anglican Church, as among those who have forsaken her communion. Mr. Faber declares for himself and his co-religionists that all his other fellow-country are infidels.

'Again, there was a feeling of combined pity and zeal. You have read the letters of the Spanish priest, published in the "Practical Working of the Church of Spain." His cry for help and sympathy was one hard to resist. His picture of multitudes of his fellow-country running wild into infidelity and atheism, because there was no system placed before them which they could adopt with a manly intelligent Christian faith, was recognised by those who had visited his native land as true; and the same thing was existing in Italy. Men's souls are bound by an iron bond to accept all or none in those countries where Rome holds sway. That *all* contains what men of intelligence cannot accept, and so they are driven off into unbelief. Credulity and scepticism are the only alternatives placed before them. It was, then, a work of Christian love to show to these perplexed ones that, because they disbelieved in Sta Philumena and Sta Rita, it was not necessary that they should therefore disbelieve in our blessed Lord and S. Paul, and that, in rejecting what they knew to be false, they might still hold firm to God's Truth. The political position of the countries of the earth seems, too, to call upon us to do the same thing. That the despotisms under which poor Italy and Spain are now groaning can last for ever is impossible; that they will last but a short time seems very probable. With the fall of the despotisms will come the fall of the Church, which has thrown herself into the arms of the governments, and stooped to be the tool of tyranny. How supremely important, then, it is that, before the hour arrives, the stirring spirits of those peninsulas should learn that it is possible for a Church to be reformed without being annihilated, to be Catholic without being Romanist.

'And, besides, such a movement was thought likely to be useful to some among ourselves. You know how the hearts of Anglicans, in their insular state of separation, yearn for unity. Attempts have from time to time been made to combine with the Greek Church from this cause. Nay, the lamentable secessions to the Church of Rome, which we have witnessed, have arisen mainly from the same origin. We were alone in the world, solitary and forlorn. Some tried to ignore the differences between ourselves and Rome, and gentle words were heard about our sister in the faith, with whom we only differed on minor points, which were no hindrance to full communion. This could not last, and then when men gave up that hope, they rushed headlong into Rome, to avoid the loneliness which their souls abhorred. This spirit of yearning is now rightfully satisfied by the intercommunion now so happily existing and energizing between ourselves and you. But still it requires some outlet with regard to the Roman communion. Better that it should take the form of attempting to bring them into unity with us than of sacrificing our Catholicity to their Romanism.

'Such were some of the feelings which were working in the minds of many English Churchmen; and it only required a little intercourse between

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a few of them to make these feelings issue in the Association about which you inquire. Perhaps the immediate occasion of its formation were the applications from Spain, Mr. Cleveland Coxe's publication of Hirscher's Proposals for a new Reformation, and the stories brought from Italy by the impostor De Col. At first it was not known that the latter was in the pay of the Church and State party in Italy, and his tales were credited more than they deserved; but when his character became known, it was still inferred that there must have been a foundation for his tales, or it would not have been worth his while to invent them, or of those whose tool he was to send him to England. And the daily accounts that we see and hear confirm the truth of this conclusion. Thus the Association came into being.'

Having described what the Association had at that time effected, and what it was immediately proposing to do, the writer continues:—

'The Association has not yet formed itself into shape by publishing its committee, officers, and patrons. We have been anxious to be practical before we were formal. Soon we shall make ourselves more public. Good names are not wanting to us from among our Bishops and your Bishops, our presbyters and your presbyters, and our influential laymen. The more that it is known, I doubt not, the more the work will be supported; and just as we have missions to the heathen, in which the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Board of Missions take part, so I hope that the Mother and Daughter Church may combine in the good work of resuscitating the spirit of true Catholicity in the bosom of those continental Churches, where it is now well-nigh extinguished by the accretions of Mediævalism.'

We must pause here to point out one incidental good connected with the Anglo-Continental Association, which we regard as especially gratifying. It does not propose to be an effort of the Established English Church, but of the whole Anglican communion. Thus its patrons are Bishops of the English, Scottish, Colonial, and American Churches, almost in equal proportions; one of its three secretaries is an American clergyman; the incumbent of a parish in New York, and the chaplains or clergy at Malaga, Constantinople, Athens, and Gibraltar are on the committee; the son of the Bishop of Quebec is one of the correspondents of the Society, and in the list of its members occurs the name of Mr. Hugh Davey Evans, the well-known, able, and earnest-hearted layman of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Baltimore. Anything which makes us realize the unity of this far-stretching community is in itself a great good. It is one of the ideas on which the internal constitution of the Anglo-Continental Association is formed, and its external operations are conducted.

The immediate occasion, as distinct from the cause, of the Society's origin, was, according to the writer of the above letter, a representation of the state of feeling on the Continent, from Spain, Germany, and Italy. Our readers may by this time

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have forgotten the case of De Col. He came to England, and played the part of the convert and reformer. He made up tales, —and with wonderful cleverness they were composed—of secret assemblies held throughout Lombardy, the purpose of which was to effect a reformation in Italy. He presented addresses from these imaginary congregations to persons high in authority in the English Church, and he even extracted from learned and grave doctors and archdeacons a Latin letter of sympathy and advice to his clients,—a letter, we will say, in passing, which was highly honourable both to the individuals who composed it and to the Church to which they belonged. After awhile suspicions were aroused as to the truth of the Abbé's communication and his motives in making them, and finding himself uncomfortable in England he decamped, and made his way back to Italy. Then it came out that he was an agent of the Jesuit party in Italy, and in the pay of the Austrian police, and that he had been sent to England for the purpose of ingratiating himself with such persons as were supposed likely to sympathise with foreign reformers, in order that he might discover who the latter were, and hand them over to the tender mercies of his employers, to be dealt with as Jesuits and Austrian police know how to deal with religious and political agitators. Fortunately, M. De Col's benevolent intentions were entirely frustrated, and all that he succeeded in doing was stirring up a feeling of sympathy for the reality which was proved to exist even by his caricature of it.

Hirscher's 'State of the Church' was probably perused by all our readers at the time that it was made known to the English world by Mr. Cleveland Coxe, in his 'Sympathies of the Continent.' It goes to prove that there is a feeling in Germany, among some, at least, of its learned men, which would respond to a call urging them to reform themselves on the model of primitive Christianity. Nor is the compulsory retractation of this book, which poor Dean Hirscher has been forced to make, any sign that he wrote lightly at the beginning, or that his convictions are altered now. It only shows that he has not the strength of mind which a man needs to become a martyr or a confessor. The lesson which the large-hearted and learned editor of Hirscher's book gathers with respect to the duty of the English Church, appears in the following extract:—

'If there is to be a revival of true religion and living Catholicity on the Continent, the movement must begin from within the National Churches. . . . . Corrupt they are, and with their corruptions we can hold no parley. Still, like the Seven Churches of Asia, there they are, in spite of their corruptions, dear to Christ, and retaining His distinguishable presence among their golden candlesticks. They retain their places, and, as yet, retain

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all the hold upon the popular heart which religion retains at all. Who is so blinded by prejudice, as not to see, that if anything is to be hoped and prayed for, it is that these Churches may be wisely, soberly, and *thoroughly reformed*, by the Spirit of the Lord, and so made again the light of the world, and the joy of the whole earth? That this blessed consummation is not so hopeless as our supine and wicked want of faith has led us to suppose, is precisely what the spirit of the work thus introduced, and of the accompanying illustrations from other sources, sufficiently demonstrates.

'Such a work, affecting the common interests of the Church of England, and her long estranged and fallen sisters, so far and in proportion as they are still Catholic and Christian together, may possibly be made, by the good providence of God, a harbinger of renewed efforts for a *truly Catholic reformation*, in the spirit of the Council of Nice, and in utter repudiation of the Council of Trent: at any rate, it will teach British Christians to thank God, that by virtue of their freedom from the disastrous consequences of the latter, they are already far in advance of the foreign Churches, in the means and appliances for immediate action upon the age; that, they hold a vantage ground, to which the Papal churches begin to turn with eyes of longing, and with a struggle, as for life itself: so that theirs is an immense responsibility, if they fail to use their glorious liberty for the common benefit of Christendom.'[1]

And again—

'The English Church owes it to herself and to the dying Churches of Europe to expose the utter falsehoods which have been so long circulated about her by the Jesuits: and thus to afford them the encouraging example of a Church which has not ceased to be Catholic by becoming reformed. . . . . Why should American "Evangelical Societies," and the like, be suffered to disseminate through all the free parts of Europe their well-meant but dangerous principles of reform, with no effort on our part to save the Churches of Europe from adhering to their corruptions, in view of such dangerous novelties; or from adopting the novelties themselves, to the ruin of their existence as Churches, and their consequent decline into infidelity? What vast good might be done to such men as Hirscher, Nuytz, and others, if a true statement of the Church of England's doctrine, Apostolic constitution, and wide-spread relations, were but translated into German, French, and Italian, and sent to foreign universities for distribution! When the writer, as *an American Presbyter*, presented Hirscher with a sermon which he had preached in a pulpit of *the Church of England*, the venerable man seemed labouring under *a new idea*. It was probably the first time he had ever heard of the American Church, or conceived of the *Anglican Communion* as capable of existing in entire independence of the British Crown! The Romanists of the Continent have no more idea of the Church of England's *true character* than the Chinese; and they are constantly supplied with fresh lies about it by the most artful and malicious ingenuity. Petty tracts and learned volumes alike propagate the falsehood, unchecked; and Rome and infidelity are the gainers.'[2]

For evidence as to the state of religious feeling in Spain it would be easy to quote many passages from the letters referred to by the writer above, and from the book in which they are published. We will content ourselves with one extract of a letter written six years ago by a priest then officiating in the

[1] Sympathies of the Continent, p. 12.

[2] Ibid. p. 15.

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Spanish Church. Having described the state of religion and morals in Spain, he continues:—

'The Spaniards, having all these things before their eyes, laugh at the mission of the Christian priesthood, are losing their faith and morals, and sinking into Atheism. Will you, then, keep them in the way of perdition, in the very mouth of the pit? There is no other way but preaching the true Gospel. Here then is a difficult work, to which all my efforts are directed, and I implore your aid. . . . . It cannot be denied that Spaniards of the present day are generally opposed to Roman practices, and rather agree with you and me in thinking and doing, than with them: such is the force of reason and truth. However, while they are giving up the errors of Romanism, they have no rule of faith and morality to embrace, and, led as by a blind impulse, each has prescribed a liberal and irregular belief for himself, which sometimes he follows, and sometimes relinquishes.

'For unity, then, and stability of faith to be established among us, for the restoration of Evangelical morals, and specially for delivering them from Atheism, into which they are running headlong, the light of the Gospel must, as in old times, shine among them. But how shall they believe without a preacher, and how shall we preach unless we are sent? Let there be raised the voice that cries aloud, and the word of God will not return empty. But as the charity of Christ constraineth us, and His cause here suffers violence, and groans at being surrounded with great dangers, I have determined not to go hence, but to remain and to implore your help for the Spanish nation.

"Will you, then, associate yourselves together for the work of the Gospel in these regions? Will you, in your charity, lead this people to the true faith of Christ? Will you recal them from Atheism, or indifferentism, to the Church of God? Establish Evangelical missions, and support them with your pious alms. The Romanists labour night and day to propagate their errors; they send their fanatical Missionaries to go round the world, and all sort of sectaries run eagerly to the work. But ye who profess the true faith of Christ, will ye leave a thirsty people to perish, and give them nought out of your own abundance when they ask? Nay, my most beloved brethren, for if the Lord hath given you five talents, ye will gain five other talents to be good and faithful servants.'[1]

Other proofs of the existence of similar feelings in Italy, Germany, Spain, South America,[2] and elsewhere, might, we need scarcely say, be brought forward in great abundance if it were necessary. But these are the special indications referred to by the founders of the Association, and they are quite sufficient. We shall presently have to turn our readers' attention to France.

Granted, then, that there is a great misconception and misrepresentation of the English Church, its principles and its practices, on the Continent—a thing which, unhappily, no traveller can doubt, and which we could illustrate by tale after tale, were it not that the ludicrous character of such stories excites rather pain than amusement, when they have for their subject anything so very dear to us as our Mother Church; and, granted

[1] Practical Working of the Church of Spain, p. 368.

[2] For South America, see Dr. Vigil's '*Defensa de la Autoridad de los Gobiernos contra las pretenciones de la Curia Romana*,' published at Lima.

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that there is a feeling abroad, in Spain, Italy, Germany, South America, and, as we shall presently show, in France, which is stretching itself after something better, purer, holier, more primitive, more Catholic, than that which the Papal idea and system is found to supply—what is the Association doing to remove this misconception and to meet this feeling?

Its first step is to publish tracts explanatory of the principles, constitution, and position of the English Church, or rather, of the Anglican Communion, formed by the English, Scottish, American, and Colonial Churches. It appears that up to this time publications have been issued in Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and in modern Greek. Portuguese has been promised for some time, but has not yet appeared; nor does the Association seem as yet to have attempted to prepare anything, according to its original programme, for 'the northern and eastern parts of the globe,' except so far as Greece may be regarded as eastern.

Latin tracts are, we fear, not of much use. There ought to be some, because Latin is still the recognised theological language of Europe, and there are some among foreign priests capable of reading them, and at any rate they carry with them a certain guarantee of learning. But they will not, we should fear, be largely read. The first publication of the Association was in Latin, and it has now arrived at a second edition. A better treatise could not have been selected for the inauguration of the Society. It is Bishop Cosin's excellent work which he wrote at the Earl of Clarendon's special request, giving an account of the doctrines, discipline, and ceremonies of the English Church. The Bishop wrote it for the purpose of dissipating the false impressions which then existed in the minds of foreigners on the subject, and two hundred years after his death it has been again twice reprinted in Latin, and translated into French, Italian, Spanish, German, and Romaic, as an earnest of other translations to follow. Bishop Cosin and Lord Clarendon 'cast their bread upon the waters,' and 'after many days' the streams are bearing it into all lands.

The French publications of the Society are as yet five:—the first puts forth the Church's doctrine on the Sacraments in the words of the Catechism and Prayer-book; the second disproves the charge of Schism; the third proves the validity of our Orders; the fourth is the Bishop of Oxford's well-known Sermon on the Immaculate Conception; the fifth, a letter addressed by Mr. Cleveland Coxe to the Bishop of Arras, pointing out a number of historical errors (euphemistically so called) respecting the Anglican Church, which his lordship had stamped with his authority. We shall presently show in what spirit these publications have been received in France.

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The next in number and order are the Italian publications. Besides Bishop Cosin's work, already spoken of, they consist of a little volume composed of extracts from Ussher, Bramhall, Taylor, Pearson, Ferne, Cosin, Bull, Hooker, and Jackson, showing the true nature of the Catholic Church, and the meaning of the word Catholic as distinct from Romanist; of a tract disproving the Supremacy of the Pope by the testimony of antiquity, and a Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the words of Holy Scripture, with a short introduction pointing out that this is all the authentic information which we have respecting her.

The two Spanish publications are Bishop Cosin's work, together with (as in other versions) extracts from Andrewes, Beveridge, Bull, and others on the nature of the Reformation; and the above-mentioned tract on the Supremacy of the Pope. In German and Romaic, Bishop Cosin's work with the appended extracts, and, we should add, the Catechism, stands at present alone.

As to the quality of the translations, we may say shortly that all the French versions are excellent. Of the Italian, nothing could be better than '*La Supremazia Papale al tribunale dell' Antichità*;' it is superior in its style of diction to '*Della Religione, Disciplina, e Riti Sacri della Chiesa Anglicana*,' and '*La Santa Chiesa Cattolica*.' Similarly the Spanish version of Bishop Cosin's work made by Don Lorenzo Lucena, a late Professor of Theology, in Cordova, now officiating in the English Church, is considerably better than the Rev. Mamerto Gueritz's translation of the tract on the Papal Supremacy. The German and modern Greek versions are both remarkably good.

The most important works announced as immediately forthcoming, are French editions of Massingberd's History of the Reformation, and Wordsworth's Theophilus Anglicanus, Passages from the writings of the Bishops of Oxford, Lincoln, Fredericton, Montreal, Tasmania, S. Andrew's, Dr. Hook, Mr. Gladstone and other living writers, illustrating the true principles of the English Reformation; and from our older standard writers such as Hooker, Taylor, and Bramhall, extracts showing what is the doctrine of the Anglican Church on the subject of the Holy Eucharist.

The first step of the Society, we have said, has been the publication of these tracts and books; the next thing that it has to provide for, is their dissemination. What has been effected in this respect? What is the Society's machinery? In asking for an answer to this question we must remember that the best means of effecting an object, and the best means feasible under given circumstances, are two very different things. We can see at a glance what ought to be in the present case.

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—Every British chaplain throughout the Continent ought to be in correspondence with the Society's Secretaries, every chaplain ought to be supplied with books by the Society, every chaplain ought to be the unpaid agent of the Society in his sphere. In addition to this agency there ought to be travelling correspondents of the Society, one at least in each of the countries of France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Scandinavia, Greece, and the East. But these correspondents would have to be paid, and as yet the Society has no funds with which to pay them. And with respect to the agency of British chaplains, we fear that the character of the British chaplains on the Continent must be much altered before, as a body, they would undertake any such work.

The state of our foreign Chaplaincies is a scandal to the English Church. Who is answerable for the existence of the scandal, whether it be the Bishop of London, or the Bishop of Gibraltar, or the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, or the Foreign Office, or 'circumstances,' we do not pause here to inquire. Whoever it may be with whom the fault rests, he or it, whether it be an individual or a body, has much, very much to answer for. Is it too much to say that very many of our foreign chaplains are men who cannot, dare not, are ashamed to live at home? Are they not men too frequently without zeal and without love? We know that there are exceptions, noble exceptions. We know that some of our most important chaplaincies are now filled by men animated with the Spirit of Christ; but nevertheless as a body our foreign chaplains degrade the name of England and dishonour the English Church. 'Why,' asks an American presbyter, 'why should not the English 'service be carried out upon the Continent as at home? Why 'should foreigners be supplied with such caricature specimens 'of Anglican worship as may be found in divers places?'[1] What earnest-minded traveller has not blushed for shame as he has witnessed stage after stage the buildings that are called churches, the pews blocking up the interior of them, the gigantic pulpits utterly concealing the insignificant altar, the shillings demanded at the doors, the irreverence of the officials, the negligence and too frequently the heresy of the preacher? Our whole system of Anglican worship on the Continent requires a thorough re-adjustment and re-organization, and if the Bishops of London and Gibraltar cannot do this, there ought to be some one who can. How can our chaplains be much otherwise than they are, when they are appointed in the manner in which we know that they are appointed? How can they be faithful officers of the Church of England

[1] Sympathies of the Continent, p. 13.

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when they are answerable for their doings to a Committee, one third of which probably consists of Scottish Presbyterians, and another third of religionists or non-religionists still more unfriendly to the Church's doctrine and discipline? The authority of the Bishop is only nominal: hardly that, as a chaplain is required publicly to acknowledge that his authority is given him by the powers of the State and by them alone; chaplains are nominated not on the recommendation of the Bishop, nor at the wish of the worshippers, but in accordance with the desires expressed by the subscribers. Men who never enter the doors of the chapels will often subscribe, because though they may not be Churchmen, they are still British subjects. By thus subscribing, a notoriously immoral man, or it may be a Jew, gains a voice in the appointment or removal of a chaplain, while the regular worshipper and devout communicant who may have less money, is as entirely disregarded as the Bishop himself. We have heard of an instance where a committee of subscribers refused the chaplain permission to give a second service on Sunday, and offered the use of their place of worship on a Sunday afternoon to a Dissenting Minister. In another case the power of those subscribers, who were not even nominally members of the Church, was exerted to prevent the removal of an objectionable clergyman and the substitution of another. There is 'utterly a fault amongst us,' and it is time that that fault were amended. As it is, Rome shows best in England, and we show worst in countries professing Rome's creed. In this state of things it is impossible for the Anglo-Continental Association to look to our foreign chaplains for extensive and systematic aid. We are glad, however, to see that some good and active men have been found to put themselves in communication with it.

Unable, then, as yet, to support travelling correspondents, and being only partially able to make use of the machinery supplied by our foreign chaplains, the Society has used such other means as were open to it. It has established depôts at important towns and centres of communication, such as Paris, Leipsig, Turin, and Malta, and it makes use of the travelling propensities of our wandering countrymen and transatlantic cousins for its own purposes. Are there any results?

Spain, it appears, has made no sign; since the fall of Espartero every avenue to that unhappy country has been again shut up. The religious and civil officers alike keep watch and ward along the shores of the Atlantic, lest any high thought or noble imagination should by chance creep in and waken up once more the death-struck palsied nation. Germany has not been addressed in its own language till within the last few weeks. We believe that no response has been given beyond a favourable

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notice in a high Lutheran organ at Quedlinburg, and an expression of sympathy from Bonn. In Greece we see that the excellent American presbyter who is chaplain to the British Embassy, Mr. Hill, well known in Greece for his good deeds towards the Orthodox Church, in providing her children with education, shows himself ready to work harmoniously with the Society, by placing his name on the Committee. At Constantinople, the leading Church paper has published a portion of an article which lately appeared in the 'Colonial Church Chronicle,' on the Differences and Agreements between Greece, Rome, and England, written by one member of the Society, and translated into modern Greek by another. From Italy several letters have been received and made public by the Association. We will quote a part of one letter addressed to the Secretary by an Italian nobleman, a member of the Roman Catholic Church:—

'I think I wrote you word before that I had received the book you sent me, "La Santa Chiesa Cattolica." I desire now to add, that I have read it through attentively, and that I think it well suited to the end for which it is designed, namely, enlightening the minds of those who, knowing nothing of what the English Church is able to adduce in favour of her orthodoxy, are acquainted only with the accusations made against her by the Church of Rome and her followers—accusations which aim obstinately at defaming her as heterodox and heretical.

'Books of this sort, that is, books full of real, historical, and theological learning, and written with the dignity and moderation which Truth inspires, contribute far more than violent philippics and bitter diatribes can do to the triumph of justice and truth, and to the awakening of that spirit of conciliation which ought to animate and unite together all Christians, because they are children of one faith, and saved by one redemption.

'I approve, then, (as far as my poor, but frank and sincere opinion goes,) and highly praise your Christian undertaking of publishing works of this kind. It is light thrown upon darkness—upon that darkness which Papal Rome, in its egotism, would desire to keep undiminished, but which the progress of human reason is dissipating daily more and more in Italy, much faster than in France and elsewhere.

'Continue, then, my dear sir, with your associates, to extend light—the light of the Gospel—upon the Continent, and you will deserve well of God and of man.'

We next turn to France. Some very interesting letters have been received from thence. The following is from a French Abbé:—

'I have gained great pleasure and instruction from these publications, after having read and re-read them with great attention. The title of one is "L'Eglise Anglicane n'est point Schismatique," the work of the late Rev. James Meyrick. It is full of logic and learning, so far as so small a frame would allow. I have been delighted at finding there a table of the first Popes, and the letters that have been falsely attributed to them in the Decretals. The other is called, "Della Religione, Disciplina, e Riti Sacri della Chiesa Anglicana; opuscolo di Cosin, Vescovo di Durham." This last work appears to me even far superior to the first. It is not possible, in my opinion, to show with greater conciseness, method, force, and clearness, the nature of the true Church of JESUS CHRIST, and prove, at the same

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time, that the Anglican Church deserves, in an eminent degree, to be considered such. I cannot better state the impressions which I have received from reading it, than by saying that I find it equal, in theological respects, to the "Apologia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ," by John Jewell, but far more useful still to religion. It is my belief that a great service would be rendered to the holy Gospel, by scattering the greatest number of copies possible among persons of education, in those nations which are subject to the Pope, and particularly in France and Italy...

'Of all the reformed Churches, the Anglican Church, without doubt, approaches nearest to the primitive Churches of Christianity, in all that concerns the hierarchy, discipline, form of worship, &c. This is the reason why it is also the object of my preference.'

The following letter, apparently from the same Abbé, raises a question on which we shall presently offer some considerations. The writer first states that he had long been hoping against hope for an internal reformation of the French Church; but that he is now convinced that any movement in France would rather be toward the rejection of Christianity altogether, than a moderate and 'Gospel' reformation. Consequently, that he has now come to the conclusion that he must act by and for himself. He then declares, that the way in which he had become convinced of the unscriptural and unprimitive character of Romanism, was the study of the books which Rome herself put into his hands as an ecclesiastic, and the thoughts raised in his mind by the consideration of those books. He continues—and his words ought to be deeply weighed by English Churchmen:—

'It is after these considerations, and others no less important, that I have resolved on my separation from Rome, and that I have fixed my choice on the Anglican Church. I have not done it, however, without reading and meditating seriously, for some years past, over the religious books of the principal Christian Churches which have separated from that of the Pope, such as Du Moulin's "Bouclier de la Foi," Calvin's "Christian Institutes," the Prayer-book of the English Church, and the "Apology" of the same Church, by Jewell, and some others, which I began to examine six years after my ordination, and which I have continued to study till the present time; so that my last considerations have served only to justify and confirm the first. It is, then, with full conviction of heart, and after full and ripe consideration, that I judge that it is the will of God, in order that I may secure my own salvation and labour for that of others, that I should leave the Roman Church, and enter the Anglican, which, of all Christian Churches, has, undoubtedly, continued the most faithful to the Word of God, and to the institutions of the Primitive Church.

'Thus convinced, after a thorough scrutiny, that I have to work out my salvation—that salvation which is freely offered me by the mercy of God, in the Church of Jesus Christ, and that I cannot realize this salvation but in the Anglican Church, I will follow the counsel, or, rather, the command of the Gospel. I will knock so long at the door of this Church, that, at length, it will be opened to me. These are my aspirations for the future; I have not others; I will only repeat that I cannot and will not remain longer a member of the Church of Rome—of a Church which begins its career of iniquity by cutting short the two first commandments of God's

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law; for which the Word of God is worse than nothing—the merits of Christ null; and which, forsaking the God of heaven, has made for itself and followers an earthly God; that I feel myself called by God to labour usefully for the holy Gospel, if those Christians who profess it in its full purity and simplicity will admit me into their communion, and furnish me with the means. And how can the means be wanting if they are willing? And if they are willing, *quid prohibet?* I will say as Queen Candace's eunuch said to Philip, "What doth hinder me to be baptized?"

'Ah, believe me, indeed, I feel all the prudence of the counsels which your kindness gives me; but the reflections which you suggest to me, I have already made, and made them fully in all their different aspects; the prayers that you suggest to me I have long addressed to the Father of Lights, and I renew them daily. What, then, remains for me to do, but to importune your charity, after the example of the friend in the Gospel, who continued to ask his friend for bread, until it yields to my importunities. Undoubtedly—I wish to repeat it in concluding—your sympathy, as well as that of Mr. ——, and his pious friends, touches me much. I am very gratified for it;... for it is good for me to feel, by my own experience, that a Christian is not so entirely exiled, in the midst of an unbelieving world, as to be unable to find in the more remote, as well as the nearer portions of the globe, other Christians who sympathise with him in the Lord Jesus. But do I not owe it to this very friendship to acknowledge frankly that, pleasing and edifying as your sympathy is to me, it will in vain have poured on my wounds the oil and the wine of the good Samaritan, unless, after the first help, it puts me in a state to receive more by taking me out of the road, and bringing me to the inn? Truth constrains me to tell you, that if Providence and your generous sympathy do not inspire you with the thought of charitably receiving me among you, that my conscience may be suffered to rest in our Lord, and my zeal to be sanctified by contact with that of His labourers in the Gospel, notwithstanding all the soothing of the balm, my wounds will not cease to bleed, and to bleed painfully all the rest of my life.

'I have received the last two pamphlets that you sent me; the preceding has not reached me. I read with attention and interest "Liturgica quædam," in order to write you my opinion of it. All that Bishop Cosin says of the Holy Supper, of Penitentiary Priests, of the Sacraments, is very exact, and entirely in conformity with the Liturgy of the Primitive Church, and accords with the conclusions which I had drawn from passages of S. Paul relating to them, and from others in the Holy Gospels, and with the reflections suggested to me by Fleury's Ecclesiastical History, &c. The few lines, '*De animis fidelium*,' answer in the main to my own thoughts; only, either I do not rightly understand some words, or it seems to me that they go perhaps a little too far. They are these,—"*Ideo fructus hujus deprecationis, quam pro mortuis in Christo facimus, prorsus nullus esse non potest.*" They may give room for the errors of Rome concerning purgatory, and all their fatal consequences; but after all, by the context, especially the words which follow immediately, I see that the author may be taken in a sense which does not offend against the faith.

'His reflections, with the text of Scripture to support them, on the blessedness, in some sort incomplete, granted to the souls of the righteous after their death, and on the extension and completion of this blessedness after the great day of judgment, as well as those on the nature and object of this judgment, caused me the greater pleasure, because they are altogether new to me, and have, in a manner, removed a bandage from before my eyes. Truly, notwithstanding my ignorance, I can hardly understand how a part of Holy Scripture, which the explanations of Bishop Cosin

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now render so plain to my eyes, could pass up to this time unperceived, not to say misunderstood. For this pleasure in particular permit me to render you double thanks.

'I take occasion, from the beautiful prayers at the end of this little book, to tell you that I have always been struck and edified by the prayers of the English Prayer-Book, and to beg you once more to help me, that I may soon recite with you that which I find at p. 79 of the book:—*Domine Deus Pater luminum et fons omnis sapientiæ . . . . . te rogamus ut qui ad amussim Sanctæ Reformationis nostræ, corruptelas et superstitiones hic grassantes tyrannidem que papalem merito et serio repudiavimus, Fidem Apostolicam et vere Catholicam firmiter et constanter teneamus omnes; tibique rite puro cultu intrepidi serviamus per* JESUM CHRISTUM *Dominum et Servatorem nostrum. Amen, Amen.*'

This letter raises a question which must be answered. What effect do we intend to produce by 'making known' Anglican principles amongst people belonging to Churches in communion with the Church of Rome? What is the purpose of this Association, or, as we should rather put it, what ought to be the purpose of an English Churchman in so doing? Is it to proselytise, in the common sense of the word? Assuredly not. It is not right in principle, it is not good in policy, to attempt to draw away an individual here and an individual there from the communion in which God has placed them, and which He has intended that they should edify by their conversation and learning. With respect to the principle at issue, we entirely agree in the doctrine laid down by a paper lately issued, (whether in connexion with the Anglo-Continental Association or not does not appear,) proposing to renew or originate intercourse and correspondence with the Churches of the East:—'The broad principle,' it is said, 'on which such 'efforts will be made, may be thus stated. It is, as we believe, 'most accordant with the will of God, the spirit of Chris-'tianity and the rules of Church-fellowship, that we should 'endeavour to benefit the members of the various Christian 'communities in the East, in and through their own organization, 'rather than by proselytism, and the encouragement of divisions 'among them. On the other hand, the Association will not be 'required to ignore or deny the existence of corruptions in 'practice and of errors in doctrine in those communions. . . Its 'principle will be that reforms or improvements may, with God's 'blessing, be best expected to arise from within.'[1]

[1] The following is the paper referred to,—

'Proposed Association with a view to intercourse and correspondence with the Churches of the East.

'It has been a matter of deep regret to many members of the Church of England, that notwithstanding occasional attempts have been made to open a friendly correspondence with members of the Greek Church, and of other communities of Eastern Christians, there exists, at this moment, no distinct machinery, by which Englishmen can prove their earnest desire to show Christian fellowship and love towards their Eastern brethren.

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This is well said; and in like manner the object of the Anglo-Continental Association ought to be, and plainly is, not to proselytise individuals, but to spread information and to sow seeds which may lead the different National Churches of the Continent to reform themselves upon those true and Catholic principles on which the Church of England reformed herself in the sixteenth century, and which appear to be the only means of ever restoring unity, if God should vouchsafe such a blessing, to the Catholic Church. 'We ourselves,' writes Bishop Bull, 'after the Holy Scriptures, have a singular regard and reverence 'for primæval and pure Antiquity, and we urge all others reli-'giously to follow its consentient judgment where it can be

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'There is reason to believe that this feeling exists extensively among English Churchmen, and that the state of the Christians in the East has called forth considerable interest in the minds of many officers in our army and navy, as well as of the chaplains of both our services, during the late war.

'At present, however, there is no organization by which they can carry their wishes into effect.

'In the meantime, the Christianity of the West is almost exclusively represented, in the eyes of the Eastern Christians, by the teaching and practices either of Roman Catholics or of American Dissenters.

'It is submitted, that, in consideration of our own past neglect, the humblest and least ostentatious mode of undertaking this office of Christian fellowship towards long estranged brethren will be the best.

'It is proposed, therefore, that as a commencement an Association be formed with the special object of assisting the CONSTANTINOPLE MISSION recently founded by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. This mission, established primarily to supply the wants of our own people, affords a natural opportunity for cultivating intercourse with the Oriental Churches.

'The object of the proposed Association may be generally stated as follows:—

'1. To support and encourage the English Clergy in Constantinople and other Eastern cities in which they are engaged.

'2. To circulate information by the translation of Liturgies, Catechisms, &c. respecting the principles and present condition of the English Church on the one hand, and of the various Eastern Churches on the other.

'3. To seek all opportunities of cultivating friendly relations with the Churches of the East.

'It is proposed that this attempt be made in the same spirit as that in which the Greek Schools, in Athens, have been for many years so successfully carried on. The Rev. J. Hill has conducted them in such a manner as to raise the tone of religious education throughout Greece, and at the same time to gain the confidence of the Bishops and Clergy of that country.

'The broad principle on which such efforts will be made may be thus stated. It is, as we believe, most accordant with the will of God, the spirit of Christianity, and the rules of Church-fellowship, that we should endeavour to benefit the members of the various Christian communities in the East, in and through their own organization, rather than by proselytism, and the encouragement of divisions among them. On the other hand, the Association will not be required to ignore or deny the existence of corruptions in practice or of errors in doctrine in those communions, or to come to any decision with respect to disputed points of belief.

'In all such matters its principle will be that reforms or improvements may, with God's blessing, be best expected to arise from within, and that while we seek to make for peace, and for the things whereby we may edify one another, we shall not be held responsible either for the existence or for the amendment of evils which must be removed or cured in God's good time by the guidance of His grace, rather than through external dictation or intrusive proselytism.'

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'found, (and that is on all points that are of importance,) for we 'are persuaded that this is the best, nay, that this is the only 'way of bringing to an end the unhappy controversies which 'have split the modern Church into so many parts.'[1]

The object, then, of the Association is something far higher, nobler, better than the petty game which Romanism is playing in England. The revivification of whole National Churches is the idea on which it is based, not the withdrawal of a certain number of individuals from those Churches. But what if there are men in those Churches who have groaned over evils which they have been long witnessing and been compelled to share in, and feel that they can bear them no longer? What if in their souls they are convinced that to them it is sin to remain longer where they are? What if zeal for God's Truth and Holiness will not let them rest there? What if they have borne long and been patient, and can bear no more? What if they feel assured that they cannot attain salvation where they are? We have no hesitation in saying that to them it *is* sin to stay behind. They must, with the French Abbé, go forth and seek to 'become a member of a Church, where they will be at last allowed to serve God according to their conscience.'

That such persons exist, and exist in large numbers, cannot be doubted. We read constantly in the newspapers, 'Five 'Italian priests excommunicated for declaring that their faith 'is founded on Scripture.' 'Four Austrian priests imprisoned 'for denying the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.' 'A 'large body of laity in Hungary has renounced the Catholic 'Church, and declared themselves Protestants.' These people are not led by persuasion from without to leave the Roman Church, they are driven by pressure from within. The very French priest whose letters we have quoted became convinced that his position was untenable by means of the books which Rome put into his hands. It is Rome herself which unsettles men's minds by her unwarrantable claims, her new inventions, and her additions to the faith; and when she has thus unsettled them, the only choice that she gives to them in their distress is submission without conviction, or uncontrolled scepticism; in other words, secret or open infidelity. It is impossible to doubt that the writings of English Churchmen would serve to build these men up in the Christian faith if anything could do so,—to point them a way out of the dark valley into which they have descended, which might lead them to a spot where they could find a firm standing-ground for their feet and light for their eyes.

But still again,—for we must face every possible case—

[1] Apologia pro Harmoniâ, sect. i. § 3.

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suppose that it should be by the instrumentality of these publications that a man was brought into a state of disquiet,—suppose that a man, who might have lived and died quietly acquiescing in the Tridentine decrees, were roused by their perusal to doubt the safety of his position, that his doubts led him on to conviction, that his conviction imperiously compelled him to come forth from the communion to which he belonged, and that he acted upon that conviction; should we be prepared to accept the responsibility entailed upon us by such a step? Undoubtedly we might do so without the slightest hesitation or scruple. We should imagine that the person authorized to speak in behalf of the Association would say, 'Stay where you 'are,—work for an internal reformation of your country's 'Church,—strive to cast off the burden of the Tridentine creed 'and council from off her neck,—try to model her doctrines and 'practices according to the doctrines and practices of the 'Primitive Church, and possess your own soul in patience.' But if, after all, the reply should be, 'I must flee for my life,—I must come forth or I die,'—then we ought to be ready, nay, thankful, to receive that weary soul, and become the medium of placing it where it can find pasture and live in peace of conscience. This opens up a large sphere of work for the Society, of which we have yet said nothing, and of which we see no report as yet among its operations. It ought to have its Colleges and Schools, French, Italian, Spanish, where men might be received for awhile as into harbours of refuge, and where, too, it might be tested whether they were worthy to labour in the ministry of the Church. There would be abundance of work for them to do among the foreigners who swarm in the streets of London, utterly neglected by the Church, and most of them sunk in infidelity and practical heathenism.

We return for further indications of what the Society is doing in France. Our readers are probably many of them acquainted with the 'Observateur Catholique,' at least by name.[1] It is the organ of the high Gallican party, it appears twice a month, and is written with great vigour and ability. This periodical has noticed, in the most friendly terms, each of the French publications as they have appeared; and we find the following general estimate of the Association:—

'A Society has been founded in England, under the patronage of a great number of Bishops, for the purpose of making known on the Continent the Principles of the Anglican Church. The works which it has hitherto published are distinguished by their learning and moderation. They are well suited to do away with many prejudices respecting this Church, which is

[1] Messrs. Williams & Norgate have become agents in London for this publication.

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wrongly represented simply as a branch of Protestantism, and on which the "Univers" heaps its calumnies.' [1]

The 'L'Eglise Anglicane n'est point Schismatique' is noticed shortly (vol. iii. p. 20), and an article of four or five pages is given to the Bishop of Oxford's sermon on the Immaculate Conception. The writer quotes, with the highest approbation, the passage in which the Bishop excellently points out the difference between an explication of the ancient creed and an addition to it (p. 126), and also his eloquent warning against the uncatholic corruptions of Romanism (p. 129). 'The orator,' writes the reviewer, 'says right well that the doctrine of the 'Immaculate Conception directly attacks that of the Incarnation' (p. 127). 'The English Church has in its bosom a great number 'of learned men who love Christian Antiquity' (p. 128). 'The 'sermon of the Bishop of Oxford is full of learning, reason, and 'eloquence' (p. 129). Indeed, this sermon, and its powerful protest against the new dogma of 1854, is exactly adapted to meet the feelings of those honest Gallican Churchmen who are making a stand against the overflowing tide of Ultramontanism on the principles of Bossuet. It is to these men, and such men as these, that the Association must address itself. To earn the patronising and contemptuous approbation of the Ultramontane party, as such, would not be possible, and if such approbation could be had, it would only be degrading and shameful to those on whom it was bestowed.

The same authority makes the following remarks on the 'Erreurs historiques qui existent dans la Communion Romaine à l'égard de l'Eglise Anglicane:'—

'The author of this pamphlet is the Rev. Cleveland Coxe, Rector of Grace Church, Baltimore. The work is written with moderation, and the reasoning is good. The chief object of the Rev. Cleveland Coxe is to prove (in opposition to the author of a life of Father Claver, a Jesuit, approved by M. Parisis) that people on the Continent know very little of the doctrine and history of the Reformation in England. As to the historical question, he maintains and proves that Henry VIII. was always much opposed to the Reformation, in spite of his disputes with Rome, and that he persecuted those who showed themselves partisans of that Reformation. As to the dogmatic question, the author declares that it is a mistake to confound Anglicanism with Protestantism. The English Church, according to the Rev. Cleveland Coxe, acknowledges as the basis of Catholicity:—1. Holy Scripture; 2. The preservation of the apostolic succession; 3. The profession of the Nicene Creed; 4. The reception of the definitions of the four first general Councils. It also acknowledges as a rule of faith, what has been so well expressed by S. Vincent of Lerins, *Quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus.* From this the conclusion must follow, that the Anglican Church is not Protestant. The dispute between it and the Roman Church concerns only matters of fact; namely, whether

[1] No. 28, Nov. 16, 1856.

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in the sixteenth century it did not on several points depart from the traditional Catholic faith, universally received during the first centuries, and still held by the Roman and Eastern Churches. The chief questions to be debated would be those of the Sacraments, and of the Primacy of the Pope. Is the Bishop of Rome only the Patriarch of the West? Had he not in the first centuries a primacy of honour and jurisdiction, such as is ascribed to him by the Gallicans, over the whole Church? As to the Sacraments, were there not seven acknowledged in the Primitive Church, as they are still acknowledged in the Roman Church, in the Greek and Armenian Churches, and generally in the whole Christian Church, except by Protestants since the sixteenth century? Does not the Anglican Church admit the doctrine of Calvin concerning the Sacraments, and is it not Protestant on that point? These are the subjects on which there ought to be a serious, charitable, and truly Christian discussion between the Roman Catholics and the Anglicans. We regret that there is an omission on these subjects, in the pamphlet that we are examining.

'We shall have occasion to return to this subject when we examine other works in favour of the Anglican Church published by the Association for making its principles known on the Continent. The Rev. Cleveland Coxe's pamphlet belongs to this collection.'—Vol. iii. p. 249, Feb. 1857.

In a later number appear notices of 'Doctrine de l'Eglise Anglicane relative aux Sacrements et aux Cérémonies Sacramentales,' and of 'Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Religio, Disciplina, Ritusque Sacri':—

'These two little works are some of the tracts that have been published to make the doctrine of the Anglican Church known on the Continent. We have observed, especially, what they declare concerning the Sacraments.

'The English Church admits of only two, Baptism and the Eucharist; but it acknowledges, under the title of *sacramental ceremonies*, Confirmation, Penance, Extreme Unction,[1] Orders, and Marriage. These sacramental ceremonies are means by which grace is conferred on souls properly prepared for it; they are therefore true Sacraments in the Catholic sense of the word. The English Church appears to refuse them this title because they are only of apostolic or ecclesiastical institution. Can it be believed that the Apostles would have conferred confirmation on the newly baptized of Samaria, immediately after the Ascension of Jesus Christ, if that ceremony had not been instituted by Christ Himself? The five *sacramental ceremonies* of the English Church are found in the most ancient monuments of the history of the Church, under the title of Sacraments. The Eastern Churches, like that of Rome, admit seven Sacraments. The distinction between the five *sacramental ceremonies* and the Sacraments is nowhere to be found but in the English Church; we think, therefore, that that Church ought to reject it. This sacrifice would be the easier, because its doctrine is orthodox at the bottom, and because there is nothing in the prayers which accompany the sacramental ceremonies that is not in conformity with those used by the Roman Church in the same ceremonies, to which, in common with all ecclesiastical Antiquity, it gives the name of Sacraments.

'With respect to the Eucharist, the English Church does not admit *Transubstantiation*, but it, nevertheless, believes in the Real Presence. . . Its doctrine on Orders is perfectly correct, with the exception of the words *sacramental ceremony*.'—Vol. iv. p. 98, May, 1857.

[1] The Visitation of the Sick is here referred to.

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The article from which these extracts are taken created considerable sensation; and on the 16th of last month (September), the editors of the 'Observateur Catholique' recur again to this subject. 'We have received,' they say, 'a great number of letters written in opposition to our statements.' They proceed to give one, sent them by one of their constant readers, M. Perue. 'Are you quite sure,' he writes, 'that the authors of 'these works or treatises for making known the doctrines of 'the Anglican Church are really faithful representatives of 'the Church of which they are ministers?' So incredible does it appear to a well-informed Frenchman, that the English Church does really hold the doctrines attributed to it in the 'Doctrine de l'Eglise Anglicane relative aux Sacrements et aux Cérémonies Sacramentales,' although that little tract consists *wholly* of extracts from the Prayer-book, and contains nothing which could startle the most cautious and scrupulous English Churchman. In the same paper the 'Observateur' prints a letter received from the Rev. R. S. Hunt, incumbent of Edell, in Kent, explaining shortly and simply in what sense the word Sacrament is confined to Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and in what sense it may be used more loosely, not only for Confirmation, Absolution, and Holy Orders, but for a multitude of other things. The editors repeat that they think the English Church wrong in acknowledging only two Sacraments properly so called, and in rejecting transubstantiation, but 'for the present' put off a full discussion of the subject. 'We will only now say,' they conclude, 'that the doctrine of the Roman 'and Eastern Churches on the Sacraments, would soon be 'admitted by the Anglican Church if Ultramontanism were 'not there to shackle the re-union with its demands. Some 'words of explanation would be enough to dissipate the mis-'understandings which at present exist, and to remove all 'obstacles.'[1]

'The rise of a Primitive School among Romanists themselves 'has been the most desirable, and, at the same time, the most 'hopeless of all imaginable blessings,' says Mr. Coxe.[2] The 'Observateur Catholique' does represent such a School; and although they may not and do not accord on all points, we hope that the English clergy and laity who form the Association, and the French clergy and laity who support the 'Observateur Catholique,' will cordially cooperate together. Our next quotation will be from the organ of a very different school of thought, the 'Revue de Paris.' We need scarcely say that the

[1] Vol. iv. p. 325, September, 1857.
[2] Sympathies of the Continent, p. 34.

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Society does not enjoy such distinguished direction as that which the 'Revue' attributes to it:—

'We think the time well chosen for the publication that the English Church has just undertaken. An Association patronized by the chief Bishops of England, and directed, unless we are mistaken, by Mr. Gladstone, proposes to make the fundamental Principles of Anglicanism known on the Continent. Pamphlets, translated into all the different languages of the Continent, will enable sincere minds to know the doctrines of a powerful Church far otherwise than by the insults of the "Univers," and the declamations of the other Ultramontane journals. We have read many of these pamphlets with real interest. One of them, entitled, "L'Eglise Anglicane n'est point Schismatique," is an historical abridgment, very well done, of the successive encroachments of the Bishop of Rome. The author, Mr. F. Meyrick, remounts to the origin of the papal power, and follows its progress through successive centuries. He shows what was long the constitution of the Church, the supremacy of some Bishops, the legislation of Councils. It was a Republic, and not a Monarchy. This work is instructive in every way. We need not add that the importance which we attach to it is purely historical. Whether the form that the Church has taken at different times has been republican or monarchical, there is an authority here which we cannot acknowledge. Any government over consciences, whatever be its outward character, whether exercised by the authority of an individual or by that of an assembly, ignores the very constitution of human nature. As it does not depend on me whether I believe or not, no dogma, even if it were recognised by unanimous suffrage, ought to be imposed on my reason. Evidence alone has power over it; the assent of enlightened minds is a grave presumption in favour of a dogma, but it is nothing more. However this may be, this little book is worth reading; it is full of facts and of curious extracts.

'We have also remarked another pamphlet, entitled "Rome et son nouveau Dogme." It is a sermon against the Immaculate Conception, preached by the Bishop of Oxford. It is a calm discussion, a lesson on theology and history, rather than a sermon such as they preach on this side of the Channel. . . . . Violence of language is very rare in these different publications, and especially so in this discourse of the Bishop of Oxford. What distinguishes these little books from those of our Ultramontanes is the union of much learning, moderation, and dignity. The translation, due to the practised pen of M. F. Godfray, has a purity of style which does not exclude elegance and vivacity. We do not think it likely that these publications will produce many conversions among us, for after reading the profession of faith of the Anglican Church, we do not see wherein the Catechism of Anglo-Catholics differs essentially from that of the Gallicans.'—Tom. 37, p. 158, May, 1857.

From this and other evidence which might be brought, we may conclude that the Society has certainly done something—more indeed than could reasonably be expected of it, considering the short time during which it has been in existence—towards 'making known upon the Continent the Principles of the Anglican Church.' And this is its primary object. Let the Society make known the Principles of Anglicanism, and let the knowledge of those Principles bring about its own result, whatever that result may be. In the estimation of some, the

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natural result of our Principles being better known, would be a greater readiness on the part of foreign Catholics to accept us as Churchmen, and acknowledge us as brethren. If such is the result, so be it. In the estimation of others the knowledge of Anglican Principles will be likely to lead to a desire after Anglican practices, to a dislike of those doctrines and practices which are distinctly Roman, and to a wish among members of the different National Churches of the Continent to break from off their neck the yoke of Rome, after the precedent of the Anglican Church. Again we say, if such is the result, so be it. If we honestly believe and trust in our own position and doctrines, like true-hearted Churchmen, we cannot fear any result whatever which can ensue from that position and those doctrines being fairly set forth in the sight of all the world. Be the consequences what they may either to ourselves or to others, no one but the most arrant coward could on that account draw back or hold his hand. Provided that we have a loyal confidence in Anglican Church Principles, we can have no kind of fear for the results of an intelligent appreciation of them by foreign Christians, either with respect to others or to ourselves.

Whether that unity which has been forfeited by the sins of men shall ever be vouchsafed to Christians by the great Head of the Church, it is not for us to say. But of one thing we are sure—that every Anglican Churchman who prays for the unity of Christ's body, and attempts anything, however small, to bring it about, must do it professedly and distinctively upon Anglican Church principles. He must not dream of compromising Truth for the sake of conciliating either Rome or Geneva. He must not acknowledge a false centre of unity with the followers of the Pope, nor mistake an unorganized and unsubstantial agreement in differences for Catholic unity with the members of the Evangelical Alliance. Union in the Truth is the means and the only means of producing unity of spirit, and from unity of spirit flows unity of organization. It must be on the solid platform of Primitive Truth that Greece, Rome, England, German Protestantism, and English and American Dissent, must take their stand together, and reconcile their differences, if ever that is to take place; and the Principles of the Primitive Church are in a special manner the Principles of the Anglican Church. Those words of De Maistre, which have been chosen for the motto of one of the Society's publications, are most remarkable, and, considering the person from whom they emanate, astonishing:—'Si jamais les Chrétiens se rapprochent, comme tout les 'y invite, il semble que la motion doit partir de l'Eglise d'An-'gleterre . . . Elle peut être considérée comme un de ces 'intermèdes chimiques capables de rapprocher des éléments in-

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'associables de leur nature.'[1] 'So,' says Mr. Cleveland Coxe, 'wrote the Count De Maistre, a close observer of Continental 'Protestants and of the Russo-Greek Church; but one of the 'most bigoted Ultramontanists that ever strove to make the 'worse appear the better reason in behalf of Rome. Perhaps 'he said it "not of himself." It was written before the present 'century opened, and what sign of such a *movement* existed then? 'But now, when we find deep calling unto deep, religious 'movement characterizing the whole Church, and all that is not 'unreal and reactionary setting towards one result, it becomes 'England and English Christians to recognise this noble mission 'of their Church.'[2] 'Among the Continental Primitivists,' continues the American presbyter, 'the writer cannot but think 'that things are ready for an important influence from England. 'Let them know that there are English sympathies and English 'prayers for them: let many run to and fro, and let knowledge 'be increased. Yes—*the knowledge of each other!* Is Christ 'divided? Are we not one body in Him? And should anything '*but their own fault* separate us from truly pious and Catholic 'reformers at such a time as this?'[3] 'Why,' cries a preacher in the University pulpit at Oxford, 'why will we sit still and 'do nothing towards displaying to the Continental Churches 'the true character of the Anglican Church? Why will we 'allow that which ought to be dearest to each one of us—our 'Faith and our Church—to be misrepresented and misunder-'stood, and not utter one word to silence calumny and enlighten 'ignorance? Why will we not show to weary-hearted men 'who are stretching out their hands if haply they may find the 'Truth, a living example, as far as may be, of the Church of 'S. Augustine which their souls long for? Why will not we 'set an example before their eyes whereby they too may work 'out their own reformation upon Catholic principles, instead of 'burying themselves in one of the two abysses—Infidelity or 'Superstition?'[4] 'It is not now for the first time,' writes the French Abbé whose letters have been already quoted, speaking of the 'Validité des Ordinations de l'Eglise Anglicane,'—'it is 'not now for the first time that I have learnt to believe that 'God has done a special grace to the universal Church in 'allowing the sacred hierarchy of the Church to have been 'present in all its integrity and legitimacy, at the stormy time 'of the Reformation, in the bosom of that noble nation which 'has now become the first nation of Europe and of the globe,

[1] Considérations sur la France, p. 27. Ed. 1852.
[2] Sympathies of the Continent, p. 48. [3] Ibid.
[4] Two Sermons preached before the University of Oxford, on May 29th and Nov. 5th, 1854, by Rev. F. Meyrick, p. 44.

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'and appears destined by Providence one day to recall all the 'peoples of the earth to the purity of the Faith, and the 'holiness of the morals of the Gospel.'

Whether such anticipations as are shadowed out in these quotations are the result of ardent aspiration, or whether they are sober probabilities, time will show. Meantime we wish God speed to the Association whose operations we have been considering. Whatever may be the further results of its labours, its work of setting forth Anglican Church principles fairly and honestly is a good work, and can produce nothing but good. The directors of the Association have, we think, taken the best means that were in their power of accomplishing the task which they set before themselves. But they have scarcely as yet taken a step or two along the one course which they have opened to themselves. They have before them not only the labour of preparing many more books of Anglican divinity, small and great, for perusal in all parts of the Continent and in all languages, but they have also to organize a system of dissemination of their publications better than that which at present exists. The state of our foreign chaplaincies and congregations, again, opens a sphere of labour which is in itself enormous. And the foreigners in London demand a supply for their religious needs in the shape of Churches, Colleges, Schools, Clergy, Catechists. The Society is right to confine itself at present to its publications and their distribution, but this is not all that it has before it. It is evident, however, that it must be supported much more largely and much more liberally if it is to rise to its needs, and to take a recognised place among our great Church Societies as occupying ground which is not covered by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, or any other of the Home or Foreign Societies which act as the organs of the Church.

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ART. IV.—*Men and Women.* By ROBERT BROWNING. In Two Volumes. London: Chapman & Hall.

THE reviewer who undertakes the criticism of some famous and popular poet of his own or an earlier day, a Tennyson, a Dante, a Homer, enjoys, despite the arduousness of his task, some great and obvious advantages. He can assume on the part of his readers a tolerable knowledge of the basis of facts on which his superstructure is raised. Mere allusions will at once be understood; the invitation to notice particular beauties of thought and expression will please admirers by whom the merits referred to have been unobserved, will please still more those who have already selected such passages as favourites. Even censures, if not always acquiesced in, may awaken interest, and afford matter for reflection.

It is far otherwise when we feel that we cannot calculate upon the reader's intimate acquaintance with the writings to be analysed and made the subject of comment. The twofold process of rendering an account of the poems, and at the same time expressing opinions on their value, is perplexing to the writer, and but too likely to weary the reader. The latter is more inclined to distrust a guide over whose course he has so little control, and who may unconsciously distort the evidence, so as to support his own private views. Nevertheless, the office of such a critic, though a more humble one, may prove to many quite as useful, if they are thereby led to the study of an unduly neglected bard, and find the path to the comprehension of his difficulties in any degree smoothed and facilitated.

Although there may be among those whose eyes alight upon these pages, some who are more deeply versed than ourselves in the works of Mr. Browning, such readers will form but a small minority of our circle, and it is our wish to address the larger number. We propose, then, to give an account of the productions of this poet, to examine in detail some of the more important, to notice his chief claims (in our judgment), to admiration, along with his principal defects, and to try to assign to him his fitting place among the living poets of Great Britain.

It would be a waste of words to enter at any length into the history of the phases of our national poetry since the days of Queen Anne. This task has often been performed, and we may be content to accept the brief summary given by Mr. Robertson, in his 'Lectures on the Influence of Poetry.' There was, firstly,

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the poetry of conventional society, of which Pope is the greatest and ablest representative. Then came the French Revolution, and with it the poetry of sentiment and passion; too often, as is seen in Byron, of morbid sentiment, and unhealthy, because unchastened, passion. The work-day tendencies of our own age, and the rapid strides of physical science, are, not unnaturally, thought to have led by reaction to the poetry of mysticism; among whose votaries may be named Wordsworth,[1] the present laureate, and Robert Browning.

The peculiar form of Mr. Browning's mysticism appears to arise from this, that his poems almost invariably attempt to grapple with some of the more recondite difficulties of life. Plain questions admit of plain solutions, but our poet loves to deal with a class of problems which have been usually supposed (as it has been happily said) to defy description and elude analysis. The struggles of solitary and unaided genius with the masses, and its peculiar dangers and temptations, as in 'Paracelsus;' the power of hidden agencies, the influence of what to human eyes looks small, over that which appears great, as in 'Pippa Passes;' the difficulties which undue distrust creates, and the way in which it may actually evoke the treachery which it is pre-determined to suspect, as in 'Luria;' the difference between quiet firmness, and loquacious but evanescent vaunting, as in 'A Soul's Tragedy;' the unsatisfying nature of all earthly joys, as in 'Easter-Day;' these, and a multitude of kindred themes, mingled with many of a gentler kind, of exquisite grace and tenderness, are handled by Mr. Browning with remarkable depth of thought, freshness, and originality. That language should occasionally sink under the stress thus laid upon it, is not remarkable; the moralist, the metaphysician, and the theologian, all in turn complain of the insufficiency of their instrument. But in Mr. Browning's hands, our mother tongue executes, we believe, as much as it is capable of in these departments of thought; it is terse, vigorous, flowing, and almost always admirably *en rapport* with his subject.

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[1] The following lines of Wordsworth may be fitly instanced as tending to show the manner in which physical discovery often affects poetic minds:—

'Desire we past illusions to recal!
To reinstate wild Fancy, would we hide
Truths whose thick veil Science has drawn aside?
No,—let this age, high as she may, instal
In her esteem the thirst that wrought man's fall,
The universe is infinitely wide,
And conquering Reason, if self-glorified,
Can nowhere move uncross'd by some new wall
Or gulf of mystery, which thou alone,
Imaginative Faith! canst overleap,
In progress towards the fount of Love.'

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That such writings should be difficult, that they should frequently need a clue, is almost a condition of their existence. Yet we venture to affirm that careful students of these poems will seldom be found at variance as to their main drift and intention; and that the key, once supplied by the more deeply to the less deeply read, will in most cases be felt and acknowledged for the true one. And unless he be of maturer age than to be capable of deriving pleasure from a style of poetry so different from that to which his earlier years were accustomed, or be disinclined to mysticism in every shape and form, we would certainly recommend the lover of poetry not to be daunted by the first blush of difficulty, but to persevere. He will probably ere long be surprised at his own indifference, when he comes to perceive the richness, variety, and nutriveness of the feast which is spread before him.

We commence with 'Paracelsus;' partly because it stands first in order of time, partly because it is the most difficult,[1] and may thus be accepted by the reader as a kind of test of his capability of taking interest in Mr. Browning's creations. If he is not repelled by the obscurities of 'Paracelsus,' we may safely reckon upon his acceptance of subsequent works of equal interest, and far less difficulty. Let us first glance at the actual history of this aspirant after knowledge.

Paracelsus was born A.D. 1493, at the little town of Einsiedeln, in Switzerland, a place not unknown to our summer tourists. His names at length were, Philip Aureole Theophrastus Bombast of Hohenheim, the surname being Grecised into Paracelsus, according to the fashion of the day, as exhibited by Melancthon, Œcolampadius, and others. His name of Bombast, or Bumbastus, has passed into an unhappy celebrity; the *bombastic* phraseology of his lectures having stamped the word with the signification which it has ever since retained. Believed by his admirers to be a successful alchemist, and almost infallible healer of disease, he was reviled by his enemies as a mere quack, a drunkard, a dealer in magic, possessing a bird of evil incantations in the handle of the long sword usually worn by him. (Mr. Browning, whose notes supply us with materials for this sketch, here reminds us of the lines from 'Hudibras:'—

> 'Bumbastus kept a devil's bird,
> Shut in the pummel of his sword;
> That taught him all the cunning pranks
> Of past and future mountebanks).'

[1] These remarks apply only to our author's acknowledged and extant works. We have heard that a small volume entitled 'Pauline' is by Mr. Browning, and prior to 'Paracelsus' in date of publication; likewise that 'Sordello,' which is now withdrawn from circulation, is still more difficult to understand than 'Paracelsus.'

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After long wanderings in the East, and over a great part of Europe, he was appointed, through the interest of the Reformer Œcolampadius, to the Professorship of Physic in the University of Basle (or, as Mr. Browning more correctly terms it, Basil). He commenced by publicly burning the works of Galen and Avicenna, and announcing his own sovereignty over the healing art. A quarrel with a magistrate compelled him to fly from Basle, and after many changes of residence (some being compulsory), he died in a hospital at Salzburg, at the age of forty-eight, in the autumn of 1541.

An unpromising subject this, at first sight, for the hero of a poem! But we must first consider the merits of Paracelsus, and the many palliations for his faults. He was liberal and uncovetous; he *did* perform many wonderful cures, and may fairly, in Mr. Browning's judgment, claim to be the father of modern chemistry. It is curious that in France, since the publication of the poem, and, perhaps, in consequence of it, the fame of Paracelsus as a *savant* has been renewed. If Paracelsus paid too little respect to the memory of his predecessors in his own department of science, he shares this fault with many a reformer; witness Aristotle, Luther, Bacon. If he displayed temper, it was under great provocation. If his theological tenets were wild and pantheistic, it must be remembered that he lived in an age of great religious excitement, and numbered Zuinglius as well as Œcolampadius, among his acquaintance.

Mr. Browning's poem is dramatic in its form. But in the preface to the original edition he explained, correctly enough, that it differed from the ordinary drama, inasmuch as there was no 'recourse to the external machinery of incidents to create and evolve the crisis.' If we take a drama, as for instance, 'Hamlet,' we see at once that the character of the hero is brought out by the events which befal him; the discovery of his father's murder, the usurpation of his uncle, the marriage of his mother to the murderer. And thus Goethe's celebrated critique upon this play commences with the inquiry, 'What 'sort of person would Hamlet have been, if the tenor of his life 'had been unbroken by the shock of these calamities?' But if the central figure in a poem be that of a thinker whose course has been comparatively uneventful, the development must be represented as occasioned (in Miltonic language) by the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's heart from within, rather than by the changes of that which is called fortune from without.

Such was the task attempted by our poet at (we believe) the early age of three-and-twenty. He has not taken up the position of a mere defender of the fame of Paracelsus; he does not simply point out that this supposed quack and magician had

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discovered the circulation of the blood and the sanguification of the heart; that he has been recognised by Vossius as a great chemist, and by Lavater as a forerunner in the cultivation of practical physiognomy; that he has probably hinted many things in his neglected books, which have since been cleverly appropriated, and thus enabled other men to obtain reputation and applause. But admitting, along with these merits, a certain decadence in the *morale* of Paracelsus as he proceeds in life, the poet forms a conception of his character which shall explain, by the existence of a flaw from the beginning, the gradual failure of his schemes, and the ruin which overtook them in the end. It is obvious that with the correctness of this conception viewed biographically, we have little or nothing to do. A fair case might, no doubt, be made for its truthfulness as matter of fact. But all that we need ask in criticising a poet, is whether he has drawn a clear, intelligible, consistent portrait? And in proportion to the general ignorance surrounding the memory of any man is the smallness of the wrong effected by a representation not in accordance with literal truth. We do not inquire very critically as to the likeness of the picture of a medieval founder which graces the hall of a college, though we do require that he shall not be represented in vestments of a modern guise. *If* Shakspeare has overcharged the accusations against the character of Richard III.; *if* Schiller has misrepresented Wallenstein; *if* Mr. Henry Taylor has calumniated S. Dunstan, (we are only putting the case hypothetically,)—then a real wrong has been done, because these personages are all conspicuous in history, and in the last instance connected with questions which seriously affect our inward life. But as regards Paracelsus, if his poetic glorifier has overrated his merits, this can hardly be said to disturb any previously formed opinions, since most of us never had any; to say nothing of the fact, that of the two, undue praise is at least a more charitable excess than over-condemnation.

The plan of the poem is as follows. In part the first Paracelsus expounds to his friends Festus and Michal (Festus's wife), in their garden at Würzburg, his aspirations after knowledge, after universal truth, and his desire to traverse the world in search of it. They try, but vainly, to retain him. This scene, headed 'Paracelsus aspires,' is supposed to take place in 1512. The next, wherein 'Paracelsus attains,' is fixed some nine years later. The knowledge-seeker is then at Constantinople. Despite his attainments, he is desponding and dissatisfied, and is only saved from utter despair by the entrance of a mysterious person, an Italian poet, named Aprile, who throws some light upon the probable causes of Paracelsus's ill-success. Five

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years pass, and we find our hero in his professorial chair at Basle. His sentiments have undergone some change. His yearnings after knowledge for its own sake have yielded to the more reasonable desire of imparting to others what he has already acquired. For this end he is content to relax in his endeavours after more knowledge, and to resign his search after absolute truth. The fourth part exhibits Paracelsus at Colmar, in Alsatia, after his forced flight from Basle, where men's misplaced admiration for his inferior gifts had been succeeded by a still more unreasonable opposition and undervaluation of his real powers. The injustice he has suffered has engendered a feeling of bitter contempt for his fellow-men, and (like too many others before and since, as *e. g.* Robert Burns) he has sought solace from the failure of his great and beneficent schemes in lower delights, the joys of earth and sense. And if men will honour him, not for his really important discoveries and lofty aspirations, but simply for showing off the mere marvels of his art, let the dupes be duped; in his contempt he will play the charlatan. The last book brings us to the death-bed of the philosopher, in the hospital of S. Sebastian, at Salzburg. He is humbled; he sees his errors, firstly, in the attempt to disregard his brother-men, and then, in expecting too much from them, making no allowance for their imperfections, and not perceiving the good frequently latent in their mistakes.

Many are the questions incidentally discussed in this poem. Upon some of these we may touch as we proceed. And, firstly, as regards the original flaw in the designs of Paracelsus. His friend Festus maintains that Paracelsus is seeking knowledge too much for its own sake; that he had far better, instead of wild and desultory travel, study calmly in some retreat already dedicated to learning:—

> 'You, if a man may, dare aspire to KNOW:
> And that this aim shall differ from a host
> Of aims alike in character and kind,
> Mostly in this,—to seek its own reward
> In itself only, not an alien end
> To blend therewith; no hope, nor fear, nor joy,
> Nor woe, to elsewhere move you, but this pure
> Devotion to sustain you or betray:
> Thus you aspire.'

And when Paracelsus objects to such a representation of his intention, and professes an earnest desire to serve God, who has directed the choice of his career, and summoned him to be his instrument, the reply of Festus contains the following remarkable lines:—

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'Presume not to serve God apart from such
Appointed channel as He wills shall gather
Imperfect tributes—for that sole obedience
Valued, perchance. He seeks not that his altars
Blaze—careless how, so that they do but blaze.'

Young and ardent, the aspirant is not yet to be daunted. In the conviction that the consciousness of power is a proof that it was meant to be employed according to the yearnings of the possessor, he makes use of one of those fine comparisons which are scattered with liberal hand throughout these poems:—

'Be sure that God
Ne'er dooms to waste the strength He deigns impart!
Ask the gier-eagle why she stoops at once
Into the vast and unexplored abyss,
What full-grown power informs her from the first,
Why she not marvels, strenuously beating
The silent boundless regions of the sky!'

A like call is on *him* to travel in quest of truth; to bring new hopes to animate the world; new lights for the human race, lights whose glory shall be an anticipation of heaven. Festus urges, at least, a respectful attention to the footprints of the mighty dead, but the existing state of mankind is urged as a proof that the teaching of past would-be sages is contemptible, and Paracelsus again intimates that his service for mankind is a mere thing by the way, not by any means his main object. On this hint Festus utters his warning:—

'Look well to this; here is a plague-spot, here,
Disguise it how you may! 'Tis true, you utter
This scorn while by our side and loving us;
'Tis but a spot as yet, but it will break
Into a hideous blotch if overlooked.
How can that course be safe which from the first
Produces carelessness to human love?'

(The reader may possibly be reminded of one of Mr. Tennyson's most didactic poems, 'The Palace of Art,' and its well-known lines:—

'And he that shuts Love out in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on the threshold lie
Howling in outer darkness.'

But though the lesson may be practically identical in both cases, the mode of treatment is entirely distinct.)

We next, as has been said, find Paracelsus, nine years later, at Constantinople, in 'The House of the Greek Conjuror.' His course (as Festus feared) has been, as that of a man, downwards, although he may have made progress as a *savant*. The mere

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wish to consult a wizard reminds one of that monarch who began so well, and put down witchcraft, and then, in his day of misery and spiritual declension, sought out the cave at Endor. The knowledge-seeker feels his fall. He remembers the depth of his affection for Einsiedeln, and his friends there, and the loftiness of the visions which he then cherished:—

> 'Then—God was pleased to take me by the hand;
> Now—any miserable juggler bends
> My pride to him:'—

and, after a soliloquy of much depth and grandeur, is roused by the voice of Aprile, the Italian poet, who arrives at this important juncture to see him and to die. What is the precise meaning of this episode? A careful and conscientious critic in the 'Revue des deux Mondes,' for August 1851, while confessing himself perplexed, suggests that we may see in Aprile an emblem of the genius of antiquity which is passing away before the newer spirit represented by Paracelsus. Now we are so much indebted to this critique of M. Milsand's in what has been written, that it is with diffidence that we venture to dissent from him. But not being convinced of the justice of his view in this respect, we are compelled to put forth our own, which only partially coincides with his.

Perfect knowledge, perfect love—these are the highest aims of God's creatures. Theologians tell us that of two angelic orders, the cherubim and seraphim, cherubs know the most, and seraphs love the most. Yet neither order is supposed to be destitute of the other's graces. And so, too, with mankind. Some systems seem to end in what may be termed the cherubic view; more in the seraphic: yet a continual intermingling and strange crossing of lines is oftentimes, so to speak, visible in the framework. It has been observed that among inspired teachers, the most learned of Apostles is the one who addresses the Corinthians on the supremacy of love; while the Epistle of the beloved disciple is precisely that which most abounds in allusions to light and knowledge. The most philosophic of English divines, a calm and profound reasoner, leads us from the contemplation of human nature to that of the love of God, and maintains that knowledge cannot be the chief good of man.[1] Nevertheless, affection without knowledge may degenerate into feebleness. In the words of a living writer,—'Doubtless, if to 'appreciate the use of the understanding were to undervalue 'that deeper science of the affections, if there were any incom- 'patibility, any, even the slightest opposition, between the exer- 'cise of one and of the other, we should do well to forego even

[1] Bp. Butler's XIVth Sermon.

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'the intellectual discipline, rather than dry up the living foun-
'tains of the heart: but yet reason is a genuine and glorious
'gift, and an instrument of the highest order for the attain-
'ment of truth; and there is no natural opposition, but a
'natural concord, between the exercise of reason and the growth
'of the affections; and the true progress of a man is dependent
'in great measure on that union.'[1]

Now Paracelsus has been exhibited as from the first deficient in real love for his fellow-creatures. He is indeed attached to Festus and Michal; but that attachment is something almost extraneous from his course, though in his better moments he feels its value. Aprile is at the opposite pole.

> '*Paracels.* I am he that aspired to KNOW—and thou?
> *Aprile.* I would LOVE infinitely, and be loved?'

It is, however, curious, and we presume not unintentional, that while the knowledge-seeker becomes the man of *science*, the lover of his kind is portrayed as a votary of *art*. The love for man and nature which Aprile feels, he wished to embody in the creations of sculpture, of painting, of poetry, and of music. And if, as is possible, the mention of sculpture suggested to M. Milsand the idea of antiquity, let it be remembered that ancient art, however successful with the chisel, did little worth mentioning with the pencil, and most probably never soared beyond the very rudiments of music. The speech of Aprile might be fitly quoted as an exemplification of the varied nature of Mr. Browning's powers, for both in manner and matter it is extremely different from those placed in the mouth of Paracelsus: but we have not space for it. The lesson taught by Aprile, beyond the obvious one of our general need of the union of love and knowledge, appears to us to be as follows:—The man of science must use his knowledge, not only (in the noble phrase of Bacon) 'for the glory of God,' but also for 'the relief of man's estate.' The artist must not, in his passion for the ideal, contemn the laborious toil by which the scientific interpreter of nature arrives at *his* results. A comment on this episode might perhaps be gathered from Schiller's poem of 'The Artists,' made accessible to English readers by the translation of Sir E. B. Lytton, though Schiller seems less favourable to the claims of science than the author of the poem before us. We must also remark, in passing, on Mr. Browning's love for music. We are told, by one skilled in the instrument, that one of the poems in 'Men and Women' (Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha) is simply a description of a fugue upon the organ. Mr. Browning is said, by common report, to be an admirable

[1] Gladstone on Church Principles.

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musician, and his ideas of the functions of music suit excellently with the mystical character of beauty which pervades the work of some modern composers, more especially of the school of Mendelssohn. Aprile, when he is supposed to have carried sculpture, painting, and poetry, to their utmost limit, adds with great felicity—

> 'This done, to perfect and consummate all,
> Even as a luminous haze links star to star,
> I would supply all chasms with music, breathing
> Mysterious notions of the soul, no way
> To be defined save in strange melodies.'

It may, however, be asked, how far we can be reasonably expected to accept poetry, in which the meaning of the introduction of one personage is so obscure, that even admiring critics are not thoroughly agreed respecting it. Now it does so happen that we have just laid down the third volume of Mr. Ruskin's 'Modern Painters' at the place where (pp. 220, 221,) he quotes a very beautiful passage from the '*Purgatorio*,' describing the appearance of a lady presumed by commentators to be the celebrated Countess Matilda, the contemporary of Hildebrand. 'The question is then,' says Mr. Ruskin, 'what is the 'symbolic character of the Countess Matilda, as the guiding 'spirit of the terrestrial paradise?' Now, we do not mean to assert that Mr. Browning is a Dante; for there are not above three or four poets in the whole range of literature who can be classed with the great Florentine. But is such questions as the symbolic character of a personage in the '*Divina Commedia*' may be discussed without prejudice to the laurel wreath of Dante, a like inquiry can be no rightful ground for questioning the justice of Mr. Browning's claim to a seat upon Parnassus.

Toreturn, however, to the central figure of this poem, Paracelsus. His first feeling towards Aprile is one of contempt: but, subdued by the Italian's earnestness, (and, by the way, it is in keeping that the northern should be the one who reflects, the southern the one who feels,) and somewhat conscience-stricken as he sees the youthful admirer of his fame sinking before him, he exclaims,—

> 'Love me henceforth, Aprile, while I learn
> To love; and, merciful God, forgive us both!
> We wake at length from weary dreams; but both
> Have slept in fairy-land: though dark and drear
> Appears the world before us, we no less
> Wake with our wrists and ankles jewelled still.
> I, too, have sought to KNOW as thou to LOVE—
> Excluding love as thou refusedst knowledge.
> Still thou hast beauty, and I, power. We wake:
> What penance canst devise for both of us?'

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It is with regret that we perceive the impossibility of confining within due limits a complete epitome of the poem. The passages describing the bitterness of the discoverer when he finds how little his best gifts are appreciated, the incidental pictures of natural scenery, and the problems respecting the influence of great men upon the mass, and the self-deceit which may alloy even their good deeds; these, among many others, we should like to quote, but we labour under an *embarras des richesses.* From among the many wise and kind remonstrances of Festus (whose affection and admiration for his friend are not suffered to make him blind to faults), we select the following as suggestive of a useful lesson for us all.

> 'Listen: I do believe, what you call trust
> Was self-reliance at the best: for, see!
> So long as God would kindly pioneer
> A path for you, and screen you from the world,
> Procure you full exemption from man's lot,
> Man's common hopes and fears, on the mere pretext
> Of your engagement in his service—yield you
> A limitless licence, make you God, in fact,
> And turn your slave—you were content to say
> Most courtly praises! What is it, at last,
> But selfishness without example? None
> Could trace God's will so plain as you, while yours
> Remained implied in it; but now you fail,
> And we, who prate about that will, are fools!
> In short, God's service is established here
> As He determines fit, and not your way,
> And this you cannot brook!'

But although we must presently pass on to the consideration of other poems contained in these volumes, we cannot quit 'Paracelsus' without a word upon a point of great importance to young authors. In the first edition of this poem, Mr. Browning intimated that it had been the work of only six months. This may seem an encouragement to others to spend but a short time upon their compositions. But let not the reader who studies 'Paracelsus' in the collected edition of 1849, imagine that he has before him the result of hasty labour. Every page has been reconsidered, corrected, and improved, with a care to which we hardly know a parallel since the days of Plato. Simpler Saxon words have been inserted instead of Latinised ones; here a line struck out, there some explanatory addition been made; and in numberless cases the very arrangement of the printing altered, in order to make the sense more clear. Revisions—witness Cowper's, of his 'Iliad'—are often failures; Mr. Browning's has been eminently successful. In scarcely a single instance do we regret the change.[1]

[1] We will, however, mention two places in which we prefer the edition of 1835. In the striking and beautiful lyric of the fourth part, beginning, 'Over

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Enough, however, has been said to enable the reader to judge of the character of this production, if he has been previously unacquainted with it. If, undaunted by its difficulties, he is induced to read the poem with care, he will probably agree with us, that a more brilliant and successful hero might have proved far less interesting than this half-erring, hysterical, wayward son of genius. We learn to sympathise with his very failings; they are but too natural, and place Paracelsus more upon a level with ordinary humanity. To the lyrical portions of the poem we may have occasion to refer hereafter. For the present we quit with two extracts a work which, considering the youth of its author, is surely a literary phenomenon. We will cite the philosopher's description of his process of discovery, the imagery (it will be observed) being peculiarly redolent of a Switzer's experience—

> 'For some one truth would dimly beacon me
> From mountains rough with pines, and flit and wink
> O'er dazzling wastes of frozen snow, and tremble
> Into assured light in some branching mine,
> Where ripens, swathed in fire, the liquid gold—
> And all the beauty, all the wonder fell
> On either side the truth, as its mere robe:
> Men saw the robe, I saw the august form;
> So far, then, I have voyaged with success.'

And the following, which is from the touching speech with which the poem concludes:—

> 'In my own heart love had not been made wise
> To trace love's faint beginnings in mankind,
> To know even hate is but a mask of love's;
> To see a good in evil, and a hope
> In ill-success; to sympathise—be proud
> Of their half-reasons, faint aspirings, dim
> Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,
> Their prejudice, and fears, and cares, and doubts;
> Which all touch upon nobleness, despite
> Their error, all tend upwardly, though weak,
> Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
> But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
> And do their best to climb and get to him.
> All this I knew not, and I failed. Let men
> Regard me and the poet dead long ago—
> Who once loved rashly; and shape forth a third,

---

the sea our galleys went,' we like 'these majestic forms' much better than 'the lucid shapes you bring.' And in page 187 of this old edition, there was the cautioning note,—'*Paracelse faisait profession du Panthéisme le plus grossier.*' (Renauldin.) This note is probably struck out only for the sake of neatness. Yet we desiderate it; for the reader was thereby clearly informed that the sentiments of that speech were those of Paracelsus, not of the author: and though we do not in the slightest degree accuse Mr. Browning of Pantheism, yet the distinctness of this virtual protest appeared to us wise and satisfactory.

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And better tempered spirit, warned by both;

* * * * * *

Meanwhile, I have done well, though not all well.
As yet men cannot do without contempt—
'Tis for their good, and therefore fit awhile
That they reject the weak, and scorn the false,
Rather than praise the strong and true in me.
But after, they will know me! if I stoop
Into a dark, tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast—its splendour, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day!'

Our next theme shall be the poem called 'Pippa Passes.' Our readers may, perhaps, already be aware that this title does not refer to some unknown or imaginary pass among the Alps or Apennines. The word *passes* is the verb to which Pippa (the familiar Italian for Felippa) is the nominative. This, too, is a species of drama. Pippa, its heroine, is a girl who works in the silk-mills at Asolo, a small place in the Trevisan district, some five-and-thirty miles north-west of Venice. In this town are supposed to dwell, one Luca, with a faithless wife, named Ottima; a young French statuary, Jules, about to wed a maiden, called Phene; Luigi, an Italian patriot, living with a fond mother; and a dignitary of the Church, a Monsignor, who inhabits the palace by the Duomo. It is New Year's Day, and Pippa is about to enjoy her one great annual holiday. Simple, pious, ignorant of the world, she resolves on imagining herself for the nonce to be in turn Ottima, Phene, Luigi's mother, and Monsignor, whom she looks upon as the happiest four in Asolo.

All four are shown, as the poem proceeds, to have secret and gnawing cares. Ottima and her paramour, Sebald, have that very morning consummated their guilt by the murder of the aged Luca. Jules has been imposed on by some envious brother-artists, who have made Phene the unconscious instrument of their designs upon his happiness—designs which are framed on the mistaken supposition, that Phene is a girl of no character. Luigi is on the point of sullying his patriotic aspirations by an act of assassination; and Monsignor is bearded in his own home by an intendant of his late brother's, who threatens ugly family disclosures. Each of these very different scenes is painted with extraordinary power; and in all four the voice of Pippa is heard without, as she *passes* by at some great crisis, and produces the most important results. That voice, at one time, strikes the ear of Sebald, hanging between remorse for his crime, and the resolution to take his fill of guilt, and remorse straightway predominates; another of its strains is heard by Jules, when he has discovered the attempt to cheat him, and he

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feels that, at any rate, it is not on Phene that his anger should fall, but that their union may be as blest as ever, though not precisely in the same way. Luigi listens to a lay from the same lips, and the thought of attempting to serve his country by the crime of assassination is banished from his heart for ever; the Monsignor (to whom Felippa proves to be related) is half inclined to compromise and to hush up matters with the rascally intendant, when the child's song bursts through every web of conventionality and sophistry, and the villain is seized and gagged. Pippa, still unconscious of all that has passed, retires to her chamber musing,—

'Now, one thing I should really like to know;
How near I ever might approach all these
I only fancied being, this long day—
—Approach, I mean, so as to touch them—so
As to . . in some way . . move them—if you please
Do good or evil to them some slight way.
* * * * * *
Ah, me and my important part with them,
This morning's hymn half promised when I rose!
True in some sense or other, I suppose,
Though I passed by them all, and felt no sign.
[*As she lies down.*
God bless me! I can pray no more to-night.
No doubt, some way or other, hymns say right.
All service is the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor first.'
[*She sleeps.*

This poem again exhibits Mr. Browning's fondness for symbolic teaching. That any particular maiden on a given day unconsciously arrested and changed the current of thought in four different minds, over which a crisis of their fate was impending, we are not, of course, called upon to believe according to the letter. But that outward and visible levers of action, power, eloquence, station, and the like, may often exert far less influence over the fortunes of mankind, than secret ones hidden in their lowliness; that the lot of the empress may be most closely intertwined with that of the peasant, and the toils of one man's lofty intellect be indirectly affected by the humble brain of another; that guilt is often dumb-founded at the very approach of hallowed innocence, and that in our better moments our true first impressions may assert their rightful superiority over secondary and more worldly-wise precautions; these are deep truths, well worthy to be again and again recalled; for that they are taught, if not usually by poets or philosophers, yet assuredly by Apostles and Evangelists. These lessons (and many more, both moral and intellectual, which are evolved in

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the course of the action) are presented to us in 'Pippa Passes,' in a manner remarkable for its beauty and originality. Although this production is with us a great and special favourite, it is so difficult to do it justice by mere extracts, that we refrain from giving more than the very first lines, having already quoted the very last. They are the words of Pippa, springing from her bed, and gazing on the glory of an Italian sun-rise,—

'Day!
Faster and more fast
O'er night's brim, day boils at last;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim,
Where, spurting and suppressed it lay;
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid grey
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.'

In turning our attention to the dramas contained in these volumes, we are not favourably impressed by the dramatic powers of our author. It is true that skill in mere dramatic structure may co-exist with very limited faculties, and be wanting to very lofty ones. If Shakspeare and Schiller manifest it, so likewise does Kotzebue. On the other hand, neither Wordsworth, nor even Goethe, can lay claim to much praise in this respect. We are not surprised to learn that Mr. Browning's dramas of 'Colombe's Birthday' and 'A Blot in the 'Scutcheon,' admirable as they are in the closet, produced but little effect upon the stage. The speeches are too long, the situations often too recondite; the personages (not one, nor two, but nearly all of them) too much out of the order of every-day experience easily to bear the sensuous representation of the theatre. Shakspeare has avoided this danger. The mysticism of Hamlet is relieved by the common-place Polonius. Coriolanus stands in isolation, but Aufidius and Lartius are little more than foils to his splendour.

But in all other respects these plays are replete with interest. Of the two just named, 'A Blot in the 'Scutcheon' is painfully powerful; and there is a grace and purity hanging over 'Colombe's Birthday,' to say nothing of keen satire and wise insight, which render it one of the most pleasing poems of our time. The blank verse, in which Mr. Browning perhaps shines most, is varied, spirited, and harmonious.

Critics have been struck, and not unnaturally, with the foreign air that pervades a large portion of these poems. It is not merely that the scene is rarely fixed in England, but the

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mode of thought, without being anti-English, constantly bears an indescribable savour of the Continent. Two countries more especially suggest themselves—Germany and Italy.

It might prove an interesting subject of investigation for a competent inquirer, to consider which of these countries had most powerfully affected English literature. At the present hour, Germany looks triumphant. In theology, both for good and evil; in metaphysics, in classical and oriental researches, and general philology, we seek our materials on this side of the Alps, eastward and westward of the Rhine. Nor can we be insensible to the effect of the imaginative creations of the Germans upon ourselves, as evidenced by Coleridge, by Scott (who began by translations of Goethe), and many a minor minstrel. Nevertheless, this potent influence dates from only a century back. And there threatens to be some slight re-action against it. In the field of history, Professor Creasy and Mr. E. A. Freeman strive to win back students to Italy and her annalists. Mr. Ruskin writes in depreciation of German art and German philosophy; though, by the way, one of his objects of admiration, Mr. Carlyle, is steeped in Germanism. And if we pass from our own day to an earlier date, while Italy still glowed with life, it may almost be said that our literature, perhaps European literature, could hardly have existed but for Italy. How does Chaucer appeal to his great predecessor 'thus saith Dant;' and make his clerk of Oxenforde attribute the tale of Grisildis to 'Fraunceis Petrark, the laureat poete!' How does Shakspeare carry us to Milan, to Verona, to Venice, to Padua and to Rome, as the scenes and sources of his plots! Would 'Paradise Lost' have been composed, had there been no 'Divina Commedia?' In the eloquent language of the historian of the Italian Republics, 'The Italians had restored to the 'world philosophy, eloquence, history, poetry, architecture, 'sculpture, painting and music, and it had made rapid advances 'in commerce, agriculture, nautical science, and the mechanical 'arts. In a word, they had been the masters of Europe. 'Scarcely does there exist a science, an art, an acquirement of 'any description, of which Italy did not teach the rudiments to 'those very nations who have since surpassed the Italians . . . 'Such was the greatness of the nation in the days of her glory.' That glory has passed away, but still does Italy fascinate, as it were with a spell, the traveller from England and Germany, Russia and America. Intellectually—we speak not of other influences—how marvellously did she affect the mind of Goethe. How much do our writers on art, Mr. Ruskin and Lord Lindsay, Mrs. Jameson and Sir C. Eastlake, owe to her? What a blank would be left in the poetry of Shelley, Byron, R. Monckton

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Milnes, Elizabeth Browning, were we to tear from their volumes all that breathes of Italy.

> 'Oh, woman country, wooed not wed,
> Loved all the more by earth's male-lands,
> Laid to their hearts instead!'

so sings Mr. Browning, striking a chord to which many hearts will respond, something in the spirit of that line of Filicaja's famous sonnet,

> 'Deh! fossi tu men bella, o almen piu forte.'

But our poet is not one to give only praise or only pity; on the contrary he is fond, perhaps almost too fond, of exhibiting the weaknesses, inconsistencies, and meannesses of human nature. And thus Italy comes in for her share of blame. Her scampish artists (for she had scamps as well as saints among them) are represented by Fra Lippo Lippi. The heathenish tone of the Renaissance is portrayed in the lines headed 'The Bishop orders his Tomb at S. Praxed's Church,' a poem on which it were well for the reader to consult Mr. Ruskin's criticism.[1] And though he has an ardent zeal for Italian liberties, yet in one of the most admirable of his dramas, that of 'Luria,' he reminds us more forcibly than perhaps any *historian* of the wars and rivalries of the Italian cities in their days of freedom, and of what is far worse, their jealous, cruel, and murderous treatment of their successful captains. The way in which spies were placed on the stranger who (like Othello) led the armies of an Italian state, with the assumption that failure was intentional and success the sure harbinger of treason; then spies again upon the first spies; until a trial broke the leader's heart, or he was siezed and hurried to the scaffold, or else disgraced and banished, are depicted with marvellous success in the scenes of 'Luria.'

Italians cannot fairly complain of such a theme. The distinguished historian whom we have recently quoted, himself of a noble Pisan family, has given with great effect a narrative of

[1] Robert Browning is unerring in every sentence he writes of the Middle Ages; always vital, right, and profound; so that in the matter of art, with which we have been specially concerned, there is hardly a principle connected with the mediæval temper, that he has not struck upon in those seemingly careless and too rugged rhymes of his . . . . . I know no other piece of modern English prose or poetry, in which there is so much told, as in these lines, of the Renaissance spirit,—its worldliness, inconsistency, pride, hypocrisy, ignorance of itself, love of art, of luxury, and of good Latin. It is nearly all that I have said of the central Renaissance in thirty pages of the "Stones of Venice," put into as many lines, Browning's being also the antecedent work. The worst of it is that this kind of concentrated writing needs so much *solution* before the reader can fairly get the good of it, that people's patience fails them and they give the thing up as insoluble; though, truly, it ought to be to the current of common thought like Saladin's talisman dipped in clear water, not soluble altogether, but making the element medicinal.'—*Modern Painters*, vol. iv. pp. 377—379.

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this nature, the sad and striking story of Carmagnola; a Piedmontese who fought for Venice, and was put to death in 1432, though apparently quite innocent, in a manner as dark and treacherous as it was ungrateful. We remember on the first occasion of our reading the account of Carmagnola, even in Sismondi's English abridgment of his great work, being struck with its poetic character, and wondering whether it had ever been made a theme of song. And it was with gratification that we discovered that a religious and patriotic writer, now famous throughout Europe, Alessandro Manzoni, had won his first spurs in the arena of literature by his tragedy of 'Il Conte di Carmagnola.' Goethe, who, with all his grievous faults, was ever generous to rising merit, helped largely to spread the reputation of the then new candidate for fame.

Here then is an opportunity of comparing Mr. Browning with a great foreign poet of our day. For save that 'Luria' is not actually historical in its *dramatis personæ*, the basis of the plot is very similar to that of Manzoni's 'Carmagnola,' though the treatment shows that there has not been the slightest imitation. The Italian has perhaps in one or two points the advantage. As a lyrist, Manzoni is hardly surpassed by any living bard, and his laments over these old dissensions of his countrymen, which have borne such bitter fruit in their present subjection, have a marvellous pathos and dignity. Nothing in its way can be finer than the song of the Chorus, which he has adopted from the Greek stage, where it dwells on the common language and lineage and motherhood of the combatants, all children of the land so divided from the rest, so encircled with the Alps and sea:—

'D'una terra son tutti: un linguaggio
Parlan tutti: fratelli li dice
Lo straniero: il comune lignaggio
A ognun d'essi dal volto traspar.
Questa terra fu a tutti nudrice,
Questa terra di sangue ora intrisa,
Che natura dall' altre ha divisa,
E recinta coll' Alpe e col mar.'

Or where it depicts the ladies at brilliant *soirées* making a display of the necklaces and zones which a husband or a lover has snatched from the deserted wives and sisters of the conquered:—

'Qui le donne alle veglie lucenti
Dei monili far pompa e dei cinti
Che alle donne deserte dei vinti
Il marito o l'amante rapi.'

But in all that concerns the development of individual cha-

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racter, and forcible representation of the essence of what is commonly known as Macchiavellian policy, we venture to think our own poet far superior. Luria himself is a magnificent conception; and though we always, for our own part, regret a *dénouement* which involves suicide, it must be remembered that Luria, like Othello, is not a Christian, but a Moor.

We have thus far only dwelt in detail upon the poems contained in the two volumes of the edition of 1849. A few words must now be devoted to the much smaller publication of 1850, entitled 'Christmas Eve and Easter Day.' For this remarkable work brings our author before us as a religious poet. One of the first queries on this head that will probably occur to our readers is, whether Mr. Browning is reverent. Now the answer to this question is less obvious than might be imagined. A real distinction must be drawn, if possible, between what appears to *us* to lack reverence, and what is intentionally so on the part of the writer. For example, it is common among continental religionists, of whatever creed, to use the words of Holy Scripture with far less reserve than is usual in Great Britain. This we believe to be a real misfortune, but it would be unjust to class it with intentional mockery. Another kind of apparent irreverence sometimes arises from the very reserve which renders a man unwilling to own to all that he feels, when, in the words of this very volume—

> 'When the frothy fume and frequent sputter
> Prove that the soul's depths boil in earnest.'

And there exists another modification of the same feeling, when the reserve takes the form of some ironical turn of expression. Instances of all three of these may be easily discovered in Mr. Browning's poetry. We should be sorry always to undertake their defence, and we fear that some, who would otherwise reap benefit from 'Christmas Eve,' may be repelled by parts, despite the apology, of which a distich has just been quoted. The author imagines himself on the eve of the great festival, —firstly, at a sermon in a little dissenting meeting-house, (by the bye, what Dissenters are there who keep Christmas Eve?) then at a service at S. Peter's, Rome, and thirdly, at a lecture at Göttingen. And the conclusion is, that he could understand Dissent, though repelled by its vulgarity; that he could understand Romanism, though repelled by its excess of ceremony; but that German Rationalism appeared to him alike inconceivable and inconsequential. The Hudibrastic rhyming, here and elsewhere adopted by Mr. Browning, may, we think, be likened to that strange prose style with which we are familiar in the works of a very different person—Mr. Carlyle. Both peculiarities are partly natural, partly strained beyond nature;

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both remarkably felicitous at moments and in reference to certain themes; both at times repulsive and scarcely reverential in their application; both, though impressive in the hands of such masters, wearisome and almost intolerable in the hands of imitators. As, however, we only mentioned, without exhibiting, our poet's powers of humour and fine irony, we are glad to take the opportunity of quoting a specimen, where the lash is applied with as much fitness as skill. It relates to the lecture of the Göttingen professor:—

'So he proposed inquiring first
Into the various sources whence
This myth of Christ is derivable;
Demanding from the evidence
(Since plainly no such life was liveable)
How these phenomena should class?
Whether 't were best opine Christ was,
Or never was at all—or whether
He was and was not, both together—
It matters little for the name
So the Idea be left the same:
Only, for practical purpose' sake,
'Twas obviously as well to take
The popular story,—understanding
How the inaptitude of the time,
And the penman's prejudice, expanding
Fact into fable fit for the clime,
Had, by slow and sure degrees, translated it
Into this Myth, this Individuum—
Which, when reason had strained and abated it
Of foreign matter, gave, for residuum,
A man!—a right true man, however,
Whose work was worthy a man's endeavour!
Work, that gave warrant almost sufficient
To his disciples, for rather believing
He was just omnipotent and omniscient,
As it gives to us, for as frankly receiving
His word, their tradition,—which, though it meant
Something entirely different
From all that those who only heard it
In their simplicity thought and averred it,
Had yet a meaning quite as respectable:
For, among other doctrines delectable,
Was he not surely the first to insist on
The natural sovereignty of our race?'

Of the remaining poem, 'Easter Day,' we must speak in terms of the highest admiration. It is, in truth, though couched in most poetic form, a very solemn sermon; unattractive, therefore, of course, to those who dislike sermons in every shape, but full of most pregnant and suggestive matter for those who look closely enough into their own hearts to feel the difficulties attendant upon faith and obedience, and, at the same time, really recognise the insufficiency of earthly pursuits, and even earthly

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affections, to fill the heart which was created for higher things than these. This poem might not inaptly bear as a motto those golden words in the first chapter of the 'Confessions of S. Austin:'—'Fecisti nos ad Te, et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in Te.'

Mr. Browning's latest volumes, 'Men and Women,' which we have here made the excuse for a general estimate of his writings, should not, perhaps, be attempted until the reader has in some degree attuned himself by the study of the earlier works to our poet's peculiar cast of thought. We do not mean that they will not prove very valuable, and very enjoyable, without such a process, but they will certainly gain very much by it. Wordsworth's *dictum*—

> 'And you must love him, ere to you
> He will seem worthy of your love,'—

is true in respect of a very valuable if not a large class of authors; and the fifty poems comprised in these latest volumes seem to need that clue which fondness for our poet's earlier works will go far to supply. They are sketches of very varied phases of life, drawn alike from history and experience—the experience of a deep and earnest thinker. Some of our contemporaries of the daily and weekly press appear inclined to charge all the obscurity upon the indolence and hurry of the writer. With unfeigned respect for their abilities, we would ask, whether it is not possible that they themselves may have been compelled to read and criticise in a hurry. *Ecce signum.* A newspaper, justly distinguished for the excellence of its criticisms, selected the following lines as remarkable for their obscurity, and left the reader to discover the sense. They are taken from a singularly original and delicate 'One Word More,' wherein the poet commends his productions to his poetess-wife:—

> 'There they are, my fifty men and women,
> Naming me the fifty poems finished!
> Take them, Love, the book and me together;
> Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.'

We trust that our readers will agree with us that a moment's thought will render the signification of these verses patent enough. Mr. Browning has won the hand of a lady who can not only love him, but can appreciate his powers. 'Take, 'then,' he says to that great poetess, 'my fifty men and women, '—that is to say, the poems of these now completed volumes: 'accept them as you have already accepted their author, and let 'me give to you the productions of my head, as I have already 'given the affections of my heart.' If the expression, '*naming me*,' be objected to, we can only say that it is tolerated in plain prose.

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Thus, in the very first chapter of a popular novel, Mr. Reade's 'Never Too Late to Mend,' we find, 'What did me, the Honourable Frank Winchester?' We do not cite Mr. Reade's authority as final, but it is certainly hard to deny to poets a licence which is not condemned in prose writers.

We ought to apologise for wasting time in the explanation of what is so obvious. But an example was needed to show that the accusation of obscurity may be made very recklessly, even in quarters where we might least expect it. Of the causes of Mr. Browning's obscurity, where he really is obscure, we have already spoken, and would only now repeat, that without denying the justice of the charge, *in toto*, it is only fair to admit, in *his* case, palliations which are freely accepted for poets of past time. If Mr. Nelson Coleridge might justly defend Pindar from the charge of being a rambling rhapsodist, on the ground that his links of connexion are too fine for the perception of the careless reader; if a recent editor of Æschylus, Mr. Paley, may truly assert of his author, that 'he is difficult because he is profound, 'or in other words, because he treats of matters beyond the 'reach of man's ordinary knowledge and perceptions;' if Dante and others may be not only excused, but even admired, because they are figurative and symbolic,—we claim a like privilege for the poems now under consideration. Obscurity which is meaningless is indefensible; obscurity which, by a little thought and attention, will reveal the form behind the veil, is often attractive from its very vagueness: it leaves us something to fill up, it suggests the illimitable and infinite. Is it always most pleasant to see the outline of scenery cut clearly and distinctly against the sky? Have we never heard of men who, amidst the unbroken azure that met their gaze in the Mediterranean, have sighed for a passing glimpse of the mists that robe the Highland mountains?

We shall only suggest the key to a few of the poems contained in 'Men and Women,' lest we should endanger a diminution of the profit and pleasure which the reader may experience in opening the words for himself. Several, indeed, are self-explanatory. The touching sketch headed 'Protus;' the playful satire on 'Up at a Villa;' the picture of 'Cleon,' a gentlemanly poetising Greek of the apostolic age, too *nonchalant* to inquire into the claims of Christianity—are among the most obvious of these poems. In some cases, where the story is equally clear, the issue is, indeed, left uncertain; but this very uncertainty, probably, adds to the interest. We may settle for ourselves, according to our temperament, or according to the feeling of the hour, sanguine or despondent, whether, at the close of the scenes 'In a Balcony,' the queen long

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retains her harsh feeling towards Constance and Norbert; and whether the lovers who take 'The Last Ride Together,' make that ride the last of their meetings, or only the last of their isolation. More difficult are the lines headed 'Any Wife to Any Husband:' but read with the idea that they represent the greater enduringness of woman's love, the greater chance of widows abiding in their loneliness than widowers, they become not only clear, but very beautiful and pathetic. Yet we must own, that there are some of the 'Men and Women' around whom the dimness is deeper than we can pierce: and if such obscurity be found to withstand the efforts of abler heads than ours, it may be fairly considered as having been carried to excess, and being, so far, a fault and blemish.

We must, for the present, content ourselves with two quotations only from these last volumes; one as an evidence of our author's light and playful satire, the other of a tenderness not unworthy of Dante's self. Most of us have, perhaps, at some time, met with *a pretty woman.* Here is a portion of Mr. Browning's sketch:—

1.

'That fawn-skin-dappled hair of hers,
And the blue eye
Dear and dewy,
And that infantine fresh air of hers!

. . . . . .

3.

'You like us for a glance you know——
For a word's sake,
Or a sword's sake,
All's the same, whate'er the chance, you know.

. . . . . .

6.

'But for loving, why, you would not, Sweet,
Though we prayed you,
Paid you, brayed you
In a mortar—for you could not, Sweet.'

Our allusion to Dante in connexion with the following verses is naturally suggested by the expression in the third stanza—'Bird of God,' which is evidently adopted from the 'Purgatorio.' The subject is 'The Guardian Angel;' a picture (by Guercino) at Fano.

1.

'Dear and great Angel, wouldst thou only leave
That child, when thou hast done with him, for me!
Let me sit all the day here, that when eve
Shall find performed thy special ministry,
And time come for departure, thou, suspending
Thy flight, may'st see another child for tending,
Another still, to quiet and retrieve.

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2.

'Then I shall feel thee step on step, no more,
From where thou standest now, to where I gaze,
And suddenly my head be covered o'er
With those wings, white above the child who prays
Now on that tomb—and I shall feel thee guarding
Me, out of all the world; for me, discarding
Yon heaven thy home, that waits and opes its door!

3.

'I would not look up thither past thy head,
Because the door opes, like that child, I know,
For I should have thy gracious face instead,
Thou bird of God! And wilt thou bend me low
Like him, and lay, like his, my hands together,
And lift them up to pray, and gently tether
Me, as thy lamb there, with thy garment's spread?

4.

'If this was ever granted, I would rest
My head beneath thine, while thy healing hands
Close covered both my eyes beside thy breast,
Pressing the brain, which too much thought expands,
Back to its proper size again, and smoothing
Distortion down till every nerve had soothing,
And all lay quiet, happy and suppressed.

5.

'How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired!
I think how I should view the earth and skies
And sea, when once again my brow was bared
After thy healing, with such different eyes.
O world, as God has made it! all is beauty:
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.
What further may be sought for or declared?'

It is time for us to attempt something like a summary. That Mr. Browning is a profound thinker, few, we suppose, will care to question. But then, is his teaching so true, so complete, that he can be safely recommended as an instructor? Now we do not think that it *is* complete. We must not pretend to claim this poet as a direct witness for the cycle of truths which it is the humble aim of this review to inculcate. Independently of an occasional coarseness of thought and expression (never, however, uttered in the author's own person, but meant to be in character for a Lippo Lippi, and the like), there is, to our thinking, somewhat too much of self-reliance, too much of making every one his own instructor and priest. And if, as we hear, Mr. Browning's own life has been eminently pure and upright, this is possibly the very reason why the need of human help *in spiritualibus* has not come home to him. But all do not feel thus. That is a striking passage in Sir E. B. Lytton's 'Harold,' where he represents his hero (we speak

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from memory only) as seeking spiritual aid, because, by a fall, he has discovered his own weakness. It is either the fallen, or those who, from strict conscientiousness, are oppressed by the weight of such sin as the world hardly deigns to recognise as evil, who feel most deeply the need of a commissioned ministry and sacramental ordinances. In other words, that need is most felt by two classes, of whom we hear most in Holy Scripture and Church History, saints and penitents.

But, although we may desiderate many things in a teacher, there is a wide difference between such poetry as is in the main sound and healthy, religious and profound, and that which must be condemned as erroneous, immoral, and sinful. Acquaintance with such beauty as Byron *does* exhibit may be too dearly purchased, if the reader's mind shall imbibe any portion of his morbid misanthropy, sensuality, and unbelief. But who would really fear lest the occasional deficiencies of Wordsworth's instruction, or his slightly pantheistic tinge, in his references to nature, should injure the tone of any well regulated mind?

Among such instructors we claim a place, and that no lowly one, for Robert Browning. In no other secular poetry of our day do we perceive so full a recognition of another life. And if we dwell for a moment upon the central truth which is so great a bond amidst the dissensions of Christendom, that truth whose tenure cannot suffer men to go utterly astray, whose denial is the denial of Christianity, whose non-realisation creates a thick film over the mental eyesight, we know not of any poetry (not professedly sacred) wherein is so deeply pondered and strikingly proclaimed the mystery of the holy Incarnation. One other alone among the singers of our time can, we think, be ranked with Mr. Browning in this respect. In the works of many of his brethren, the deficiency is very sadly marked. But here, whichever volume we take up, that great and solemn verity is presented anew. It abides with the poet as he tells his thoughts at Christmas and Easter: it is the sum of the experience of 'Karshish the Arab Physician': it is made the climax of the strains which David might have sung to *Saul*; it gilds the dying smile of the impassioned Aprile. This last instance is thus far the more remarkable, inasmuch as the words of Aprile are an insertion, and do not occur in the earlier edition of 1835; but those of 'Karshish,' in 'Men and Women,' though he half thinks that his informant must be mad, may best, perhaps, serve to illustrate the depth of our poet's reflections on this solemn theme.

> 'The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
> So, the All-great were the All-loving too—

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So through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself.
Thou hast no power, nor may'st conceive of mine,
But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
And thou must love me who have died for thee!"
The madman saith He said so: it is strange.'

Some of the chief merits and defects of Mr. Browning, besides those already alluded to, will appear by a comparison with the works of other poets. Not to go further back than our own century, to which Mr. Browning belongs, in spirit as well as date, we suppose that he may thus far be considered to be indebted to Wordsworth; that Wordsworth made poetry possible in our age, proved that no scientific progress nor march of civilization could efface poetry from the human heart. But in no other sense can we pretend to trace much of the Wordsworthian influence in these volumes. Mr. Browning is less devoted to external nature than the late Laureate, and much more interested in the mental photography of 'Men and Women;' less of a landscape, and more of a portrait painter.

Turning to living bards, the first comparison, or contrast, must be with the present Laureate, Alfred Tennyson. The two agree in both being men of wide and varied culture—the knowledge being in each case remarkable for its accuracy, and displayed, not by any ponderous notes, but by masterly comprehension of the subject. In general popularity, Mr. Tennyson must long, perhaps finally, retain the advantage. His wonderful pictorial power, his interspersion of easy songs and ballads, with his more thoughtful productions, his exceeding finish and classic grace, possibly also some of his very defects, the absence of awe for many a consecutive page, a slight occasional tinge of voluptuousness, all tend to make him the greater favourite with a numerous class of readers. Mr. Browning is not so consummate an artist: his lyrics do not display the same melody, the same rotundity and method; and his one classic sketch, 'Artemis Prologuises,' though the work of a true scholar, cannot be ranked with Tennyson's 'Œnone,' nor even with Mr. Matthew Arnold's 'Strayed Reveller.' But then it must be said, that the apparently rough and unconventional phrase of the poet before us, has constantly a force and point peculiarly its own. We feel, as we read, the force of his own query—

'Do roses stick like burrs?'

If Southey were right in pronouncing the popular fame a less happy lot for a poet, than to live in the hearts of his devoted admirers, that happy lot we venture to predict for Robert Browning. Tennyson may be the more artistic: but never

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can there be applied to Browning's poems the expression which has but too truly been used with respect to the chief collection of the Laureate's, 'A music-box of beautiful tunes.'

Another living poet, who, as a dramatist, is capable of comparison with Mr. Browning, is the author of 'Philip Van Artevelde.' Our admiration for that noble poem is not new nor slight: and in much of the portraiture of external life, in the admixture of the common-place with what is extraordinary, in dramatic skill and powers of rhetorical address, Mr. Henry Taylor has the superiority. The oration of Philip at the market-place in Ghent, on the occasion of his revenging his father's death, is, probably, only inferior to those master-pieces of subtle pleading—the speech which Shakspere has placed in the mouth of Mark Antony, on the death of Cæsar, and that of Ulysses, in the Ovidian Narrative of the contest with Ajax, for the arms of Achilles. But while we accept in the main the critical principles of Mr. Taylor's valuable preface to his chief drama, we are, nevertheless, conscious of a certain want of ethereality in his poetry. Granting, moreover, the value of his ethical precepts, whether delivered in poetry or prose, we cannot but observe with regret, that he seldom in his poetry passes that obscure and wavering border-line which separates religion from morality, without placing himself in a position more or less antagonistic to faith. His Saint Dunstan, in 'Edwin the Fair,' is far other than the historic Dunstan; and the change is entirely for the worse. Isaac Comnenus, despite the thrilling monologue at Irene's grave (the description, be it observed, bearing reference to an English, not a Byzantine funeral) is painfully heathenish; trusts in soldiers only, not in prayers; and hates, apparently, not merely superstition, but the very existence of a church. Now, Mr. Browning does, indeed, exhibit some of the more distressing features of the mediæval era: its persecution of the Jews; its tremendous punishments of heretics; the grossness of some of its artists; the paganism of the Renaissance. With respect to the treatment of the Jews and heretics, we suspect him of a little one-sidedness; though it is well that those darker features of the middle ages be not overlooked. But then there remains a general unmistakeable impression that this poet's voice and lot are with religion against the world; with the unseen against the visible, with the central dogma of the Christian faith against the vague pantheistic dreamings of the day. Probably, with his own Aprile, he might say,—

> 'I hear
> The voice still low, but fatal clear,—
> As if all poets that God meant
> Should save the world, and therefore lent

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Great gifts to; but who, proud, refused
To do His work, or lightly used
Those gifts, or failed through weak endeavour,
And mourn, cast off by Him for ever—
As if these leant in airy ring
To call me.'

There are two less known poets who resemble Mr. Browning in that they likewise grapple with some of the difficulties of our inward life; Mr. Clough, and Mr. Matthew Arnold. It cannot, however, be said, that either of these writers, though they have displayed no ordinary poetic powers, supply answers nearly so distinct, so suggestive, so Christian, as does Mr. Browning. In the touching utterances of Mr. Clough, all is left uncertain, and as past human ken in this life, though the author earnestly deplores this, and yearns for clearer light.[1] From Mr. Arnold we hardly obtain so much as this; the state of doubt is there, but scarcely the regret for it. Yet both of them are real poets, and even superior to Robert Browning in the grace and finish of their poems. There remains one other sweet singer of our time, whom it is impossible to pass over in connexion with our poet. Elizabeth Barrett Browning stands, unquestionably, at the head of our living poetesses. We will not enter upon the invidious task of comparing in detail the powers of the wife and husband; nor of inquiry into the tone of the lady's poetry before and since her marriage. One or two observations,

[1] As Mr. Clough's poetry is but little known, we subjoin the following, as an illustration of the above remarks:—

'I have seen higher holier things than these,
And therefore must to these refuse my heart,
Yet am I panting for a little ease;
I'll take, and so depart.

'Ah, hold! the heart is prone to fall away,
Her high and cherish'd visions to forget,
And if thou takest, how wilt thou repay
So vast, so dread a debt?

'How will the heart, which now thou trustest, then
Corrupt, yet in corruption mindful yet,
Turn with sharp stings upon itself! again,
Bethink thee of the debt!

'——Hast thou seen higher, holier things than these,
And therefore must to these thy heart refuse?
With the true vest, alack, how ill agrees
That best that thou would'st choose!

'The Summum Pulchrum rests in heaven above;
Do thou, as best thou may'st, thy duty do:
Amid the things allowed thee live and love;
Some day thou shalt it view.'

Mr. Clough's other publication, the 'Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich,' though strange in its social creed, and containing some lines of questionable taste, yet abounds in exquisite descriptions of Highland scenery (quite photographic in their accuracy), sparkling wit, and delicate delineations of phases of character and feeling.

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however, may be made. It was to Mrs. Browning that we alluded, in specifying a writer of poetry, whose realization of the great mystery of our Lord's Incarnation might be placed on a par with that of Robert Browning.[1] While, however, the outpourings of a feminine mind are so committed to paper by this poetess, as by their more openly impassioned nature and greater simplicity to obtain a larger share of popularity than the writings of her husband; they possess less attractiveness for a certain class of readers, from the very circumstance, that in them all is said (very beautifully said, it is true), but nothing left for the imagination of the reader to supply. There is less of reserve, less of suggestiveness. But, in truth, the poetess herself would not quarrel with these remarks. None can appreciate more fully the merits of the volumes, to whose author she has given her heart and hand. Years ago, in allusion to the original title of some of the poems of her future husband, Elizabeth Barrett described a poet as reading—

> 'From Browning some "Pomegranate," which, if cut deep down the middle,
> Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity.'

And subsequently, at a later date,—

> 'My poet, thou canst touch on all the notes
> God set between his After and Before,
> And strike up and strike off the general roar
> Of the rushing worlds, a melody that floats
> In a serene air purely. Antidotes
> Of medicated music, answering for
> Mankind's forlornest uses, thou canst pour
> From thence into their ears.'

These praises, though from partial lips, are just and merited; our author's freedom from egotism, and his genuine sympathy with his fellow-men, being ever most conspicuous. The latter lines occur in Mrs. Browning's 'Sonnets from the Portuguese;' which we own to having glanced at hastily, without discovering the very pardonable stratagem of the poetess, until a lady pointed out to us that they contained in reality the history of the wooing which led to this union. The husband has replied with equal grace and delicacy in the concluding poem of 'Men and Women;' and, perhaps, we may challenge Germany, France, and Italy, to show us so great a poet and poetess, who

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[1] We say this without approving of all the erotic expressions applied to our Blessed Lord by this writer. The following is a happy exemplification of our ground of commendation. The subject is 'The Look' of our Saviour on S. Peter.

> 'And Peter, from the height of blasphemy—
> "I never knew this man"—did quail and fall,
> As knowing straight, THAT GOD,—and turned free,
> And went out speechless from the face of all,
> And filled the silence, weeping bitterly.'

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(to borrow M. Guizot's motto to his graceful biography of Lady Russell) have so completely found *L'Amour dans le Mariage.*

It seems to us that Mr. Browning might, perhaps, gratify a larger circle, if he would compose a play wherein the *dramatis personæ* were for the most part of more ordinary stamp than we usually meet with in his compositions; or gave us a few more lyrical narratives of the same force and *directness* as that of 'Count Gismond.'

We have not made any allusions to our author's opinions in literature or politics. It is probable, from the tenor of the dedications prefixed to some of his poems, and other hints, that the *literati* occupy a higher place in his thoughts than we should be willing to assign to them, in the actual world. With political questions we do not meddle. But it may be observed, for the sake of those who like consistency and sincerity, that Mr. Browning's liberalism does, at any rate, display these qualities. We are not sure that so much could be said for the Laureate. In the 'Princess' we have, no doubt, a vivid description of a people's feast in a great man's park; but the poet begins by informing us, that he, 'with others of our set,' (a superlatively exclusive phrase in academic society,) was visiting this baronet of ancient race, as a guest; and while others help to amuse, or instruct the mass of holiday-makers, he, and 'the set,' seek their recreation in a corner of the grounds, in the composition of the story.

Those who are fond of literary criticism may find interest in some other inquiries in connexion with these volumes. How far Mr. Browning's dramas will bear the Aristotelian analysis into plot, characters, diction and sentiments; whether they tend to confirm the theories of a modern disciple of Aristotle, Mr. Matthew Arnold, that inter-penetration of the mind with a grand action is the primary business of the poet; to what extent they confirm Mr. Ruskin's definition of poetry, 'the suggestion, by the imagination of noble grounds for the noble emotions,'—these points, however, must be left to the reader.

Laws of taste are not as those of morals; nor do we wish to dogmatize upon them. We may have been wrong in our selection of topics for praise or blame; wrong in our interpretation of some of the poems before us; wrong in our comparison of Robert Browning with other poets. But in one thing we are *not* wrong; and that is in thinking it a good work to attempt to bring to the knowledge of others the works of a philosophic thinker, and great poet; whose writings, if they cannot become widely popular, may at least contribute to the instruction and delight of numbers to whom they are at present unknown.

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ART. V. — *Yeast.* By the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY, M.A. London: J. W. Parker & Son, 445, West Strand.

Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, M.A. London: Chapman & Hall.

Hypatia; or, New Foes with an Old Face. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, M.A. London: J. W. Parker & Son, 445, West Strand.

Westward Ho! By CHARLES KINGSLEY, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

Two Years Ago. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

MODES and habits of composition are infinite, nor has the public any concern with the manner in which the finished book has passed from the writer's brain to the reader's hands, except as that manner influences the style and matter. Whether an author writes at the full speed of his pen, or with deliberation—whether he waits for propitious moments, or forces his mind into harness at his will—are questions for mere literary curiosity. Facility does not enhance, nor difficulty detract from, the merits of the finished work, which, from the moment it passes from the author's control, stands on its own ground, apart from all antecedents whatever. But though a book is what it is, by whatever process produced, the mode of composition has a great deal to do with making it what it is. Therefore, when we trace the same peculiarities and defects in a series of works, and at the same time see signs unmistakeable of haste and precipitation, we are justified in laying the two together and drawing conclusions. Especially if the established order of things is roughly dealt with, we do well to hold back, and be slow to acquiesce in even the most plausible arguments, in proportion to the rapidity with which we believe them to have been conceived and expressed.

For this reason, before entering on a review of Mr. Kingsley's works of fiction, we wish to say a word on this one feature—their evidently hurried composition: a haste, not only in putting thoughts into language, but in giving those thoughts utterance so soon as they enter the mind at all. There is apparent a certain impetuous need to express the conceptions of fancy or feeling—to make others the wiser for every new idea, that leaves no room for the exercise of the deliberative faculties; betraying, in our judgment,—for we cannot separate the mind from its operations,—a hasty and impatient spirit; indulged no doubt if not fostered by the writer as an indication of the poetic temperament, of the 'fierce voracity and swift digestion

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of the soul,' which he attributes to the seer. And no doubt an impression of *power* is given to the reader by an impetuous flow. There is, indeed, a wonderful activity of mind in this series of stories—a rush of thought and fancy which evidence brilliant faculties. We feel after their perusal somewhat breathless, perhaps, and confused, but not without the enjoyment of the chase, as we have been made to follow arguments, theories, fancies, stirring scenes, and wonderful adventures, all advanced or described with the same ease, temerity, and, in a certain sense, success. The argument, an onslaught on preconceived opinion, which reckons on carrying the day by the confidence of its assumptions, and the daring of its assaults on prejudice; the story, a rapid flight from tumult to calm, from gaiety to horror, with a general appreciation of anything, and *every* thing that furnishes matter for a lively fancy. There is apparent throughout an intellect enjoying itself in its own activity of conception and speculation.

But fancy and speculation can work faster than the reason or the heart; and there are other things needed for the philosopher and the novelist than a rapid stream of ideas. Thus, though scenes and situations flash into the mind at once, the characters that are to play their part in them must be *studies*. No real character can be drawn, or rather worked out, in a hurry; for a sketch is a different matter. Nature must be watched and waited on, and patiently observed, before any man, be his genius what it may, knows how she will manifest herself in any given contingency. The heart must commune with itself long and closely to judge of other hearts. There is no royal road to this knowledge; any short method issues in conventionalism; clever and amusing, perhaps, for ready wit can devise fair substitutes for nature; but wanting that one touch of nature itself which we recognize for the truth, and which, once felt, we acknowledge as the crown and highest achievement of the imagination. And equally does reason need time for its work. Theories are proverbially dazzling things. Nothing can stand against a fresh-coined argument of our own making,—nothing but time, which gradually dispels the false glare of novelty, unfolds objections, forces the attention to listen to counter-statements, modifies contempt for opponents. Time, on the ingenuous mind, does the work which Bacon assigns to learning. 'It taketh away all levity, 'temerity, and insolency, by copious suggestion of all doubts and 'difficulties, and acquainting the mind to balance reasons on both 'sides, and to turn back the first offers and conceits of the mind, 'and to accept of nothing but examined and tried.' How many of Mr. Kingsley's peculiar theories and most characteristic speculations would have stood this ordeal, it is not for us to

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decide; our main concern with him being as a novelist: nor is it our design to touch upon the principles enunciated in these stories, beyond what is absolutely necessary in discussing controversial fiction at all. Only in the matter of these very principles, from which, on many points, we largely differ, this question of the amount of time taken to form them has so much to do, that we desire, first of all, to impress upon our readers this characteristic of the works under review.

All social problems, when we really face them, are startling things: it is quite right that we should be engrossed by questions that then first open upon us, and natural that our proprieties should be shaken, and the faculties disturbed for a time. Especially this will be the case when the inquirer is endowed with two qualities which often belong to the same temperament —a prompt and keen indignation at whatever displeases, and as warm and sudden an admiration for whatever satisfies the sense of fitness and beauty. The reformer's disgust at abuses is enhanced by the contrast of harmony and order that his fancy suggests. The subject under this two-fold aspect assumes an importance and magnitude which throws everything else into the shade; the sense of comparison seems for the time lost; and calmer, less impressible natures stand amazed at the heights of praise, or depths of censure, the exclusive passionate earnestness, which the one absorbing interest arouses while the excitement lasts. There is nothing to quarrel with in all this: such temperaments have their work to do in this world, and a righteous indignation finds plenty of fit subjects for its worthy exercise. But it is another thing to perpetuate this divine moment, and, because for that little space all considerations may lawfully bow to the one idea, to write a book making every principle subordinate to the prevailing interest—the one cause the author sets himself to denounce or to uphold. Mr. Kingsley perpetuates many such moments: for two novels running, the man who does not devote his time and energies to the question of sewerage (we own it to be a very important and comprehensive one), to the question of drains and ventilation, and to the downfall of the 'fiend Competition,' is worse than an infidel, and deserves and brings down upon himself the severest judgments of heaven. The unbeliever who devotes himself to these works is saved by them, and confounds his foes, even though they be wise, charitable, God-fearing, orthodox Christians, in all other matters. It is, in short, an apotheosis of this particular form of benevolence, and, by consequence, an obscuration, and even degradation, of all other virtues and graces whatever, that do not subserve this one end.

Now we cannot but think that some deliberation, some pause

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between the first taking up popular subjects as these were, and writing about them, would have prevented this—would have shown the unfairness of establishing any one test or standard—would have restored the balance, and set things back into their accustomed places in the writer's mind; for we would not willingly believe that Mr. Kingsley habitually appraises all questions sacred and secular by the measure set in 'Yeast' and 'Alton Locke;' indeed, his latest work, 'Two Years Ago,' which suggests this article, is an assurance to the contrary.

It is no small proof of fertility, and an almost seething mental excitement, to have produced in nine years such a series as that before us. 'Yeast,' a surge of restless notions on this same problem of society; 'Alton Locke,' an effort of sudden impetuous sympathy for the difficulties and sorrows of the labouring classes; 'Hypatia,' a recognition in history and the old world of the hydra which he combats in the new, wherein he organises his crusade against various time-honoured principles in religion and morals; 'Westward Ho!' an outburst of burly triumphant Protestantism and nationality; and, lastly, 'Two Years Ago,' which conveys the author's opinions of things down to the time of publication, hot and fresh from the oven of his prolific brain, with the peculiarity of reversing some of his previous estimates of character.

The moral purpose of 'Yeast' seems to be, to inform the world that the times generally are out of joint, and the relation of rich and poor on an entirely wrong footing, that there is more unbelief afloat than anybody guesses, and an infinite number of questions that admit of endless disputation; and some good is expected to ensue from merely proclaiming all social anomalies, defining the popular general infidelity, and stating at large, and with zealous candour, all the doubts that lead to it, without any attempt at their solution, or so much as an intimation that there *is* any solution, which he plainly informs the reader it is no part of his duty or intention to furnish. It is clearly the attitude of Mr. Kingsley's mind to welcome a difficulty; it is an intellectual treat to him; and, he believes, a salutary exercise for all men. He despises all faith that has not struggled through a stage of scepticism; he bids his readers 'thank God,' if they realize their own perplexities, and '*know* that those are most blind who say they see.' We argue that he is by temperament a doubter, and not only an exponent of other people's doubts, as much as anything from the fact that he thinks this phase of mind interesting, while to those not inoculated with it there is no habit of mind so irksome as this propensity to cavil and question. Ordinary humanity recoils from a form of restlessness at once querulous

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and captious, so opposed to peace and comfort. All our readers no doubt have experience of some universal caviller, and know how much sooner and easier it comes to be tired of him than to convince him. When once a pleasure in the act of doubt is detected, and it is perceived that he would rather dispute than be convinced, it is usual to shirk further discussion, our disputant is felt a bore and treated as such. But no such check to free discussion disgraces the pages of 'Yeast.' The days there are passed in infinite questions, on all points social, moral, and religious. All ranks, sexes, classes, ages, are absorbed in this mental act, delighted to hear themselves talk, which is likely enough, and equally engrossed when the next speaker's turn comes—a civility which surely has its source in the courtesy of the author, rather than in nature or custom Next, the writer's own bias is evident from his contempt of all people with settled convictions, as a bigoted, sluggish race; while the sight of a man so fixed and satisfied with his creed as to be anxious to make others share it is a uniform source of irritation, a spectacle for which he has so little sympathy that he cannot find an honest solution of the enigma; and, therefore, deems it fair to represent such an one as so besotted in his obstinate adherence to a notion as to lose all control over his moral nature. The argument seems to run thus,—if you think what you yourself hold as so important that it is essential that others should hold it too, of course, you will take any means to accomplish your end. Zeal for opinion and moral fairness are virtually treated as incompatible, where the doctrine in question is out of the pale of Mr. Kingsley's sympathies; and this is the case with every question that involves reference to authority. Authority is, in a sort of way, irresponsible; and what can be more hateful to the keen disputatious mind than a power not bound to give an answer, which asserts inherent rights and claims obedience as to a superior? Not that guides are wholly repudiated; the only essential is, that they shall be self-chosen, and have no authorized pretensions to the office,—that in fact they shall be patronized rather than reverenced. Thus, the conversions from scepticism to belief are effected by some young woman, whom the disputant uniformly confounds in argument, but finds somehow, in the end, 'a preacher more mighty than himself, clothed in her own loveliness.' In one instance, the preacher is a brute animal, whom the sceptic, with some ceremony, elects as his confessor and director of conscience, a mission which it very pleasantly and cleverly fulfils. But where does Mr. Kingsley fail in doing justice to his own cause, and putting a fair face on his own systems?

The leading figure in and around whom all the doubts and

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difficulties discussed in 'Yeast' centre, represents a form of the heroic congenial to many minds, not so much a specimen of simple humanity as of the ideal demi-god, not unsuggestive of the centaur nature, a mixture of the human and the brute, with a touch of the divine and immortal, 'a being whose wild brilliance of intellect struggles through foul smoke clouds,' of prodigious physical strength and courage, and we may add coarseness, shaken by conflicting powers, impatient of external influence, taking nothing for granted, as seeing deeper and farther than his teachers, and realizing what they do not,—one who can only be described by novel and exaggerated epithets, round whom 'the living present *welters* daily,' he himself bathing, floating, carried along absorbed in that present to the full extent this morbid expression conveys. All these extraordinary qualities are disguised under the name of Smith, Lancelot Smith, and endowed with 2000*l.* a year clear.

'Real education he never had had. Bred up at home under his father, a rich merchant, he had gone to college with a large stock of general information, and a particular mania for dried plants, fossils, butterflies, and sketching, and some such creed as this:

'That he was very clever.

'That he ought to make his fortune.

'That a great many things were very pleasant—beautiful things among the rest.

'That it was a fine thing to be "superior," gentlemanlike, generous, and courageous.

'That a man ought to be religious.

'And left college with a good smattering of classics and mathematics, picked up in the intervals of boat-racing and hunting, and much the same creed as he brought with him, except in regard to the last article. The scenery-and-natural-history mania was now somewhat at a discount. He had discovered a new natural object, including in itself all—more than all—yet found beauties and wonders—woman!'—*Yeast*, pp. 3, 4.

Then follows from the author a strong censure on the system of modern classical education, to which he attributes many evil consequences to his hero. But these scruples are hardly borne out by Mr. Kingsley's general tone, which assumes that a period of self-abandonment to mere coarse passion and impulse developes manhood and strengthens the faculties. He does not like the stage of sin for its own sake, and never takes up his hero till it is passed through; but it is treated as a natural disease, which attacks constitutions in proportion to their vigour, and men are represented as coming out the stronger, and, in a way, the wiser and better, for their experience and contact with evil. Lancelot's university career is thus described by Lord Vieuxbois, a type of young England:—

'"Oh, I remember him well enough at Cambridge! He was one of a set who tried to look like blackguards, and really succeeded tolerably.

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They used to eschew gloves, and drink nothing but beer, and smoke disgusting short pipes; and when we established the Coverley Club in Trinity they set up an opposition, and called themselves the Navvies. And they used to make piratical expeditions down to Lynn in eight-oars, to attack bargemen and fen girls, and shoot ducks, and sleep under turf-stacks, and come home when they had drunk all the public-house taps dry. I remember the man perfectly.'

'"Navvy or none," said the Colonel; "he has just the longest head and the noblest heart of any man I ever met. If he does not distinguish himself before he dies, I know nothing of human nature."

'"Ah, yes, I believe he is clever enough!—took a good degree, a better one than I did—but horribly eclectic; full of mesmerism, and German metaphysics, and all that sort of thing. I heard of him one night last spring, on which he had been seen, if you will believe it, going successively into a Swedenborgian chapel, the Garrick's Head and one of Elliotson's magnetic *soirées*. What can you expect after that?"

'"A great deal," said Bracebridge.'—*Yeast*, pp. 104, 105.

This, however, is past; Lancelot is introduced to the reader in a hunting field in Berkshire, in which county he has just established himself. The hounds are about to throw off, and he is indulging in the dreamy self-consciousness which is part of his character.

'Whether Lancelot or his horse, under these depressing circumstances, fell asleep; or whether thoughts pertaining to such a life, and its fitness for a clever and ardent young fellow in the 19th century, became gradually too painful, and had to be peremptorily shaken off, this deponent sayeth not; but certainly, after five-and-thirty minutes of idleness and shivering, Lancelot opened his eyes with a sudden start, and struck spurs into his hunter without due cause shown; whereat "Shiver-the-Timbers," who was no Griselda in temper (Launcelot had bought him out of the Tytchley for half his value, as unrideably vicious, where he had killed a groom, and fallen backwards on a rough-rider, the first season after he came up from Horncastle), responded by a furious kick or two, threw his head up, put his foot in a drain, and sprawled down all but on his nose, pitching Lancelot unawares shamefully on the pommel of his saddle. A certain fatality, by-the-bye, had lately attended all Lancelot's efforts to shine; he never bought a new coat without tearing it mysteriously next day, or tried to make a joke without bursting out coughing in the middle; and now the whole field were looking on at his mishap; and, between disgust and the start, he turned almost sick, and felt the blood rush into his cheeks and forehead as he heard a shout of coarse jovial laughter burst out close to him, and the old master of the hounds, Squire Lavington, roared out,—

'"A pretty sportsman you are, Mr. Smith, to fall asleep by the cover-side, and let your horse down—and your pockets too! What's that book on the ground? Sapping and studying still? I let nobody come out with my hounds with their pocket full of learning. Hand it up here, Tom; we'll see what it is. French, as I'm no scholar! Translate for us, Colonel Bracebridge!"

'And, amid shouts of laughter, the gay Guardsman read out,—

'"St. Francis de Sales 'Introduction to a Devout Life.'

'Poor Lancelot! Wishing himself fathoms underground, ashamed of his book, still more ashamed of himself for his shame, he had to sit there ten physical seconds, or spiritual years, while the Colonel solemnly returned him the book, complimenting him on the proofs of its purifying influence

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which he had given the night before, in helping to throw the turnpike-gate into the river.'—*Yeast*, pp. 7, 8.

Then follows a vivid description of the hunt and the hero's intensified powers of feeling and observation under the excitement of rapid riding, mingled with a good deal of sulky jealousy at the patronising superiority of the Colonel, who pronounces that 'he'll make a fine rider in time.' Miles and hours fly by fast, when suddenly the chase leads them by a little church on the hill-side. The sight of the hounds among the graves awakens a new train of thought; he pulls up, and falling into a musing mood, is left far behind, by men, horses, and dogs, and sits, regardless of his steed's impatience, staring at the chapel and the graves. At this moment the chapel door opens, and Lancelot sees his fate, in the shape of a fair lady.

'On a sudden the chapel-door opened, and a figure, timidly, yet loftily, stepped out without observing him, and, suddenly turning round, met him full, face to face, and stood fixed with surprise as completely as Lancelot himself.

'That face and figure, and the spirit which spoke through them, entered his heart at once, never again to leave it. Her features were aquiline and grand, without a shade of harshness; her eyes shone out like twin lakes of still azure, beneath a broad marble cliff of polished forehead; her rich chestnut hair rippled downward round the towering neck. With her perfect masque and queenly figure, and earnest, upward gaze, she might have been the very model from which Raphael conceived his glorious St. Catherine—the idea of the highest womanly genius, softened into self-forgetfulness by girlish devotion. She was simply, almost coarsely dressed, but a glance told him that she was a lady, by the courtesy of man as well as by the will of God.

'They gazed one moment more at each other—but what is time to spirits? With them, as with their Father, "one day is as a thousand years." But that eye-wedlock was cut short the next instant by the decided interference of the horse, who, thoroughly disgusted at his master's whole conduct, gave a significant shake of his head, and shamming frightened (as both women and horses will do when only cross), commenced a war-dance, which drove Argemone Lavington into the porch, and gave the bewildered Lancelot an excuse for dashing madly up the hill after his companions.

'"What a horribly ugly face!" said Argemone to herself; "but so clever, and so unhappy!"'—*Yeast*, pp. 15, 16.

Mr. Kingsley uniformly, in describing the style of beauty which he and his heroes care for, speaks of the form and mould of face as a *masque*, a term to us suggesting very unpleasant ideas, but well suited to the cold affectation and pretension with which he likes to invest the female character. He himself likens his Argemone to Tennyson's Princess, while he claims her as an original conception, and the same coating of conceited assumption hides in her, as in the other, the woman's heart beneath, which is represented as yielding and impressible in proportion to the assumed rigour. Mr. Kingsley piques him-

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self on a knowledge of the sex, and has his eye on all their amiable weaknesses. He believes them to be influenced by an infinite number of impulses foreign to our less sensitive natures, and views them more in their points of difference from ourselves than as sharers of the common humanity—a habit oftener met with in the writings and conversations of women, who, in their turn, are very apt to regard us as a prey to various prejudices and eccentricities, to which they themselves are superior. However this may be, Mr. Kingsley gives woman a great part to play in human affairs; but we doubt whether the stronger minded of the sex have reason to be satisfied with their real share in the administration of them. We question whether they would consider the tone of gallantry, the lavish use of pretty epithets, as an equivalent for the more solid credit of sound reason; or the investiture of a certain preternatural power and influence, to atone for the absence of common sense, which their eulogist denies them. Even the gift of perfection may be taken amiss, when attributed in the same breath with all sorts of petty weaknesses; for is it not the perfection of an inferior order of being? The lower in the scale things are, the easier it is for them to be perfect in that scale; we oftener see a beautiful kitten than a beautiful child, a perfect daisy than a perfect rose. The truth is that, according to Mr. Kingsley, woman can do nothing for man without a pretty face, and she can do everything with one. No fine lady of the 'Spectator,' whose life is passed between dressing, Ranelagh, and auctions, depends less on the intellect for her conquests than would-be philosophers and *esprits forts* who talk by the hour in 'Yeast' and 'Hypatia.' We observe that ladies similarly endowed with self-confidence, and a flow of words, but who chance to be plain and ill-dressed, meet with no quarter from Mr. Kingsley. He dismisses them and their arguments summarily, in a sentence of mingled contempt and disgust, and turns to metal more attractive. But Argemone (to return to 'Yeast') is beautiful, and therefore she raises Lancelot out of the slough into which he had fallen, and refines and elevates his soul. For the same cause she has instincts purer than reason, and a celestial innocence which we can hardly reconcile with her pride, conceit, and strong-minded choice of topics. The hero is brought under her influence by an accident, of which she is unconsciously the cause. Bewildered, intoxicated by the vision of her beauty, he rides madly on, gets thrown, and breaks his leg, and is carried to the nearest house, which happens to be Squire Lavington's, the master of the hounds. This family, which contains in itself and its dependants types of character which Mr. Kingsley considers

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the peculiar growth of our own times, is described with a great deal of spirit. The Squire's habit of profane swearing we should have thought the feature of a past age rather than one peculiarly our own; but we do not doubt there are too many living examples to bear out the portrait. Mrs. Lavington, a formal evangelical, from a certain puritanical coldness of character, and perfect satisfaction and immovability in her creed, is an object of the author's particular aversion. We might almost say the same of all *schools* of religion. Whichever of them is under review seems treated with a peculiar acrimony. If it is not the doctrines themselves, as in Calvinism or Popery, it is something in the mode of holding them which moves his spleen, and in the Low Church party the provoking element probably is a stolid, what he thinks unintelligent, persuasion that they are right, and the rest of the world fatally wrong. Argemone, the eldest daughter, has emancipated herself from her mother's influence, and tends to 'Tractarianism.' Towards what he calls High Church views, especially where there is a leaning to asceticism, his feelings are more conflicting. He has so far sympathy with them, that he believes them to be attractive to a generous and poetical class of minds; therefore he allows certain of his favourites to have a leaning in that direction, manifested by some harmless absurdities. Argemone has a turn for fanciful little penances. She indulges herself in walking barefoot in her solitary chapel, devises easy fasts, and turns her bedroom into an oratory, all the while her real habits of luxury and self-indulgence retaining their full force. But this moderation is exchanged for the utmost virulence of imputation towards the leaders of the party. Argemone's vicar and spiritual adviser, a zealous and self-denying ascetic, and impervious to vulgar temptations, is represented, in his mere eagerness for influence and enthusiasm for the cause of celibacy, as performing a villainous act of treachery and falsehood, that few rogues by profession would not recoil from. Honoria, second daughter and co-heiress, represents no school, but rather personates the unreflecting benevolence of the higher classes; alive to suffering when they see it, but with no perception of any latent cause, and therefore no attempt to investigate the root of social evils; relieving individual cases of distress with a warm heart and open hand, but content to rest there. We do not ourselves see how young ladies can do more; they cannot be expected to know anything of political economy, and would make matters worse if they pretended to do so. The great fact, which will be a fact while the world lasts, that the poor shall be always in the land, is and must still be their guide of

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action; it falls to other heads and hands to reduce this class to the smallest number and most tolerable amount of suffering.

Honoria's benevolence, such as it is, brings her into a singular relation with another personage of the story, one of Mr. Kingsley's own favourite creations, who may not be without some parallel in actual life, though such must be rare indeed. He likes to represent a member of one class, with all the tastes, aspirations, sensibilities, and, in a sense, cultivation of another and a higher, probably choosing thus to assert his belief that all men are equal, a position we as firmly hold, though common sense and observation prevent our arriving at his conclusions upon it. All men are equal, all souls are equal, in the sight of God; and further, there is an invisible standard that does not measure as we measure, and attributes native worth on different grounds from ours. But this world's standard *has* a temporary truth in it, and a force, too, which no power can break down, and the inequalities of time, with all their consequences, *must* influence the relations of man to man and class to class; and because the Cornish gamekeeper, Tregarva, being the man he is, runs counter to this law, by falling in love with his master's daughter, he is not a natural character. There are two ways of doing this sort of thing naturally,—through conceit, and that undue mistaken estimate of the external self, person, position, and the like, which disturbs the balance of reason, or as the sequel of a consistent course of thought and action. We are not here blaming the ambition to rise, the habit of fixing the hopes and affections on things above our station, which belongs to many strong and vigorous minds, leading to great things; but when such men fix their hearts on some object far above them in social rank, it is no isolated act, but part of a system to rise above their class. But neither Tregarva nor Alton Locke are men of this stamp; they are essentially democratic, and jealous of class distinctions, and will not rise above their class. If such men are genuine in their professions, we shall not find them betraying their cause after this fashion, and insulting the dignity of labour by the assumption that it is not compatible with grace and beauty in women.

This is the party into which Lancelot is thrown in his convalescence, increased by the colonel and an artist, Claude Mellot, who figures in the first and last of these tales. Indoors, our hero talks with Argemone; when he strolls out, Tregarva is at his post, ready to do his behests, and in return to enlighten him as to the condition of the poor, their sufferings and degradations, their ignorance and consequent brutality, betraying much original thought, a large acquaintance with Carlyle's works, and an odd sort of piety, half eclectic, half

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fanatical. None of Mr. Kingsley's people, however, talk wholly in character; their difficulties are always *his* difficulties, their piety his piety; he is never quite out of sight, and can never be for a moment forgotten by the reader. We know that no man brought up in the heart of a particular state of things would be so alive to its social evils, its degradation, its coarseness, as this gamekeeper shows himself. It is a gentleman, and something of a fine gentleman, too, going sniffing about from nuisance to nuisance, and giving us the fresh edge of his disgust. This, however, is no great matter, so long as the nuisances are real ones, as they mostly are, and such as ought to be put down. We give a specimen of one of these conversations:—

'"Beautiful stream this," said Lancelot, who had a continual longing—right or wrong—to chat with his inferiors; and was proportionately sulky and reserved to his superiors.—"Beautiful enough, sir," said the keeper, with an emphasis on the first word.

'"Why, has it any other fault?"—"Not so wholesome as pretty, sir."

'"What harm does it do?"—"Fever, and ague, and rheumatism, sir."

'"Where?" asked Lancelot, a little amused by the man's laconic answers.—"Wherever the white fog spreads, sir."

'"Where 's that?"—"Every where, sir."

'"And when?"—"Always, sir." Lancelot burst out laughing. The man looked up at him slowly and seriously.

'"You wouldn't laugh, sir, if you had seen much of the inside of these cottages round."—"Really," said Lancelot, "I was only laughing at our making such very short work of such a long and serious story. Do you mean that the unhealthiness of this country is wholly caused by the river?"

'"No, sir. The river-damps are God's sending; and so they are not too bad to bear. But there 's more of man's sending that is too bad to bear."—"What do you mean?"

'"Are men likely to be healthy when they are worse housed than a pig?"—"No."

'"And worse fed than a hound?"—"Good heavens! No!"

'"Or packed together to sleep, like pilchards in a barrel?"—"But, my good fellow, do you mean that the labourers here are in that state?"

'"It isn't far to walk, sir. Perhaps, some day, when the may-fly is gone off, and the fish won't rise awhile, you could walk down and see. I beg your pardon, sir, though, for thinking of such a thing. They are not places fit for gentlemen, that's certain." There was a staid irony in his tone, which Lancelot felt.

'"But the clergyman goes?"—"Yes, sir."

'"And Miss Honoria goes?"—"Yes, God Almighty bless her!"

'"And do not they see that all goes right?" The giant twisted his huge limbs, as if trying to avoid an answer, and yet not daring to do so.

'"Do clergymen go about among the poor much, sir, at college, before they are ordained?" Lancelot smiled, and shook his head. "I thought so, sir. Our good vicar is like the rest hereabouts. God knows, he stints neither time nor money—the souls of the poor are well looked after, and their bodies, too—as far as his purse will go; but that 's not far."

'"Is he ill-off, then?"—"The living's worth some forty pounds a year. The great tithes, they say, are worth better than twelve hundred; but Squire Lavington has them."

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'"Oh, I see!" said Lancelot.—"I'm glad you do, sir; for I don't," meekly answered Tregarva. "But the vicar, sir, he is a kind man and a good; but the poor don't understand him, nor he them. He is too learned, sir, and, saving your presence, too fond of his prayer-book."

'"One can't be too fond of a good thing!"—"Not unless you make an idol of it, sir, and fancy that men's souls were made for the Prayer-book, and not the Prayer-book for them."

"But cannot he expose and redress these evils, if they exist?" Tregarva twisted about again. "I do not say that I think it, sir; but this I know, that every poor man in the vale thinks it—that the parsons are afraid of the landlords. They must see these things, for they are not blind; and they try to plaster them up out of their own pockets."

'"But why, in God's name, don't they strike at the root of the matter, and go straight to the landlords and tell them the truth?" asked Lancelot. —"So people say, sir. I see no reason for it, except the one which I gave you. Besides, sir, you must remember that a man can't quarrel with his own kin; and so many of them are their squire's brothers, or sons, or nephews."

'"Or good friends with him, at least."—"Ay, and more, sir; to do them justice, they had need, for the poor's sake, to keep good friends with the squire. How else are they to get a farthing for schools, or coal-subscriptions, or lying-in societies, or lending libraries, or penny-clubs? If they spoke their minds to the great ones, sir, how could they keep the parish together?"

'"You seem to see both sides of a question, certainly. But what a miserable state of things, that the labouring man should require all these societies, and charities, and helps from the rich!—that an industrious freeman cannot live without alms!"—"So I have thought this long time," quietly answered Tregarva.

'"But Miss Honoria, she is not afraid to tell her father the truth?"—"Suppose, sir, when Adam and Eve were in the garden, that all the devils had come up and played their fiends' tricks before them,—do you think they'd have seen any shame in it?"

'"I really cannot tell," said Lancelot, smiling.—"Then I can, sir. They'd have seen no more harm in it than there was harm already in themselves; and that was none. 'The eye only sees what it brings with it, the power of seeing.'" Lancelot started: it was a favourite *dictum* of his in Carlyle's works.

'"Where did you get that thought, my friend?"—"By seeing, sir."

'"But what has that to do with Miss Honoria?"—"She is an angel of holiness herself, sir; and, therefore, she goes on without blushing or suspecting, where our blood would boil again. She sees people in want, and thinks it must be so, and pities them and relieves them. But she don't know want herself; and, therefore, she don't know that it makes men beasts and devils. She's as pure as God's light herself; and, therefore, she fancies every one is as spotless as she is. And there's another mistake in your charitable great people, sir. When they see poor folk sick or hungry before their eyes, they pull out their purses fast enough, God bless them; for they wouldn't like to be so themselves. But the oppression that goes on all the year round, and the want that goes on all the year round, and the filth, and the lying, and the swearing, and the profligacy that go on all the year round, and the sickening weight of debt, and the miserable grinding anxiety from rent-day to rent-day, and Saturday night to Saturday night, that crushes a man's soul down, and drives every thought out of his head but how he is to fill his stomach and warm his

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back, and keep a house over his head, till he daren't for his life take his thoughts one moment off the meat that perisheth. Oh, sir, they never felt this; and, therefore, they never dream that there are thousands who pass them in their daily walks who feel this, and feel nothing else!"

'This outburst was uttered with an earnestness and majesty which astonished Lancelot. He forgot the subject in the speaker.

'"You are a very extraordinary gamekeeper!" said he.—"When the Lord shews a man a thing, he can't well help seeing it," answered Tregarva, in his usual staid tone.

'There was a pause. The keeper looked at him with a glance, before which Lancelot's eyes fell.

'"Hell is paved with hearsays, sir."—*Yeast*, pp. 45—50.

Not long after Tregarva takes our hero to a country fair, a lugubrious festivity, forcibly described, and probably from the life, but told with a hardness and prominence of the darker features that prove Mr. Kingsley's sympathies do not lie with the agricultural poor. There is too much contempt mingled with his pity; their stolid rusticity has apparently repelled him. We know what patience is needed to get at the ideas of men accustomed to out-door solitary labour, and we can well fancy how slow and hesitating would be the response of their sluggish understanding, to this bright, perhaps impatient, intellect. No man does himself so little justice as a ploughman; and where it points an argument to prove him irrecoverably stupid, the victim of a long course of oppression and misgovernment, what a helpless clod he can be, shown out of his own mouth to be! though, after all, he has a wit of his own, if we can but reach it. His very utterance, however, is a hindrance, if, as we are told,—

'He tried to listen to the conversation of the men round him. To his astonishment he hardly understood a word of it. It was half articulate, nasal, guttural, made up almost entirely of vowels, like the speech of savages. He had never before been struck with the significant contrast between the sharp, clearly defined articulation, the vivid and varied tones of the gentleman, or even of the London street-boy, when compared with the coarse, half-formed growls, as of a company of seals, which he heard round him. That single fact struck him, perhaps, more deeply than any; it connected itself with many of his physiological fancies; it was the parent of many thoughts and plans of his after-life. Here and there he could distinguish a half-sentence.'—*Yeast*, pp. 227, 228.

But Tregarva and his revelations are only episodes, growing out of the new life inspired into our hero by the birth of a real and worthy passion. The fair and proud Argemone enthrals his whole being as he comes under her influence, which, of course, follows on his return to society. The points of union between these two lie, on his side, in worship of her beauty; in hers, that she has found a willing subject for her didactic powers. Mr. Kingsley is certainly liberal in this respect to

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pretty women. Penetrated with a sense of their own power and importance, they preach and lecture a great deal, and are uniformly listened to with more than patience, with enthusiasm, by their votaries, who cry in concert, 'go on.' This taste leads him to prefer women marked by some distinction which subjects them to general attention and admiration. The quiet, unpretending, domestic type of woman, so dear to most hearts, has no charm for his imagination, which craves for something more striking and piquante, for qualities which suggest the idea of patronage; for after all, the high flights, pretensions, and accomplishments of his heroines have always something akin to the feats or the declamation of a child, which we admire with a sense of superiority and secret reservation. The woman is, in fact, an exhibition, never sufficient for herself, but dependent on spectators or an audience, and so far in a position inferior to serene mediocrity, content in its own place, and indifferent to praise and homage. It is this propensity which makes our author's women rather the seekers than the sought. Either as preachers, or philosophers, or actresses, or flirts, they call the men around them, they invite; they are not simply attractive, they attract. Argemone is by no means the leading instance of this, but she comes first on the list. One of the early days of Lancelot's convalescence we find her first 'favouring the artist with her three hundred and sixty-fifth philippic against his beard,' and next taking Lancelot in hand in the following style:—

'"I wonder how Mr. Smith can be so rude as to sit there in my presence over his stupid perch? Smoking those horrid cigars, too! What selfish animals those field-sports make men!"

'"Thank you," said the colonel, with a low bow.

'Lancelot rose. "If a country girl, now, had spoken in that tone," said he to himself, "it would have been called at least saucy, but Mammon's elect ones may do anything!"

'"Well, here I come, limping to my new tyrant's feet, like Goethe's bear to Lile's."

'She drew him away, as women only know how, from the rest of the party, who were chatting and laughing with Claude. She had shewn off her fancied indifference to Lancelot before them, and now begun in a softer voice,—"Why will you be so shy and lonely, Mr. Smith?"

'"Because I am not fit for your society."

'"Who tells you so? Why will you not become so?" Lancelot hung down his head. "As long as fish and game are your only society, you will become more and more *morne* and self-absorbed."

'"Really, fish were the last things of which I was thinking when you came. My whole heart was filled with the beauty of nature, and nothing else."

'There was an opening for one of Argemone's preconcerted orations.

'"Had you no better occupation," she said, gently, "than nature, the first day of returning to the open air after so frightful and dangerous an accident? Were there no thanks due to One above?"

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'Lancelot understood her. "How do you know that I was not even then showing my thankfulness?"

'"What! with a cigar and a fishing-rod?"—"Certainly. Why not?"

'Argemone really could not tell at the moment. The answer upset her scheme entirely.

'"Might not that very admiration of nature have been an act of worship?" continued our hero. "How can we better glorify the worker, than by delighting in His work?"

'"Ah!" sighed the lady, "why trust to these self-willed methods, and neglect the noble and exquisite forms which the Church has prepared for us as embodiments for every feeling of our hearts?"

'"*Every* feeling, Miss Lavington?"

'Argemone hesitated. She had made the good old stock assertion, as in duty bound; but she could not help recollecting that there were several Popish books of devotion at that moment on her table, which seemed to her to patch a gap or two in the Prayer-book.

'"My temple, as yet," said Lancelot, "is only the heaven and the earth; my church-music I can hear all day long, whenever I have the sense to be silent, and 'hear my mother sing;' my priests and preachers are every bird and bee, every flower and cloud. Am I not well enough furnished? Do you want to reduce my circular infinite chapel to an oblong hundred-foot one? My sphere-harmonies to the Gregorian tones in four parts? My world-wide priesthood, with their endless variety of costume, to one not over-educated gentleman in a white sheet? And my dreams of naiads and flower-fairies, and the blue-bells ringing God's praises, as they do in *The Story without an End*, for the gross reality of naughty charity children, with their pockets full of apples, bawling out Hebrew psalms of which they neither feel nor understand a word?"

'Argemone tried to look very much shocked at this piece of bombast. Lancelot evidently meant it as such, but he eyed her all the while as if there was solemn earnest under the surface.

'"Oh, Mr. Smith!" she said, "how can you dare talk so of a Liturgy compiled by the wisest and holiest of all countries and ages? You revile that of whose beauty you are not qualified to judge!"

"There must be a beauty in it all, or such as you are would not love it."

'"Oh," she said, hopefully, "that you would but try the Church system!"—*Yeast*, pp. 56—59.

Argemone soon finds 'she cannot cope with his quaint logic,' and turns hastily away, to shake off the spell of his 'influence.' Then follows a wild appeal on his part to her woman's nature:—

'"Has woman forgotten her mission?—to look at the heart and have mercy, while cold man looks at the act and condemns? Do you, too, like the rest of mankind, think no-belief better than misbelief; and smile on hypocrisy, lip-assent, practical Atheism, sooner than on the unpardonable sin of making a mistake? Will you, like the rest of this wise world, let a man's spirit rot asleep into the pit, if he will only lie quiet and not disturb your smooth respectabilities; but if he dares, in waking, to yawn in an unorthodox manner, knock him on the head at once, and 'break the bruised reed,' and 'quench the smoking flax?' And yet you Church-goers have 'renounced the world!'"

'"What do you want, in Heaven's name?" asked Argemone, half terrified.

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'"I want *you* to tell me that. Here I am, with youth, health, strength, money,—every blessing of life, but one; and I am utterly miserable. I want some one to tell me what I want."

'"Is it not that you want—religion?"

'"I see hundreds who have what you call religion, with whom I should scorn to change my irreligion."

'"But, Mr. Smith, are you not—are you not very wicked? They tell me so," said Argemone, with an effort. "And is not that the cause of your disease?"

'Lancelot laughed. "No, fairest prophetess, it is the disease itself. 'Why am I what I am, when I know more and more daily what I could be?' That is the mystery; and my sins are the fruit, and not the root of it. Who will explain that?"—*Yeast*, pp. 62, 63.

This conversation is interrupted by Honoria's dog falling into the mill weir. All the men present exhibit feats of strength and skill, but it remains for Tregarva to jump into the water and save the dog, at such risk to his own life that he is all but drowned. The scene seems devised for the sole purpose of showing that Honoria is aware of the man's feelings towards herself, and favourably influenced by them, and that others are aware of both these facts, and *show* that they are. As the author has not courage to make anything *follow* upon this, we cannot but regard the whole as a gratuitous breach of delicacy and propriety. The same may be said of the consequences of another accident, where the Lavington family, returning from a dinner-party, are thrown out of their carriage, and Argemone is put under Lancelot's charge to walk home. These young people, in the dawn of their attachment, which commonly produces reserve and consciousness, can find no better subject for conversation than love itself, suggested by the love of the nightingale, singing at that moment for its mate, passing on to the love of angels, and the question whether the angelic life is single, which the hero stoutly combats, attributing the received view to early fathers and middle age monks,—from thence to the love of mortals, and its temporal or eternal duration. After some pauses and significant breaks, the conversation thus ends. She asks what he is going to do this summer. He replies—

'"I wish this summer, for the first time in my life, to try and do some good—to examine a little into the real condition of English working-men."

'"I am afraid, Mr. Smith, that I did not teach you that duty."

'"Oh, you have taught me priceless things! You have taught me beauty is the sacrament of heaven, and love its gate; that that which is the most luscious is also the most pure."

'"But I never spoke a word to you on such subjects."

'"There are those, Miss Lavington, to whom a human face can speak truths too deep for books."

'Argemone was silent; but she understood him.'—*Yeast*, pp. 122, 123.

Our readers must not regard this and many similar passages as mere rhodomontade. They would be doing Mr. Kingsley

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great injustice. He is, in fact, calmly asserting a principle, and defending true religion from what he thinks a dangerous encroachment, by asserting the moral worth of physical beauty. It is a part of his enlarged Protestantism, an engrafting of the religion of the Greeks upon the Gospel, as further exhibited in such mystic sentences as the following:—'The very essential 'idea of Protestantism is the dignity and divinity of man as God 'has made him.' This he opposes to Catholic ideas of spiritual beauty,—a beauty not of form but of soul. It is one of his most frequent grudges against asceticism, that it mars and pales physical beauty, substituting a certain beauty of expression for it. No; Protestantism demands a rounded flowing outline, and hues of the lily and the rose; fair things that will never need a champion, and which we do not mean to undervalue by this allusion to our author's creed. The worship of physical beauty necessarily includes the worship of strength. Argemone finds her ideas on this subject disturbed by Lancelot's influence; for whereas she had inclined to practices which diminish the animal vigour, and had, under the Vicar's influence, acquired a contempt for mere brute force, she suddenly awakes to a reverence for feats of daring and herculean strength. She extracts a promise from Lancelot not to join a gang of poachers; but we are assured that little would she have valued obedience to her commands. The skill with which, in the encounter, he brings the London pugilist senseless to the ground after several rounds, is far more to her real taste. This connexion of physical strength with Protestantism, and bodily weakness and want of muscle with Catholicism, is carried out to its fullest extent in 'Westward, Ho!' so we may leave it here.

Argemone forgives and admires her pupil for his prowess, and takes him in hand, in defiance of her mother's natural objections, to read with him, and instruct him; a process which soon leads to a reverse of their relative positions; for Lancelot's strong intellect, and bold reasons, soon upset her card-castle, founded on authority. She feels him her superior, and cannot escape from his arguments, and indeed, soon does not wish to escape them. Days thus passed in exclusive intimate companionship, of course produce their natural result on both. Lancelot becomes deeply enamoured of his fair preceptress, and this passion is represented as the true purifier, where the precepts of religion had failed, awakening in him paroxysms of remorse for the past, which impel him to wander all night long in the woods, and even suggest the idea of suicide. All this while he has avowedly no God but nature; the slightest fact about a bone or a weed, is more to him than all the books of divinity Argemone lends him; till at length she pathetically asks him what he does believe,

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and he stamps on the ground, and answers, 'I believe *in this.*' Nor do we find that his opinions ever assume a much more definite or dogmatic form while we are acquainted with him, though we are given to understand he is open to conviction, if there is anybody to convince him. In the meanwhile, Argemone begins to discover that she is in love with this infidel. In despair at the scrape in which she finds herself, she, as a parallel to her lover's glimpse of suicide, proposes to herself to take a vow of perpetual celibacy, a notion which a little further reflection dispels. In the end they meet, the scene begins in storms, she even presents her Bible and takes a formal leave; but the sympathies of the novel reader are never too severely tried by Mr. Kingsley, and the desired understanding is reached at last.

In the meanwhile, the ascetic Vicar, who has been on the *qui vive* at this new antagonistic influence interposing between him and his promising pupil, has his appointed part to play in the drama, which we must give in detail as an example of our author's polemical fairness. The Vicar is aquainted with Lancelot's uncle, a London banker, whom he has put under obligation to himself, by reclaiming his son from a course of profligacy. To him he goes, with the intention of inducing him to recall his nephew to town, by alarming stories of his scepticism and general evil courses. How he should expect to succeed in this difficult undertaking, considering that the young man is absolutely his own master, we are not told. He finds the banker in all the miseries of a run upon his bank, which gives place for a long discussion on the commercial system, not without ingenuity, but conspicuously the theories of a man who knows really nothing of his subject. The Vicar obtains admission to the back parlour, where the banker sits awaiting the end. Lancelot's fortune is involved; it is important he should see his nephew; indeed, an interview with him may save both the bank and Lancelot's fortune; if he does not arrive in time, utter ruin is the consequence to both uncle and nephew. There is urgent need of a messenger; the Vicar returns home that night, and pledges himself to deliver the letter in time. All the while the words—'unless he comes up to-night, he is a ruined man,' ring in his ears, and suggest evil thoughts. Moreover, it was Friday, and he had been fasting, and was therefore a prey to his own fancies, which tell him that it would be a good thing for Argemone and other people, if Lancelot *was* ruined; that riches were a curse, and not a blessing, and that therefore Lancelot was better without them, and a great deal more, so that in the end the Vicar deliberately keeps the letter till it is too late, and instead pays a visit to his quondam convert, the banker's son, who has just turned papist. In

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returning from an unsatisfactory interview with him, he passes the union workhouse, and finds a crowd of wretched poor who had been refused admittance:—

'Delighted to escape from his own thoughts by anything like action, he pulled out his purse to give an alms. There was no silver in it, but only some fifteen or twenty sovereigns, which he had that day received as payment for some bitter reviews in a leading religious periodical. Every thing that night seemed to shame and confound him more. As he touched the money, there sprung up in his mind in an instant the thought of the articles which had procured it * * * their blind prejudice; their reckless imputations of motives; their wilful concealment of any palliating clauses; their party nicknames, given without a shudder at the terrible accusations which they conveyed. And then the indignation, the shame, the reciprocal bitterness, which those articles would excite, tearing still wider the bleeding wounds of that Church which they professed to defend! And then, in this case, too, the thought rushed across him, "What if I should have been wrong and my adversary right? What if I have made the heart of the righteous sad whom God has not made sad? I! to have been dealing out heaven's thunders, as if I were infallible! I, who am certain at this moment of no fact in heaven or earth except my own untruth! God! who am I that I should judge another? And the coins seemed to him like the price of blood. He fancied that he felt them red hot to his hand, and, in his eagerness to get rid of the accursed thing, he dealt it away fiercely to the astonished group, amid whining and flattery, wrangling and ribaldry; and then, not daring to wait and see the use to which his money would be put, hurried off to the inn, and tried in uneasy slumbers to forget the time, until the mail passed through at daybreak on its way to Whitford.'—*Yeast*, pp. 211, 212.

This is pretty strong revenge for a sharp article, and will, we think, appear to our readers a strange occasion for censuring harsh judgments, when Mr. Kingsley is attributing such conduct and such morality as this to the party from whom *he* differs. But indeed, Mr. Kingsley has the very secret of harsh judgments, for he delights always to give the one principle he objects to free and unrestrained play, by forcing it to what *he thinks* its logical conclusions, and allowing no counteracting influences in the character he chooses for its development,—an error and a sin alike in fiction and in controversy, and equally opposed to nature, experience, and charity.

Lancelot is ruined, and bears his loss with a philosophy and an indifference of which fiction alone supplies us with a parallel. It is a pleasure to active minds to imagine absolute destitution as a condition to energize in and rise out. He rejects all aid, and determines to live by the labour of his hands; though, beyond carrying a mystic stranger's trunk, probably as unsubstantial as its master, for which he receives sixpence, we are not admitted to any of his straits and labours. Before this crisis, he is summoned down to Whitford, to the dying Argemone. She is trebly a victim; first, as the object of a traditional curse which attaches to her family—for Mr. Kingsley has a leaning to little superstitions—next, as fitly avenging on her father

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his neglect of the sanitary condition of his poor; and thirdly, she is a victim to the necessities of the piece; for stories which denounce the times, from Hamlet downwards, have no other course but to end sadly. There is a passionate scene between the lovers. She describes in excited language the cause of her illness, that a visit to a poor girl in a fever had first opened her eyes to the state of things in the village, and she had hurried from house to house, amidst sights and smells that haunted her night and day, till at length she caught the fever of which she was dying. We need not say that these details destroy the pathos that there might, but probably would not have been. Mr. Kingsley is lavish of tenderness and endearments in his love scenes, and describes a great deal of wild intense feeling, but somehow he cannot bring his lovers together; it is never real enough for sympathy. After Argemone's death, Lancelot falls in with a mysterious stranger, without name or locality, who talks of Prester John's country, and the Caucasian races, and who knows everything, and is up to all the topics of the day, who we are to suppose holds the solution of all the enigmas of the book in his hand, but who prefers for the present to leave the confusion more confounded than ever. With him the hero disappears into space, and we know no more of him; a lame and impotent conclusion enough: but the mode by which the author tells his readers that he has raised more questions than he knows how to answer. The story, as our readers probably remember, came out first anonymously in 'Fraser's Magazine.' It has subsequently been published as a whole, with revisions by the author. It is something that the following passage in the original impression finds no place in the recent edition. After professing to expect for all the rest of the characters in the book a downward course, it goes on:—

'For Lancelot alone, who has cast off all outward forms, customs, respectabilities, in the hope that he who loseth his life in the old system may save it in the new,—in the hope of reaching some ground of truth and righteousness, some everlasting rock-stratum whereon to build, utterly careless what the building may be, how contrary soever to prejudice and precedent, provided God and Nature help him in its construction,—for him alone I see land.'—*Fraser's Magazine*, vol. xxxviii. p. 711.

Second thoughts have had the same beneficial influence in some other instances; while the fate of Honoria, wasting away under some unknown disease, the result, we may presume, of an unfulfilled destiny, is a new feature altogether.

We have dwelt long on the author's first story, as showing the turn of thought and state of feeling which led him to write fiction. There was a necessity to disburden himself of a load; and having cast all his doubts and discontents on the readers, we believe, whatever the moral effect upon others, that the effect was salutary to himself. The connexion between thought

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and expression is so close in some minds, that the thought itself languishes when the opportunities for talking or writing of it are exhausted. The process of exhaustion was begun in 'Yeast,' and some grudges and difficulties cleared off. It was continued, with some modifications, in the next of the series, 'Alton Locke,' to which we now address ourselves. 'Yeast' showed the wrongs of the country—this aims at the abuses of cities, and exposes the sufferings and grievances of artisan life. The quicker intelligence and higher intellectual cultivation of this class are calculated to awaken a more genuine sympathy in our author: and, therefore, 'Alton Locke' is characterised by greater earnestness. He can feel for a Chartist artisan, living in a turmoil of eager speculation, full of schemes for political advancement and social change; spurning pity, and demanding rights. He can hardly be said to feel for the rustic, drudging on in lethargic patience, or helpless, silent discontent. Men must be social beings, ready and practised in interchange of thought, to excite his interest,—and men learn to talk in towns. Still we should hardly expect the working classes to be at heart satisfied with their champion. A lofty superiority constantly betrays itself; there is no seeing with *their* eyes, but through his own somewhat fastidious medium: a sort of fine-gentleman sympathy, which we do not blame but merely point out. We are not Chartists, and fully believe that while the world lasts, there will be social distinctions, with all the consequences of various degrees of refinement and knowledge. Others wish to think differently, and hope for absolute equality; but we cannot believe in the socialism of any man who possesses such a keen sense of the charms of a fine lady, that especial fruit and crown of social distinctions, as Mr. Kingsley always betrays. What has luxurious grace of manner to do with community of labour, and was Arcadia more a dream than the notion that courtly finish and sweet condescension of manner (we do not say how much they are worth; it is our author, not we, who appreciates them so highly) can exist with absolute equality in the whole human race? Whenever a lady comes on the scene, we feel that Mr. Kingsley is playing with his subject, and has never been able to put himself in the place of the men he delineates, who, happily, can see grace and beauty and all womanly perfection, where he only shrinks from awkwardness, homeliness, or vulgarity. But 'Woman!' so often apostrophised, is not woman in his eyes without *prestige* of some sort; and for this is needed a certain ultra and almost morbid cultivation.

'Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet,' as many of our readers know, is an autobiography, in which the hero's genius has to struggle all his life against adverse circumstances. They need not have been adverse, however, if he had been content to rise

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alone, for he is represented as receiving the most kind and liberal patronage; but his feelings for his class, his indignant sense of general oppression, are more potent than ambition, and he devotes all his powers to expose the wrongs of the people, and to rouse them to resistance. Somehow this course of action is felt to be incompatible with strong religious convictions: probably, experience shows it, though we have heard of good Churchmen in the labouring class who are for the six points. Such, however, are not likely to be met with in Mr. Kingsley's picture of Chartism, who has set himself the task of showing how every existing religious system fails in winning the affection and confidence of the masses. He is not without *esprit de corps;* and ready as he is to show the shortcomings and various failings of the establishment to which he belongs, the Dissenters are not allowed to find their advantage in the exposure. There is something narrow in small communions which irritates a certain class of minds not open to the importance of theological distinctions. From whatever cause, Mr. Kingsley does not like Dissenting ministers; and always shows them in ludicrous or unfavourable points of view. He sets them down as 'not the strong men of the day,' and allows them no consideration or consequence in the eyes of his demagogues, who, in 'Alton Locke,' talk and think a great deal more of the Church and the Clergy than we believe them to do in fact.

The hero's mother is a Baptist, thoroughly imbued with the Calvinistic tenets of her sect, and affords an instance of Mr. Kingsley's practice of pushing, what he holds mistaken religious opinions, to their legitimate conclusions. Her doctrines make her an unkind mother. She whips her child severely for disputing the predestinarian theory, and finally turns him out of doors at a mature age, when his doubts had grown into general scepticism, and never sees him again. Now, we can only say that we do not meet with this fruit of Calvinism, which is likely, and does actually produce an opposite result. The mother's instinct is stronger than abstract doctrines; these last, if erroneous, may make her careless and indifferent to the use of means, but surely do not make her cruel. However, she is priest-led by her favourite antenomian minister, who, with his milder colleague, she entertains frequently at her humble board, to the serious diminution of her means. When she has done her work of disgusting her son with religion, and apprenticed him to a tailor, we hear no more of her, but the fact of her death. Alton passes under other and very different influences. The man under whom he works, in the close workshop, is a Chartist, of moral life but avowed disbelief, and a chance-formed acquaintance, an old Scotchman, the keeper of a book-stall, also a Chartist; who, seeing the boy's eager, wistful interest in his books, takes his

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education in hand by lending him in turn all the books in his stock, and giving him besides a smattering of Latin. His mind, thus fostered, expands, and he begins to think in verse.

Alton has an uncle in a superior rank of life to his own, and who keeps an eye upon him when he becomes aware of his superior abilities. This uncle has a son George, who possesses the art and gift of getting on in the world. In many respects he shares the characteristics of Tom Thurnall, in 'Two Years Ago,' who is there a great favourite with the author. But this George, with his tall figure, handsome face, and frank manner, open profession of selfishness, and devotion to this same object of making his way in the world, is not intended to excite any pleasant or favourable feelings. We cannot but attribute the change to a growing liking for success, and for the qualities which ensure it. A young man who dresses and looks like a gentleman, and who is preparing for Cambridge, deserves some credit for patronising his cousin—a weak, sickly, journeyman tailor, who betrays his profession in his gait. But some secret, not very obvious, object is to be gained by the sacrifice; and he makes no step in our favour by his proposal of a walk to the Dulwich Gallery. There Alton sees a good picture for the first time, and stands in absorbed contemplation of Guido's 'S. Sebastian.' While thus engrossed he attracts the attention of a lady; one who plays a leading part in the book, as the exponent of the author's views, and who, now young, prosperous, and beautiful, has sympathies with genius, and the heart and understanding to foster it wherever found. Alton turns to answer; but before he meets her gaze, his own is arrested by her companion; a young lady of remarkable beauty, whose charms take the young tailor captive at the first glance and for ever. We do not believe this is the way poets of the people—take Burns for an example—fall in love. They do, and they should in fairness, magnify, and set their hearts on the Marys and the Jeans of their own class, not be caught by the glitter of fashion and tight fitting gloves, as in this case. Mere beauty has nothing to do with the act, apart from the chance of obtaining the prize, however little the mind is conscious of this condition. There are certain little threads and chords of sympathy which are needed for what are called, on this ground, attachments, and which could not possibly be touched in a reasonable, modest mind, by the mere patronising interest which the party here bestow upon him. For the ladies are accompanied by a Dean; a man of enlarged mind, and open, like them, to the claims of humble merit. George, the cousin, has been standing aloof, admiring, in his turn, and, perhaps, forming plans of his own, which he pursues with such peculiar craft and perseverance, that they

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result in carrying off the prize himself, to the infinite despair of the poor poet. But we have leapt to conclusions which do not arrive till near the end of the volume. Lilian, the object of so much devotion, is little better than a flirt. When, in the course of time, Alton is invited to her father, the Dean's, house, to show his verses and receive counsel and criticism, she sees his admiration only to encourage it; not, of course, with a dream of return, which, as he makes no mystery of his calling, is altogether out of the question, but simply for the gratification of the moment. Her wiser companion sees and tries to avert the mischief, and gets hated by Alton for her pains. This visit is the consequence of an expedition to Cambridge, where his cousin is now established as a fast man, and making all the friends he can. Here, again, it seems more disinterested good nature than we are allowed to think it, that he should invite Alton to his suppers, and give him rules how to behave in the new scene in which he finds himself. This expedition is his first sight of the world. When he left London to *walk* thither, he saw the country for the first time,—a thing clearly incredible, where there is the power to walk and the love of nature in the heart; but which gives occasion for some good descriptions of his first impressions. Take, for instance, the following fresh and natural passage, which we think very pleasant reading:—

'At last I came to a wood—the first real wood that I had ever seen; not a mere party of stately park trees growing out of smooth turf, but a real wild copse; tangled branches and grey stems fallen across each other; deep, ragged underwood of shrubs, and great ferns like princes' feathers, and gay beds of flowers, blue and pink and yellow, with butterflies flitting about them, and trailers that climbed and dangled from bough to bough—a poor, commonplace bit of copse, I dare say, in the world's eyes, but to me a fairy wilderness of beautiful forms, mysterious gleams and shadows, teeming with manifold life. As I stood looking wistfully over the gate, alternately at the inviting vista of the green-embroidered path, and then at the grim notice over my head, "All trespassers prosecuted," a young man came up the ride, dressed in velveteen jacket and leather gaiters, sufficiently bedrabbled with mud. A fishing-rod and basket bespoke him some sort of destroyer, and I saw in a moment that he was "a gentleman." After all, there is such a thing as looking like a gentleman. There are men whose class no dirt or rags could hide, any more than they could Ulysses. I have seen such men in plenty among workmen, too; but, on the whole, the gentlemen—by whom I do not mean just now the rich—have the superiority in that point. But not, please God, for ever. Give us the same air, water, exercise, education, good society, and you will see whether this "haggardness," this "coarseness," &c. &c. for the list is too long to specify, be an accident, or a property, of the man of the people.

'"May I go into your wood?" asked I at a venture, curiosity conquering pride.

'"Well! what do you want there, my good fellow?"

'"To see what a wood is like—I never was in one in my life."

'"Humph! well—you may go in for that, and welcome. Never was in a wood in his life!—poor devil!"

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'"Thank you!" quoth I. And I slowly clambered over the gate. He put his hand carelessly on the top rail, vaulted over it like a deer, and then turned to stare at me.

'"Hullo! I say—I forgot—don't go far in, or ramble up and down, or you'll disturb the pheasants."

'I thanked him again for what licence he had given me—went in, and lay down by the path-side.

'Here, I suppose, by the rules of modern art, a picturesque description of the said wood should follow; but I am the most incompetent person in the world to write it. And, indeed, the whole scene was so novel to me, that I had no time to analyse; I could only enjoy. I recollect lying on my face and fingering over the delicately cut leaves of the weeds, and wondering whether the people who lived in the country thought them as wonderful and beautiful as I did;—and then I recollected the thousands whom I had left behind, who, like me, had never seen the green face of God's earth; and the answer of the poor gamin in St. Giles's, who, when he was asked what the country was, answered, "*the yard where the gentlemen live when they go out of town*"—significant that, and pathetic; then I wondered whether the time would ever come when society would be far enough advanced to open to even such as he a glimpse, if it were only once a year, of the fresh, clean face of God's earth;—and then I became aware of a soft, mysterious hum, above and around me, and turned on my back to look whence it proceeded, and saw the leaves, gold, green and transparent in the sunlight, quivering against the deep heights of the empyrean blue; and hanging in the sunbeams that pierced the foliage, a thousand insects, like specks of fire, that poised themselves motionless on thrilling wings, and darted away, and returned to hang motionless again; —and I wondered what they ate, and whether they thought about anything, and whether they enjoyed the sunlight;—and then that brought back to me the times when I used to lie dreaming in my crib on summer mornings, and watched the flies dancing reels between me and the ceilings;—and that again brought the thought of Susan and my mother; and I prayed for them—not sadly—I could not be sad there;—and prayed that we might all meet again some day and live happily together; perhaps in the country, where I could write poems in peace; and then, by degrees, my sentences and thoughts grew incoherent, and in happy, stupid animal comfort, I faded away into a heavy sleep, which lasted an hour or more, till I was awakened by the efforts of certain enterprising great black and red ants, who were trying to found a small Algeria in my left ear.—*Alton Locke*, p. 93.

He passes through a village and sees the Parson and his wife visiting from house to house, a sight the young Chartist had not expected to see; and falling into conversation with a labourer, extorts from him some facts about the Clergy more favourable than he was prepared for. But of his informant he complains:—

'I was surprised at the difficulty with which I got into conversation with the man; at his stupidity, feigned or real, I could not tell which; at the dogged, suspicious reserve with which he eyed me, and asked me whether I was "one of they parts?" and whether I was a Londoner, and what I wanted on the tramp, and so on, before he seemed to think it safe to answer a single question. He seemed, like almost every labourer I ever met, to have something on his mind; to live in a state of perpetual fear and concealment. When, however, he found I was both a cockney and a

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passer-by, he began to grow more communicative, and told me, "Ees—that were the parson, sure enough."'—*Alton Locke*, p. 95.

He pursues his journey, and is becoming footsore and jaded, when a burly farmer drives past him and gives him a lift. This man is designed as a sort of type of the intelligence of the fen counties, and probably of small farmers generally. We are sceptical as to the accuracy of his dialect; but the dim fog of his understanding, out of which feeling and pity shine as through a mist, is well portrayed. He is attracted to Alton on finding he is a tailor; and it comes out that one of his four gigantic sons is a tailor also, lost sight of now for months, and, as Alton suspects, held in miserable bondage in some 'sweater's' den, where the more helpless and dissipated of the craft fall into the hands of designing ruffians, who contrive to keep them slaves and prisoners, feed them scantily, and live upon their toil. The sorrows and wrongs of this particular class of labour have been exposed, not only in this volume, but in more official documents. We need not enter into them now, except to explain that the apprehension of this fate for his son brings the farmer up to London, where he is introduced by Alton Locke to his friend the old Scotchman. The two minds, fruits, respectively, of town and rural cultivation, are brought into what we think unfair and overdrawn contrast as representatives of classes, but with great spirit and cleverness. The yeoman is awestruck by the eccentric arrangements of Mackaye's shop and dwelling all in one, which not unnaturally suggest the idea of conjuring to his mind, and he proposes this method of finding his missing son. The subject elicits much learning and speculation in the keen town wit, used to express himself with clearness, and a fine confusion and double stranded train of thought and memory in the rustic.

'"Aweel—I'm no that disinclined to believe in the occult sciences. I dinna haud a'thegither wi' Salverte. There was mair in them than Magia naturalis, I'm thinking. Mesmerism and magic-laterns, benj and opium, winna explain all facts, Alton, laddie. Dootless they were an unco' barbaric an empiric method o' expressing the gran' truth o' man's mastery ower matter. But the interpenetration o' the spiritual an' physical worlds is a gran' truth too; an' aiblins the Deity might ha' allowed witchcraft, just to teach that to puir barbarous folk—signs and wonders, laddie, to mak them believe in somewhat mair than the beasts that perish: an' so ghaists an' warlocks might be a necessary element o' the divine education in dark and carnal times. But I've no read o' a case in which necromancy, nor geomancy, nor coskinomancy, nor any ither mancy, was applied to sic a purpose as this. Unco gude they were, may be, for the discovery o' stolen spunes—but no that o' stolen tailors."

'Farmer Porter had listened to this harangue, with mouth and eyes gradually expanding between awe and the desire to comprehend; but at the last sentence his countenance fell.

'"So I'm thinking, Mister Porter, that the best witch in siccan a case is ane that ye may find at the police-office."

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'"Anan?"

'"Thae detective police are gran' necromancers an' canny in their way: an' I just took the liberty, a week agone, to ha' a crack wi' ane o' 'em. And noo, gin ye're inclined, we'll leave the whusky awhile, and gang up to that cave o' Trophawnius, ca'd by the vulgar Bow-street, an' speir for tidings o' the twa lost sheep."

'So to Bow-street we went, and found our man, to whom the farmer bowed with obsequiousness most unlike his usual burly independence. He evidently half suspected him to have dealings with the world of spirits: but whether he had such or not, they had been utterly unsuccessful; and we walked back again, with the farmer between us, half-blubbering—

'"I tell ye, there's nothing like ganging to a wise 'ooman. Bless ye, I mind one up to Guy Hall, when I was a bairn, that two Irish reapers coom down, and murthered her for the money—and if you lost aught she'd vind it, so sure as the church—and a mighty hand to cure burns; and they two villains coom back, after harvest, seventy mile to do it—and when my vather's cows was shrew-struck, she made un be draed under a brimble as growed together at the both ends, she a praying like mad all the time; and they never got nothing but fourteen shilling and a crooked sixpence; for why, the devil carried off all the rest of her money: and I seen um both a-hanging in chains by Wisbeach river, with my own eyes. So when they Irish reapers comes into the vens, our chaps always says, 'Yow goo to Guy Hall, there's yor brithren a-waitin' for yow,' and that do make um joost mad loike, it do. I tell ye there's nowt like a wise 'ooman, for vinding out the likes o' this."'—*Alton Locke*, pp. 156, 157.

Alton Locke, in the course of the story, becomes an acknowledged poet of the people, and a Chartist. The Dean's kind patronage has resulted in disgrace; for he was persuaded by him, against his own judgment, to modify some of the more fiercely democratic passages; a sacrifice to prudence which brings on him the suspicion of his party, which he has to regain, in the end, by heading the wildest Chartist schemes. He goes down to the country as a deputation to address a Chartist gathering; but the clowns, too thick-headed for argument, misinterpret what he says, and before he can stop them, break into a farm-yard and burn farm and ricks down to the ground. Alton is taken up as a ringleader of the riot, and is thought well off to escape with three years' imprisonment, which years embitter his temper, aggravate all his grievances against the world, and give his cousin time to carry all his ends. Our hero had had the anguish, during his trial, to discover Lilian an unmoved spectator. From his prison windows he had witnessed the gradual building of a church in fair architectural proportions, and discerned a figure whom he recognised as his cousin, daily officiating there, and carrying out the High Church system; and one day had the additional pang of suspecting that a light female form tripping by his side was his own adored Lilian. This young lady had, in fact, been won, and Alton emerges into the world again in time to witness, through a singular fatality, some concluding acts of courtship. These are trials of which the reader can hardly find sympathy. No one can wish

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a wealthy Dean's daughter to marry a Chartist tailor, whatever his genius; and no one can look forward to the time when such unions will be possible or desirable. Then follows the great Chartist demonstration of 1848, which ends to the bitter disgust of our hero, who, from despair and contact with infection, in a scene which gives scope to Mr. Kingsley's taste for horrors, catches a fever, and we find him and his friend the Scotchman, and Crosthwaite, the head of the party, who plays a conspicuous part in the story, all brought under the influence and protection of Eleanor, that fair patroness, who might have done so much for Alton Locke but for Lilian's fascinations. This lady has gone through a course of suffering and bereavement which fits her for that peculiar position of preacher-prophetess with which Mr. Kingsley likes to invest the sex. She is the exponent of his own views, and preaches Christian Chartism, and points out errors and mistakes to ears so willing, docile, and persuadable, that we almost wonder at the fiercely antagonistic attitude they have held throughout the story. The main fault we find with her teaching, and all the implied teaching of these stories is, that there is so little looking forward and looking *up* in it; so little thought of heaven, so little hope. The aspirations are of making this earth a Paradise rather than looking for a Paradise out of this world. She had dedicated herself and her fortune, since her widowhood, to the service of the people, especially her own sex, whom she associates with on equal terms, founding institutions for their reformation and homes for their associated labour. She now helps Crosthwaite and our hero to emigrate, and the story concludes with the account of Alton Locke's death within sight of land, that magnificent western scenery which had been the dream of his, and apparently of the author's life. The treacherous cousin, having succeeded in every object of his ambition, dies of the same fever as our hero, and caught from the same source. Judgment—Mr. Kingsley is fond of judgments—reaches him at last in the form of a coat which had been made on the 'buy-cheap and sell-dear' system, which he had encouraged all his life, by a wretched victim of competition, who had used the said coat as a covering to his naked and perishing wife and children.

There is a rise in tone in 'Alton Locke' from the mere unsettling incredulity of 'Yeast:' the assertion of some positive faith, and the setting down of *some* forms of unbelief. As we have said before, he proclaims the Clergy as the rightful reformers and guides of the working classes, and has no faith in various nostrums of mere morality which other reformers have promulgated; setting down the Howitt and Eliza Cook school as having no more power against the raging mass of crime and

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misery than 'a peacock's feather against a three-decker.' But they must be Clergy of his own making, and not at all clerical. He complains that if the Clergy, as they are, teach at all, they are bigoted and narrow, and expect their pupils to receive their dogmas. Now, really, if the Clergy are to teach, they must teach what they believe themselves; and if they are members of the Church, they must teach what she teaches. It is preposterous for the disciple to dictate the line of thought to the master; but we are given to understand that only on this condition will the political section of the working class consent to learn. One mode of winning their confidence he believes to be the casting aside all differences or peculiarities of tone and manner in treating religious subjects, which he calls a symbol of the separation and discrepancy between their daily thoughts and their religious ones, rather than a sign of reverence. He would have them—and he certainly acts on the opinion in the way to shock tender and scrupulous minds—talk on the most sacred subjects and the most awful mysteries with precisely the same freedom and fearlessness as on any common topic, never to be afraid of uttering any thought that suggests itself, never to shrink from the results of the same liberty in others. For ourselves we are convinced that under the sanction and encouragement of such a system, minds grow proud of the scepticism or audacious speculation of which they were before—and justly—ashamed; and that even truth itself may be held in an irreverent spirit, which deprives it of its efficacy. There is a mode in this school of holding up our Lord as the pattern and type of whatever ideas and desires possess men's minds—as, for instance, the 'true genius,' the 'true demagogue'—very offensive to unaccustomed ears, and from which we are sure no good will come. The same spirit shows itself in the use of Scripture language, and the application of particular passages, lowering them from a spiritual to a temporal meaning, or caught by a mere verbal bearing on the subject in hand. But it is time to pass on.

'Hypatia' is perhaps the most brilliant of Mr. Kingsley's fictions. The period of change, commotion, and crime, is adapted to his genius, which inclines to the turbid and exciting. His great facility at harmonizing and arranging facts to his own purposes is indulged at little risk of question and contradiction from the ordinary reader, who probably does not come to the perusal of 'Hypatia' as well up in the political and ecclesiastical history of the fourth and fifth centuries as he has made himself; and the unfamiliar scenery and manners of the place and time, give freshness and originality to much graphic and eloquent description. There is an evident delight in the act of reproducing scenes and interests so long passed by, in giving life and body to

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mere names, which engages the sympathy of the reader. The ready flow gives an impromptu, improvised air; and ease and a sense of power always impart a charm. Altogether we have a first impression of surprise that 'Hypatia' has not won a more general popularity than we suppose it to have done; but several adverse causes no doubt counteract the attractive qualities of mere brilliancy. In the first place, no distant period can interest like our own times, for its topics do not come home to the reader in the same manner, and no genius can quite get over this law; and next, the under-current of meaning detracts from the *bonâ fide* character of the story. People scent a sort of allegory in these lessons from old times; they are not exactly what they pretend to be, and here, in spite of that fine indifference to right and wrong which the surface sometimes affects, the reader knows that something is taught, if not a moral, yet a view. He sees the author has some purpose beyond what appears. And his book is suspected and eyed askance as though instruction and the inculcation of a principle lay hid and might start out when least expected. For this reason, these clever adaptations of old times to modern, whether papist or sceptical, will never lay hold of the popular sympathy; their pretence of showing us human nature—men, women, as they really are—is little more than a sham; they are showing us men and women in an allegory. However sharp and clever the dialogue, however brilliant the scene, the heart of the artist has some ulterior aim which prevents him from being honest of human nature. We are not sure that the very cleverness does not stand in the way of success, as it certainly does in the way of nature. The delight of busy excited intellects in a kindred readiness, coolness, self-possession and repartee, is so great, that probabilities are constantly obscured by the exhibition of these qualities at inappropriate times. They despise the lame way ordinary humanity has of meeting a difficulty. The vacillation, surprise, fear, perplexity, confusion of motives and ideas, that make trial what it is to most men, have no place in their sympathies. Perhaps, not more can they conceive of the raising above themselves of higher spirits when trial comes to prove what manner of men they are, where the heart is laid bare and a new phase of nature revealed, of which neither themselves nor those nearest to them are aware. They will have nothing to do with characters whose wits are not always about them ready for action, whose intellect does not actually revel in the sense of being tested. We need never pity people who are always equal to the occasion. They go through many scenes which would be disagreeable to ourselves; but, if they can split straws in the very crisis of their fate and chop logic with the sword over

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their heads, they are independent of our compassion; and the mind grows weary, of persons whose thoughts and acts are invariably abnormal, who are informed by a monstrous intelligence, and to whom the ordinary motives and interests of humanity are secondary to certain intellectual crotchets. Nothing does instead of nature; the want of it oppresses like affectation of manners in conversation. It is a strain and a weariness, an unconscious opposition is always at work, for often it is unconscious, and we cannot tell why we are fatigued by really brilliant scenes. The constant force against the grain, the disappointed expectation, the outrage to our instinct of the probable, produces an effect on the reader long before he knows why. The attention flags even while the admiration is excited and the fancy is amused.

The attraction of this remote period for our author beyond its fertility in violent crime, lay no doubt in a certain sympathy with the old traditional modes of thought which the growing asceticism of the time made war against and finally quenched. He saw Protestantism in the liberty allowed to our instincts, in the reverence for beauty, in the worship of nature, which were revealed in many a pagan myth. His sympathies were violently excited for the fair things which asceticism for a time crushed out of the world. The two influences are brought into picturesque opposition, and at the point of greatest advantage for the dying creed, where history shows it embodied in a female form—Hypatia,—the last of the philosophers, young, beautiful, wise and pure, as she is represented to have been; her opponents, ferocious ascetics, who, in a paroxysm of lawless fury, literally tore her to pieces at the foot of a Christian altar, and were never called to account for the deed.

The subject is no doubt tempting to one whose great bugbear, as our readers are already aware, is asceticism. Anything that interferes with man's physical strength and beauty, and with the development of his whole nature, he is morbidly abhorrent of. Austerity in any creed meets with the same vituperation. There is something contemptible to our author in an ill-fed man; if the maceration is voluntary, so much the worse; if to low diet, celibacy be added, all his orthodoxy is roused, we have a manichee and a monster, open to any temptation, fit for every crime. These books evince an enthusiasm for reasonable self-indulgence which the good things of this life seldom excite in a merely abstract and moral point of view. He is equally indignant at the supposed motive for bodily mortifications—the saving of the soul. How miserable, how sordid, how beneath the dignity of human nature to be influenced by such merely selfish considerations! Persons so acting and so influenced

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assume a certain physiognomy which is frequently described. We should not quarrel with the following picture, (it has truth in it,) but that Mr. Kingsley ascribes to fanaticism a sort of patent for the disfiguring of the human face divine. The sins of the world and the flesh inflict no such deep degradation under his pencil.

'A large party of monks fresh from Nitria, with ragged hair and beards, and the peculiar expression of countenance which fanatics of all creeds acquire, fierce and yet abject, self-conscious and yet ungoverned, silly and yet sly, with features coarsened and degraded by continual fasting and self-torture, prudishly shrouded from head to heel in their long ragged gowns, were gesticulating wildly and loudly, and calling on their more peaceable companions, in no measured terms, to revenge some insult offered to the Church.'—*Hypatia*, p. 110.

This is not a theological article, and if it were we should not defend the monks of Nitria, but we must again observe that Mr. Kingsley's line has a tendency to magnify time and sense till they obscure (we fully believe without any such design on his part) future and spiritual hopes and joys. He makes no allowance for different temperaments, for those who to the Lord eat not, and give God thanks; people must be happy and good precisely in his way, or he has no faith them; there is something pugilistic in his demand for uniform good physical condition, as though the devil, to whom such perpetual allusion is made, and whose name seems sometimes paraded as a test of orthodoxy, must be met and defeated by mere carnal weapons. Certainly, no form the most extreme and lawless of self-indulgence is represented as having such fatal effects on the soul, as excess the other way. Life in the Alexandria of the period, no doubt, was a sort of centre and hot-bed of wickedness; heathenism in its dregs; a pretended hypocritical conversion in many still pagan or utterly unbelieving at heart; degenerate races, pitted against one another; the extremes of wealth and poverty, luxury and misery; all combined to induce a more than common licentiousness, of which two characters in 'Hypatia' are crying examples; both are intended to excite the reader's sympathy in their course, both become saints in the end. While those who were after all the champions of religion in their day, excite the reader's unmitigated indignation, Mr. Kingsley is like his own hero, who, 'to one class of sins (and that only) 'was inexorable — all but ferocious; to the sins, 'namely, of religious persons. In proportion to any man's 'reputation for orthodoxy and sanctity, Philammon's judgment 'of him was stern and pitiless!'

We can well believe that no plea would have less effect on Mr. Kingsley, than that of his profession, none that he would more disdain than the old appeal to the *cloth*; no counsel that

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he would more energetically repudiate than that his sacred calling should act as a check upon anything he has a mind to say; he would tell us that when he assumed the office of clergyman, he did not cease to be a man, and that it is most important to true religion that this liberty should be prominent and unrestricted. Still, we cannot but regret that one who ministers in holy things should have devoted so much time and space, such elaborate—for once elaborate—care in the delineation of the fallen Pelagia. We do not attribute, we would rather distinctly exonerate Mr. Kingsley from ill intention or that sympathy with evil which is the general motive for such representations. It is a mere taste for sensuous beauty, with perhaps some parade of learning and fancy, which make him, to specify one crying instance, devote pages to a scandalous scene, which, as it was a shameful sin to enact or to witness, had surely better not be painted with all the lavish adornment and effort to reproduce the scene that the author's skill supplies. It is no answer that such things have been, as we know they have, and therefore that the world should know how bad it has been. Romance is not the vehicle for conveying such knowledge harmlessly. But we are often struck in these books, with an apparent absence of all sense of responsibility. Whatever has been done, whatever has been thought, seems to be considered the legitimate store of the philosophical novelist, without entertaining the question whether it is desirable for others to dwell on thoughts which should not find a home in any mind or to contemplate deeds which ought never to have been done.

'Hypatia' is more a series of scenes, descriptions, and a bright rapid change of tableaux, than an organised fiction. The character of the whole is extreme preternatural hurry, though relieved now and then by a picture of repose. The nominal hero, Philammon, too much like most of his class, is the mere victim of circumstances, whirled too and fro, rushing up and down, with mind bewildered and weary body; of god-like beauty, prodigious strength, pure heart, and keen Greek intelligence; but making little or nothing of all these gifts, and, indeed, showing how little they are all worth. He is present at the two most marked and terrible moments in the fates of the women between whom his feelings are divided, yet he sits through the disgrace of his sister's public exhibition as the Venus Anadyomene, and is present in the Church itself when the hapless Hypatia meets her frightful death, a scene described with terrible force. Of course he could do nothing, jammed up in a corner; but, where there is Hercules' strength, we expect Herculean labours. It is not the hero's part to do nothing. It seems monstrous that he should be within sound of her cries, and only shut his ears to drown them.

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The book opens with a picture of Hypatia in her study, in the Museum-street of Alexandria. It is a pretty attempt to give life to forms and scenes which are dead and for ever gone by:—

'The room was fitted up in the purest Greek style, not without an affectation of archaism in the severe forms and subdued half-tints of the frescoes which ornamented the walls with scenes from the old myths of Athene. Yet the general effect, even under the blazing sun which poured in through the mosquito nets of the court-yard windows, was one of exquisite coolness, and cleanliness, and repose. The room had neither carpet nor fire-place, and the only movables in it were a sofa-bed, a table, and an arm-chair, all of such delicate and graceful forms, as may be seen on ancient vases of a far earlier period than that whereof we write. But, most probably, had any of us entered that room that morning, we should not have been able to spare a look either for the furniture, or the general effect, or the Museum gardens, or the sparkling Mediterranean beyond; but we should have agreed that the room was quite rich enough for human eyes, for the sake of one treasure which it possessed, and beside which, nothing was worth a moment's glance. For in the light arm-chair, reading a manuscript which lay on the table, sat a woman, of some five-and-twenty years, evidently the tutelary goddess of that little shrine, dressed in perfect keeping with the archaism of the chamber, in a simple old snow-white Ionic robe, falling to the feet and reaching to the throat, and of that peculiarly severe and graceful fashion in which the upper part of the dress falls downward again from the neck to the waist in a sort of cape, entirely hiding the outline of the bust, while it leaves the arms and the point of the shoulders bare. Her dress was entirely without ornament, except the two narrow purple stripes down the front, which marked her rank as a Roman citizen, the gold embroidered shoes on her feet, and the gold net which looped back from her forehead to her neck, hair the colour and gloss of which were hardly distinguishable from that of the metal itself, such as Athene herself might have envied for tint, and mass, and ripple. Her features, arms, and hands, were of the severest and grandest type of old Greek beauty, at once showing everywhere the high development of the bones, and covering them with that firm, round, ripe outline, and waxy morbidezza of skin, which the old Greeks owed to their continual use, not only of the bath and muscular exercise, but also of daily unguents. There might have seemed to us too much sadness in that clear grey eye; too much self-conscious restraint in those sharp curved lips; too much affectation in the studied severity of her posture as she read, copied, as it seemed, from some old vase or bas-relief. But the glorious grace and beauty of every line of face and figure would have excused, even hidden those defects, and we should have only recognised the marked resemblance to the ideal portraits of Athene, which adorned every panel of the walls.

'She has lifted her eyes off her manuscript; she is looking out with kindling countenance over the gardens of the Museum; her ripe curling Greek lips, such as we never see now even among our own wives and sisters, open. She is talking to herself. Listen!

'"Yes. The statues there are broken. The libraries are plundered. The alcoves are silent. The oracles are dumb. And yet—who says that the old faith of heroes and sages is dead? The beautiful can never die. If the gods have deserted their oracles, they have not deserted the souls who aspire to them. If they have ceased to guide nations, they have not ceased to speak to their own elect. If they have cast off the vulgar herd, they have not cast off Hypatia."'—*Hypatia*, pp. 12, 13.

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Hypatia is a glorified and stiffened Margaret Fuller Ossoli; what that sybil of the new world might have been, but that the fates denied her beauty. She declaims in the same way, sees the same boundless depths in ancient myths, has her classes and her disciples, though these, thanks to the same beauty, are, in Hypatia's case, men, not women; and, in fact, stands on that 'pedestal' for which the other longed. Hypatia is stern and pure; her pupils are not permitted to be lovers. She is faithful to the gods, and has no lesser worship or affection, except for her old father, Theon, the mathematician. Her contemplations this morning are disturbed by a visit from Orestes, the prefect of Alexandria, who is what sermons call a nominal Christian,—and intended to embody the utter low selfishness and abandonment of principle of the rulers of that period; vicious, luxurious, indolent, and cruel. He comes to Hypatia for advice in government affairs, making very free with his assumed creed, and all that hold it, especially with Cyril the bishop, the great thorn in his side, as influencing at his will the vast Christian populace. In leaving, he encounters a certain young Jew, Raphael ben Ezra, one of the characters of absolute coolness and power which the writer delights in. He is invited by the prefect to mount his curricle, and there ensues a conversation of such diabolical wickedness on Raphael's part, that we certainly had no conception he was secretly in the author's good graces. Sated and worn out himself with every form of pleasure, and sunk into utter Atheism, his part now is to insinuate temptations and suggestions into the weaker prefect's ear, from mere recklessness and disinterested pleasure in seeing men at their worst. We give the following specimen of both men, taking up the conversation where it begins to be fitted for our pages:—

'"Thanks, worthy Jew. We are not yet as exalted as yourself, and will send for the old Erictho this very afternoon. Now listen a moment to base, earthly, and political business. Cyril has written to me, to say that you Jews have plotted to murder all the Christians."

'"Well—why not? I most heartily wish it were true, and think, on the whole, that it very probably is so."

'"By the immortal—saints, man! you are not serious?"

'"The four archangels forbid! It is no concern of mine. All I say is, that my people are great fools, like the rest of the world; and have, for aught I know or care, some such intention. They wont succeed, of course; and that is all you have to care for. But if you think it worth the trouble—which I do not—I shall have to go to the synagogue on business in a week or so, and then I would ask some of the Rabbis."

'"Laziest of men!—and I must answer Cyril this very day."

'"An additional reason for asking no questions of our people. Now you can honestly say that you know nothing about the matter."

'"Well, after all, ignorance is a stronghold for poor statesmen. So you need not hurry yourself."—"I assure your excellency I will not."

'"Ten days hence, or so, you know."—"Exactly, after it is all over."

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'"And can't be helped. What a comfort it is, now and then, that Can't be helped!"

'"It is the root and marrow of all philosophy. Your practical man, poor wretch, will try to help this and that, and torment his soul with ways and means, and preventives and forestallings: your philosopher quietly says—It can't be helped. If it ought to be, it will be: if it is, it ought to be. We did not make the world, and we are not responsible for it.—There is the sum and substance of all true wisdom, and the epitome of all that has been said and written thereon, from Philo the Jew to Hypatia the Gentile. By the way, here's Cyril coming down the steps of the Cæsareum. A very handsome fellow, after all, though he is looking as sulky as a bear."

'"With his cubs at his heels. What a scoundrelly visage that tall fellow—deacon, or reader, or whatever he is by his dress—has!"

'"There they are—whispering together. Heaven give them pleasant thoughts and pleasanter faces!"

'"Amen!" quoth Orestes, with a sneer.'

* * * * * * * *

'"A fine sparkling breeze outside the Pharos, Raphael—fair for the wheat-ships, too."

'"Are they gone yet?" "Yes—why? I sent the first fleet off three days ago; and the rest are clearing outwards to-day."

'"Oh—ah—so!—Then you have not heard from Heraclian?"

'"Heraclian? What the—blessed saints has the Count of Africa to do with my wheat-ships?" "Oh, nothing. It's no business of mine. Only he is going to rebel. . . . . But here we are at your door."

'"To what?" asked Orestes, in a horrified tone. '"To rebel, and attack Rome."

'"Good gods—God, I mean! A fresh bore! Come in, and tell a poor miserable slave of a governor—speak low, for heaven's sake!—I hope these rascally grooms haven't overheard you."

'"Easy to throw them into the canal, if they have," quoth Raphael, as he walked coolly through hall and corridor after the perturbed governor.

'Poor Orestes never stopped till he reached a little chamber off the inner court, beckoned the Jew in after him, locked the door, threw himself into an arm-chair, put his hands on his knees, and sat, bending forward, staring into Raphael's face with a ludicrous terror and perplexity.

'"Tell me all about it. Tell me this instant!"

'"I have told you all I know," quoth Raphael, quietly seating himself on a sofa, and playing with a jewelled dagger. "I thought, of course, that you were in the secret, or I should have said nothing. It's no business of mine, you know."

'Orestes, like most weak and luxurious men, Romans especially, had a wild-beast vein in him—and it burst forth.

'"Hell and the furies! You insolent provincial slave—you will carry these liberties of yours too far! Do you know who I am, you accursed Jew? Tell me the whole truth, or, by the head of the emperor, I'll twist it out of you with red-hot pincers!"

'Raphael's countenance assumed a dogged expression, which showed that the old Jewish blood still beat true, under all its affected shell of Neo-Platonist nonchalance; and there was a quiet unpleasant earnest in his smile, as he answered—

'"Then, my dear governor, you will be the first man on earth who ever yet forced a Jew to say or do what he did not choose."

'"We'll see!" yelled Orestes. "Here, slaves!" And he clapped his hands loudly.

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'"Calm yourself, your excellency," quoth Raphael, rising. "The door is locked; the mosquito net is across the window; and this dagger is poisoned. If anything happens to me, you will offend all the Jew money-lenders, and die in about three days in a great deal of pain, having missed our assignation with old Miriam, lost your pleasantest companion, and left your own finances and those of the prefecture in a considerable state of embarrassment. How much better to sit down, hear all I have to say philosophically, like a true pupil of Hypatia, and not expect a man to tell you what he really does not know."'—*Hypatia*, pp. 22—24.

We are thus introduced to some of the principal personages of the story. Miriam, to whom allusion is made, is an old Jewess, of mysterious power and wickedness, one of those conventional hags peculiar to polemical novels, and fortunately beyond the bounds of possibility anywhere else. We are introduced to her as a sort of vagrant, terrifying people with her evil eye; but she soon turns into a female Rothschild, contracting loans with prefects and emperors. Her time is spent in practices of the most various infamy; she is mistress of all learning, sacred and profane; the organizer of world-shaking revolts, the fountain of intelligence, out-witting all schemers; holding, in fact, the world in her hands, but content, for her share, to occupy the lodgings of a porter of Alexandria. Why so reverent an admirer of the sex should choose to heap such a load of obloquy upon one of them, we hardly know; but we suggest the difficulty as a warning to the ladies not to trust a champion whose devotion lasts not one moment longer than their good looks.

The next chapter introduces us to the profound stillness and peace of 'the Laura,' a retreat of gentle monks amidst Egyptian ruins, 300 miles down the Nile. Philammon, from his earliest recollection, has been their charge; brought thither by a certain Arsenius, once a great man in the world, but renouncing human affairs to end his days in religious retirement. The boy is educated in absolute ignorance of mankind beyond these cells. He has not even seen a woman, and the reader is made aware of his first doubts and tremors as he finds himself suddenly confronting a company of Egyptian ladies, depicted in their pristine brilliancy of colours, on the walls of a ruined tomb. His active mind sets to work at once on this new field of thought, especially on the subject of the eternal perdition of the heathen, and his heart fills with heterodox pity for the serene and smiling fair ones. This thought begets others; he begins to long to see and to convert the world, and asks and obtains leave of his patrons, to sally forth on the errand. And now the indemnification for eighteen quiet years begins; adventures rush upon him, and gather and thicken till the close. He has not floated two days in his

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papyrus canoe, before he falls in with a party of Goths sailing up the Nile, in search of the mystic city of Asgard, with the fair and frail Pelagia in their company, who has enslaved the heart of the amal-in-chief, Amalric. In a skirmish with a hippopotamus, Philammon gets upset, but is saved by the crew, and pulled on board the barge, and finds himself for the first time face to face with a woman, for Pelagia is called upon to interpret between him and his captors. The scene is given with a great deal of spirit, and is new and fresh, if not probable. The childish Greek girl, trained in the graces, and in a careful ignorance of every moral and religious truth (a pupil and victim, in fact, of the old Jewess), is the centre of the group; the band of wild, rough, clever barbarians stand around the bewildered young monk, (Pelagia's brother, as it afterwards proves,) who is the main object of attention. He is undergoing every moment violent conscientious difficulties which finally take the form of the lawfulness of fighting, as he finds himself in the grip of old Wulf, the giant, who is displeased with his discouraging report concerning the lost city. He fights and conquers, however, and finds it pleasant excitement; but his dangers are not over with the single combat, as the rest of the party think it a loss of dignity that a battle should end without bloodshed, and for their own credit are going to put him to some amusing form of torture and death:—

'But as even sinful women have hearts in them, Pelagia shrieked out—

'"Amalric! Amalric! do not let them! I cannot bear it!"

'"The warriors are free men, my darling, and know what is proper. And what can the life of such a brute be to you?"

'Before he could stop her, Pelagia had sprung from her cushions, and thrown herself into the midst of the laughing ring of wild beasts.

'"Spare him! Spare him, for my sake!" shrieked she.

'"Oh, my pretty lady! you mustn't interrupt warrior's sport!"

'In an instant she had torn off her shawl, and thrown it over Philammon; and as she stood, with all the outlines of her beautiful limbs revealed through the thin robe of spangled gauze,—

'"Let the man who dares, touch him beneath that shawl!—though it be a saffron one!"

'The Goths drew back. For Pelagia herself they had as little respect as the rest of the world had. But for a moment she was not the Messalina of Alexandria, but a woman; and true to the old woman-worshipping instinct, they looked one and all at her flashing eyes, full of noble pity and indignation, as well as of mere woman's terror—and drew back, and whispered together.

'Whether the good spirit or the evil one would conquer, seemed for a moment doubtful, when Pelagia felt a heavy hand on her shoulder, and turning, saw Wulf the son of Ovida.

'"Go back, pretty woman! Men, I claim the boy. Smid, give him to me. He is your man. You could have killed him if you had chosen, and did not; and no one else shall."'—*Hypatia*, pp. 36, 37.

Philammon is set to row, and wins approbation by his strength and skill:—

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'His late tormentors, who, in spite of an occasional inclination to robbery and murder, were thoroughly good-natured, honest fellows, clapped him on the back, and praised him as heartily as they had just now heartily intended to torture him to death, and then went forward, as many of them as were not rowing, to examine the strange beast which they had just slaughtered, pawing him over from tusks to tail, putting their heads into his mouth, trying their knives on his hide, comparing him to all beasts, like and unlike, which they had ever seen, and laughing and shoving each other about with the fun and childish wonder of a party of schoolboys; till Smid, who was the wit of the party, settled the comparative anatomy of the subject for them—

'"Valhalla! I've found out what he's most like!—One of those big blue plums, which gave us all the stomach-ache when we were encamped in the orchards above Ravenna!"'—*Hypatia*, p. 38.

The story of which we have given the main characters, is too long and disconnected for a detailed plan. It is a series of plots and conspiracies, wherein Cyril, and Orestes, and Hypatia as an unconscious dupe, play the principal parts, acted out by monks and Jews, mob, soldiery, and Goths, who riot and murder without intermission. The history of a single day in Alexandria will give the fullest idea of the turbulent conduct of the whole story. It begins at early dawn with a good description of the quay and docks when Alexandria was one of the marts of the world. Philammon lands, gives the slip to the Goths, and asks the way to the Patriarch's house. His question is addressed to a little grotesque porter, who proves well able to put him *au courant* of all he ought to know. He is a philosopher, and Hypatia's humblest adorer, drinking in her doctrines as he guards the cloaks and parasols of the more aristocratic frequenters of her lecture-room. All Mr. Kingsley's people err on the side of cleverness, and this little fellow talks as eloquently as any of them. There is a certain air of a portrait in him, but if so, the original has had training and leisure beyond his likeness. As a heathen, he is attracted by Philammon's noble person, and repelled by his monkish garb; these combined feelings make him a very communicative guide, for he delights to display the pagan glories of his city to the Christian youth, and he does it with a taste, appreciation, and humour, exulting in contemptuous pity for his auditor, which the reader can hardly quarrel with, though it is out of character. The ruse by which he makes him carry his heavy basket to its destination, and then sends him back again to the point from which they started, is a stroke of genius; being himself compelled by superior force to retrace his steps, he uses the time to enlarge on Hypatia's glories, in a style which plants a new interest in the monk's breast. But the subject is interrupted by an incident; the Jews are torturing to death Hierax, a Christian schoolmaster, in the theatre, and the Christian mob is

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forming for the rescue. Philammon plunges into the midst, witnesses the last agonies, and is exasperated to fury. The mob, too late to rescue, now seek vengeance, and in gathering crowds pour through the streets to Cyril's house, thus bearing Philammon along with them to his destination. Cyril is in conversation with Peter the reader, and both are described. The former, as a 'strong' man, who generally carried his point, is not without the author's sympathy; but he fails in portraying great men, by making them too fussy and bustling, and too conscious and elated with all the business they get through. The youth offers his credentials from the Laura. As a test of the one monkish duty of obedience, Cyril's first order to him is to jump out of window, which he is proceeding to do, when, satisfied with the *will*, he is spared the deed, and sent out at once with a party of Parabolanis, or district visitors. With them he labours for hours among the poor, carrying food and clothing, bearing the sick to the hospital, and the dead to their graves, cleaning out infected houses, and comforting the dying, till at length he is dismissed to bed, but not to rest, for his first dream is disturbed by cries of 'Alexander's Church on fire,' and up he starts, and rushes forth again with a crowd of monks and deacons, and plunges at once into a nest of assassins. He narrowly escapes with his life; the priest next him falls, and he starts in pursuit of the murderer with the speed of a desert ostrich, till he and Peter the reader are brought to a stand by a body of forty men, with daggers gleaming in the moonlight. Retreat is necessary, and our youth is unwillingly turning back, when his pity is excited by a wounded negress, whom he rescues, till interrupted by another of those mobs, which wheel and surge night and day through the streets, in a succession sufficiently confusing to the reader; this one is composed of priests and prisoners, and Philammon is separated from the first woman he has been able to *serve*, and by which a new tumult of sensations towards the sex is excited. Returning to his head-quarters, another apparition meets his eyes, a long line of glittering figures, armed and disciplined Roman soldiers — the Stationaries — who turn out on sound of disturbance, question Philammon, who stands foremost, and turn in again when they hear that it is only a church on fire, and Jews and Christians raising a riot, an event of too every-day occurrence for their dignified interference. 'The stream rushed on wilder than ever.' Philammon rushed on too, not a little indignant and astonished that interests so mighty to him should be dismissed as 'only a riot.' They next hear that the Church is not on fire at all. It has only been a ruse of the Jews to raise a tumult; the report spreads

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that the said Jews are going to attack the Patriarch's house, and the next rush is to its defence, where Philammon performs prodigies in raising barricades, but no attack follows, and after a while he is summoned once more to Cyril's presence, and has to give account of himself; then follows the examination of the two Jewish prisoners he had had a share in taking, and lastly, Cyril gives orders for a Christian gathering of 30,000 men next morning for the purpose of free plunder of the Jewish quarters; and so ends Philammon's first day in Alexandria. The next day is full of business, only we cannot follow its details, but in it was executed the outrage planned the night before, and of which history preserves the details. Mr. Kingsley uses it for the first step in the reformation of his friend Raphael, whose stoical temperament and *sang-froid* are at his worst treated as redeeming qualities; we do not see on what ground. Waking lazily in the morning and soliloquising about Hypatia, with whom he is himself partially in love, the ubiquitous Miriam rushes into his apartment; (the reader easily guesses that she has some peculiar unrevealed interest in him, which is no other than a mother's;) and in disgust at his indifference to her warnings, pulls him out of bed. He only thanks her for sparing him the daily torture of doing so by his own exertions, opposes all her eager representations by a serene acquiescence in things as they are, as he calmly recognises the monks as the strong men of the time. He is in fact tickled with the notion of being a beggar; refuses to save any of his wealth, which he allows her to stow about her own person, and receives the mob who rush in, Philammon at their head, with his most cynical philosophy and best manner.

'"Welcome, my worthy guests! Enter, I beseech you, and fulfil, in your own peculiar way, the precepts which bid you not be over anxious for the good things of this life. . . . . For eating and drinking, my kitchen and cellar are at your service. For clothing, if any illustrious personage will do me the honour to change his holy rags with me, here are an Indian shawl-pelisse and a pair of silk trowsers at his service. Perhaps you will accommodate me, my handsome young captain, choragus of this new school of the prophets?"

'Philammon, who was the person addressed, tried to push by him contemptuously.

"'Allow me, sir. I lead the way. This dagger is poisoned,—a scratch, and you are dead. This dog is of the true British breed; if she seizes you, red-hot iron will not loose her, till she hears the bone crack. If any one will change clothes with me, all I have is at your service. If not, the first who stirs is a dead man."

'There was no mistaking the quiet high-bred determination of the speaker. Had he raged and blustered, Philammon could have met him on his own ground: but there was an easy self-possessed disdain about him, which utterly abashed the young monk, and abashed, too, the whole crowd of rascals at his heels.

'"I'll change clothes with you, you Jewish dog!" roared a dirty fellow out of the mob.

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'"I am your eternal debtor. Let us step into this side room. Walk up stairs, my friends. Take care there, sir!—That porcelain, whole, is worth three thousand gold pieces; broken, it is not worth three pence. I leave it to your good sense to treat it accordingly. Now then, my friend!" And in the midst of the raging vortex of plunderers, who were snatching up everything which they could carry away, and breaking everything which they could not, he quietly divested himself of his finery, and put on the ragged cotton tunic, and battered straw hat, which the fellow handed over to him.

'Philammon, who had had from the first no mind to plunder, stood watching Raphael with dumb wonder; and a shudder of regret, he knew not why, passed through him, as he saw the mob tearing down pictures, and dashing statues to the ground. Heathen they were, doubtless; but still, the Nymphs and Venuses looked too lovely to be so brutally destroyed.... There was something almost humanly pitiful in their poor broken arms and legs as they lay about upon the pavement.... He laughed at himself for the notion; but he could not laugh it away.

'Raphael seemed to think that he ought not to laugh it away; for he pointed to the fragments, and with a quaint look at the young monk—

'"Our nurses used to tell us,

If you can't make it,
You ought not to break it."

'"I had no nurse," said Philammon.

'"Ah!—that accounts—for this and other things. Well," he went on with the most provoking good-nature, "you are in a fair road, my handsome youth; I wish you joy of your fellow-workmen, and of your apprenticeship in the noble art of monkery. Riot and pillage, shrieking women and houseless children, in your twentieth summer, are the sure path to a saintship, such as Paul of Tarsus, who, with all his eccentricities, was a gentleman, certainly never contemplated. I have heard of Phœbus Apollo under many disguises, but this is the first time I ever saw him in the wolf's hide."—*Hypatia*, p. 77, 78.

This new Diogenes, in the sincerity of his rags, first shames poor Hypatia's theories by his practice, and then transports himself to Italy in Heraclian's abortive rising; and we next meet him in a lost battle-field, speculating and refining, and spinning doubt out of doubt on every conceivable question; in fact, rejoicing in having fairly landed at the very bottom of the bottomless, neither believing nor disbelieving, an example of that philosophy which had reduced itself to finding 'I am I' and 'I am not I' equally demonstrable propositions; and in the person of the author liking the state of things extremely well as an exercise of wit. But he is hungry, if there is such a sensation; and a troop of victorious soldiers, if there are such things, are advancing to put him to death, if there is such a thing as death; and in the difficulty Bran the dog takes her own and her master's cause in hand, and rouses him to the exigency of affairs. This is amongst the prettiest episodes in the book. Affection of some sort, congugal, filial, maternal, is, with our author, the true converting and purifying principle of the world: its least

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dignified manifestation is sufficient to awake Raphael from his dream of universal sceptism. He summons his dog.

'"Bran! . . . Why should I wait for her? What pleasure can it be to me to have the feeling of a four-legged, brindled, lop-eared, toad-mouthed thing always between what seemed to be my legs? There she is! Where have you been, madam? Don't you see I am in marching order, with staff and wallet ready shouldered? Come!"

'But the dog, looking up in his face as only dogs can look, ran toward the back of the ruin, and up to him again, and back again, until he followed her.

'"What's this? Here is a new sensation with a vengeance! Oh, storm and crowd of material appearances, were there not enough of you already, that you must add to your number these also? Bran! Bran! Could you find no other day in the year but this, whereon to present my ears with the squeals of—one—two—three—nine blind puppies?" . . .

'Bran answered by rushing into the hole where her new family lay tumbling and squalling, bringing out one in her mouth, and laying it at his feet.

'"Needless, I assure you. I am perfectly aware of the state of the case already. What! another? Silly old thing!—do you fancy, as the fine ladies do, that what has happened to you is a thing of which to be proud? Why, she's bringing out the whole litter! . . . What was I thinking of last? Ah—the argument was self-contradictory, was it, because I could not argue without using the very terms which I repudiated. Well . . . And—why should it not be contradictory? Why not? One must face that too, after all. Why should not a thing be true, and false also? What harm in a thing's being false? What necessity for it to be true? True? What is truth? Why should a thing be the worse for being illogical? Why should there be any logic at all? Did I ever see a little beast flying about with "Logic" labelled on its back? What do I know of it, but as a sensation of my own mind—if I have any? What proof is that that I am to obey it, and not it me? If a flea bites me, I get rid of that sensation; and if logic bothers me, I'll get rid of that too. Phantasms must be taught to vanish courteously. One's only hope of comfort lies in kicking feebly against the tyranny of one's own boring notions and sensations—every philosopher confesses that—and what god is logic, pray, that it is to be the sole exception? . . . What, old lady? I give you fair warning, you must choose this day, like any nun, between the ties of family and those of duty."

'Bran seized him by the skirt, and pulled him down towards the puppies; took up one of the puppies and lifted it towards him; and then repeated the action with another.

'"You unconscionable old brute; you don't actually dare to expect me to carry your puppies for you?" and he turned to go.

'Bran sat down on her tail, and began howling.

'"Farewell, old dog! you have been a pleasant dream after all. . . . But if you will go the way of all phantasms" . . . And he walked away.

'Bran ran with him, leaping and barking; then recollected her family and ran back; tried to bring them, one by one, in her mouth, and then to bring them all at once: and failing, sat down and howled.

'"Come, Bran! Come, old girl!"

'She raced half way up to him; then half way back; again to the puppies, then towards him again: and then suddenly gave it up, and dropping her tail, walked slowly back to the blind suppliants, with a deep reproachful growl.

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'"* * * * *!" said Raphael, with a mighty oath; "you are right after all! Here are nine things come into the world; phantasms or not, there it is; I can't deny it. They are something, and you are something, old dog; or at least like enough to something to do instead of it; and you are not I, and as good as I, and they too, for aught I know, and have as good a right to live as I; and by the seven planets and all the rest of it, I'll carry them!"

'And he went back, tied up the puppies in his blanket, and set forth, Bran barking, squeaking, wagging, leaping, running between his legs and upsetting him in her agonies of joy.

'"Forward! whither you will, old lady! The world is wide. You shall be my guide, tutor, queen of philosophy, for the sake of this mere common sense of yours. Forward, you new Hypatia! I promise you I will attend no lectures but yours this day!"'—*Hypatia*, pp. 149—151.

And so they pursue their course, Bran consulted on every emergency, and giving the true response, till shrieks direct them to a group composed of two ruffians driving forward a young girl with hands tied behind her. Bran being consulted on the subject, pins one of the captors, and her master, accepting the sign, finishes the other.

'Where was the girl? She had rushed back to the ruins, whither Raphael followed her; while Bran ran to the puppies, which he had laid upon a stone, and commenced her maternal cares.

'"What do you want my poor girl?" asked he, in Latin. "I will not hurt you."

'"My father! My father!"

'He untied her bruised and swollen wrists; and without stopping to thank him, she ran to a heap of fallen stones and beams, and began digging wildly with all her little strength, breathlessly calling "father!"

'"Such is the gratitude of flea to flea! What is there, now, in the mere fact of being accustomed to call another person father, and not master, or slave, which should produce such passion as that? . . . Brute habit! . . . What services can the said man render, or have rendered, which make him worth——Here is Bran! . . . What do you think of that, my female philosopher?"

'Bran sat down and watched too. The poor girl's tender hands were bleeding from the stones, while her golden tresses rolled down over her eyes, and entangled in her impatient fingers; but still she worked frantically. Bran seemed suddenly to comprehend the case, rushed to the rescue, and began digging too, with all her might.

'Raphael rose with a shrug, and joined in the work.

* * * * * * * *

'"Hang these brute instincts! They make one very hot. What was that?"

'A feeble moan rose from under the stones. A human limb was uncovered. The girl threw herself on the place, shrieking her father's name. Raphael put her gently back, and exerting his whole strength, drew out of the ruins a stalwart elderly man in the dress of an officer of high rank.

'He still breathed. The girl lifted up his head and covered him with wild kisses. Raphael looked round for water; found a spring and a broken sherd, and bathed the wounded man's temples till he opened his eyes, and showed signs of returning life.

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'The girl still sat by him, fondling her recovered treasure, and bathing the grizzled face in holy tears.

'"It is no business of mine," said Raphael. "Come Bran!"

'The girl sprang up, threw herself at his feet, kissed his hands, called him her saviour, her deliverer, sent by God.

'"Not in the least, my child. You must thank my teacher, the dog, not me."

'And she took him at his word, and threw her soft arms round Bran's neck; and Bran understood it, and wagged her tail, and licked the gentle face lovingly.

'"Intolerably absurd, all this!" said Raphael. "I must be going, Bran."

'"You will not leave us? You surely will not leave an old man to die here?"

'"Why not? What better thing could happen to him?"

'"Nothing," murmured the officer, who had not spoken before.

'"Ah God! he is my father!"

'"Well?"

'"He is my father!"

'"Well?"

'"You must save him! You shall, I say!" And she seized Raphael's arm in the imperiousness of her passion.

'He shrugged his shoulders; but felt, he knew not why, marvellously inclined to obey her.

'"I may as well do this as anything else, having nothing else to do. Whither now, sir?"'—*Hypatia*, pp. 156, 157.

A touch of jealous fear for her safety and honour, whereby 'the human heart of flesh, asleep for many years, leapt into 'mad life,' completed the conquest over the philosophy of scepticism. The young lady is beautiful and a Christian; need we doubt further of Raphael's ultimate well being? To be sure, all his most promising beginnings are at one time checked by the threat of her going into a convent, which nearly throws him into deeper, more virulent disbelief than ever. But the Squire-Bishop Synesius, who greatly takes our author's fancy for insisting on combining marrying, hunting, fighting, and other liberal pursuits with his episcopate, in a model scene of confession encourages him, crying—'Laugh *at* you? *with* you, you 'mean. A convent? pooh, pooh, the old prefect has enough 'sense, I will warrant him, not to refuse a good match for his 'child.' And when Raphael modestly objects that he is not a Christian, rejoins, 'Then we'll make you one. You won't let 'me convert you, I know, but Augustine comes to-morrow.'

All this is decidedly easy. Severity of style and practice is not to our author's taste; but it is fair that we should not close our notice of 'Hypatia' without recording his testimony to the worth and merit of the Fathers, and their work for the Church, expressed in graver tone.

'The general intermixture of ideas, creeds, and races, even the mere physical facilities for intercourse between different parts of the Empire, helped to give the great Christian Fathers of the fourth and fifth centuries

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a breadth of observation, a depth of thought, a large-hearted and large-minded patience and tolerance, such as, we may say boldly, the Church has since beheld but rarely, and the world never: at least, if we are to judge those great men by what they had, and not by what they had not, and to believe, as we are bound, that had they lived now, and not then, they would have towered as far above the heads of this generation as they did above the heads of their own. And thus an age, which, to the shallow insight of a sneerer like Gibbon, seems only a rotting and aimless chaos of sensuality and anarchy, fanaticism and hypocrisy, produced an Athanase and a Jerome, a Chrysostom and an Augustine; absorbed into the sphere of Christianity all which was most valuable in the philosophies of Greece and Egypt, and in the social organization of Rome, as an heirloom for nations yet unborn; and laid in foreign lands, by unconscious agents, the foundations of all European thought and ethics.—*Hypatia*, Preface, p. xi.

Mr. Kingsley will always have respect for success. The Fathers were great men; they upset an old philosophy and established a new, and though he may not always, or perhaps not often, agree with them, they were in advance of their time, they were the strong thinkers of their age, and, as a body, awake his reverence; but woe to those men who are behindhand, who hold a principle, or notion, or prejudice, or error a little longer than their neighbours. For such there is no pity and no toleration; for such the heart is dead and the whole nature breathes scorn and defiance. This temper, under the cloak of patriotism and protestantism, characterises 'Westward Ho!' Under what impulse this singular book was written we cannot guess, but we would not willingly believe that its tone of bluster and ungenerous triumph is more than an accidental and temporary phase of feeling, the result of provocation, and worked off according to a certain law of his nature by some strong overt act.

Our sympathies are with Elizabeth, her counsellors, her people, and her armies, in the circumstances of unparalleled difficulty and trial of her reign. It was well for England that her stout heart and clear head directed and guided the state at a time when a weak or a false step might have been fatal to its very being as a nation. Whatever misgivings her sometimes crooked policy cost us, we have but to review the tactics of her enemies to be satisfied that in her, man's best interests triumphed. But the very fact of acknowledged difficulties, of a succession open to dispute, of a religion but newly established upon the ruins of principles which had been held unquestioned for ages, form a ground for leniency towards those who disputed both, and would have overthrown them if they could. If, for no personal gain or aggrandisement—if, for a mere principle, however proved to be mistaken, men were willing to sacrifice comfort, wealth, life itself, and did sacrifice them and lost all, life and cause both; and, beside enduring a slow and violent death, saw also the death of all their hopes, and knew that they had

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lived and died in vain—is their fate a fit subject for clamorous exultation and insult? Does so fatal and tragical an error, though caused by ignorance and bigotry, or by worse faults than these, excite nothing but ridicule and contempt? and its terrible punishment nothing but complacent triumph? It may—it seems it does to the controversialist, the partisan, and politician; but we know that it constitutes a very bad temper for the novelist, and one fatal to his success. All insight into motives, all likelihood, all fairness, all judgment is lost under the vindictive influence, and the result is at once noisy and tedious, blustering and dull. Our spirits are never raised by the Protestant jollity, nor our sympathies stirred by the heroes' successes; our feelings are unmoved while his are excited, his love and his hatred are alike beyond our care or comprehension. 'Westward Ho!' is especially a religious—or, rather we should say controversial novel. The plot and the characters all subserve the inculcation of certain principles, an ideal protestantism which as little fits in with Elizabethan times as our own. The period is represented as a golden age, or what would have been one, but for Popish aggression: when Englishmen, except a miserable minority, were all of one mind, full of honour, protestantism, and loyalty: when the poor were well fed and prosperous: the 'gentry by due right leaders of the people,' and both high and low at once merry and wise: when every man was a trained soldier, yet a loyal subject; every man, a son of the Church, and yet upon unbiassed conviction: when the Clergy had influence without seeking power: when the Government was at once strong and popular, and justice firm, yet gentle, guiltless of tyranny or persecution. Elizabeth was a patriotic queen, but she hardly could, and certainly did not, make this paradise out of the elements she had to deal with; but whether with all this poetical adornment or not, an age of strong men, 'the free and righteous hearts of those days,' carrying out Mr. Kingsley's views, and putting down what he does not like, is still a paradise; and is it not right that whatever opposes itself or breaks the harmony of the picture should be crushed out like so much vermin? It is the zest betrayed for the work of extermination that we complain of: not as a sad judicial necessity, but with a sportsman's unpitying pleasure in the details. It offends both taste and feeling that minor miseries should be recorded with relish; the *fleas*, the soiled linen, the meagre fare, the 'attenuated calves' of men who expiated their offences on the rack, and by the lingering tortures of a traitor's death.

The hero, Amyas Leigh, who suitably embodies this spirit, is of gigantic stature: a sea captain of that enterprising and adventurous—and some would add buccaneering—period, of prodi-

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gious strength and great practical energy; and powers of bragging and bullying at least in proportion. He is accompanied by a dependant, who being of lower breeding can go even beyond him in these qualities. His guardian, a model English justice, statesman and country gentleman, has had the infusion and training of these sentiments, and the author records the sayings and doings of them all without a doubt or a protest. For instance, this Sir Richard would wish to *hang* every preacher who taught men that they must 'take care 'first of what they call the safety of their souls.' 'If I could 'hang up such a teacher on high as an enemy of mankind and 'a corruptor of youth, I would do it gladly.' (Vol. i. p. 213.) And this because the misdeeds of the papists and other fanatics are attributed to this morbid sentiment: 'What do they care 'for the common weal so long as they can save, as they fancy, 'each man his own dirty soul for himself?' (Vol. i. p. 223.)

This sentiment and epithet is really the key to the book. The hatred and contempt spreads beyond the body of opponents, and touches the immortal principle within them, making even their spiritual trials contemptible. We do not wish to exaggerate the wrong of the sentiment for its rash wording. We know that men may care for their souls in a sordid fashion; but surely no man can care too *much* for the safety of his soul. Working out our salvation with *fear* and trembling is doing this; it is *thinking* of our soul and deliberately aiming with all our might at its well-being. It is monstrous to call such self-love selfishness. Surely, the difference lies not in the *amount* of thought and care we bestow on the soul's interests, but on *whom* we acknowledge to be that soul's Lord and Master—whether some blind usurping arbitrary human medium interposing between it and God, or some god of our own devising or in very truth our all seeing Creator, Father, Saviour, and Sanctifier. Can we guard too watchfully—can we keep too jealously, that spark of *His* essence which He breathed into us, which He bought with a price which is not more our own than His? What the *soul* really *is*, is, we think, lost sight of in Mr. Kingsley's mode of treating the subject. But we return to our hero, whose taste for hanging up was quite as strong as his guardian's, though not on purely theological grounds, though he, too, cannot see a priest's tonsure without crying, 'Hang the dog!' and itching to perform the office of hangman himself. He begins life by breaking his schoolmaster's head. He fleshes his maiden sword in an encounter with a Frenchman abroad, who casts some slight on Queen Elizabeth, and cuts off his head and *boasts* of it. Of course, he is tremendous in war and reckless of life in adventures: he is

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also insatiable in vengeance, which the author does not exactly defend, though he clearly does not realize the horrible brutality of its indulgence as he pictures it; but it is the home and domestic bullying that we particularly object to, and while he affects, too, to say that there was no persecution in Elizabeth's reign. After the discovery of the tonsure on the head of a disguised priest in gay lay attire, 'tall, and meek, and with thin shanks,' and much ridicule of his mode of mounting his horse, Amyas thus bullies the assistant ostler, and gives an example of the toleration of the period:—

'"Thou hast a villanously glib tongue, fellow!" said Amyas, who was thoroughly out of humour; "and a sneaking down visage too, when I come to look at you. I doubt but you are a Papist too, I do!"

'"Well, Sir! and what if I am? I trust I don't break the Queen's laws by that. If I don't attend Northam church, I pay my month's shilling for the use of the poor, as the Act directs; and beyond that, neither you nor any man dare demand of me."

'"Dare! Act directs! You rascally lawyer, you! and whence does an ostler like you get your shilling to pay withal? Answer me." The examinate found it so difficult to answer the question, that he suddenly became afflicted with deafness.

'"Do you hear?" roared Amyas, catching at him with his lion's paw.

'"Yes, Missus; anon, anon, Missus!" quoth he to an imaginary landlady inside, and twisting under Amyas's hand like an eel, vanished into the house, while Frank got the hot-headed youth away.'—*Westward Ho!* vol. i. pp. 101, 102.

The hero takes credit to himself for not running his cousin through the body, which he always was ready to do. He thirsts for the blood of every hiding priest who *as* such is always considered a traitor worthy of the gallows. He sanctions in his suite the last outrages. It is an historical fact that the Pope's Legate perished of starvation in Ireland. Amyas Leigh's party found his body tended, and mourned over by an Irish girl.

'It was the body of a large and coarse-featured man: but wasted and shrunk as if by famine to a very skeleton. The hands and legs were cramped up, and the trunk bowed together, as if the man had died of cold or famine. Yeo drew back the clothes from the thin bosom, while the girl screamed and wept, but made no effort to stop him.

'"Ask her who it is. Yeo, you know a little Irish," said Amyas.

'He asked, but the girl made no answer. "The stubborn jade won't tell, of course, Sir. If she were but a man, I'd make her soon enough."

'"Ask her who killed him?"

'"No one," she says; "and I believe she says true, for I can find no wound. The man has been starved, Sirs, as I am a sinful man. God help him, though he is a priest: and yet he seems full enough down below. What's here? A big pouch, Sirs, stuffed full of somewhat."

'"Hand it hither."

'The two opened the pouch; papers, papers, but no scrap of food. Then a parchment. They unrolled it.

'"Latin," said Amyas; "you must construe, Don Scholar."

'"Is it possible?" said Raleigh, after reading a moment. "This is indeed a prize! This is Saunders himself!"

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'Yeo sprang up from the body as if he had touched an adder. "Nick Saunders, the Legacy, Sir!"

'"Nicholas Saunders, the Legate."

'"The villain! why did not he wait for me to have the comfort of killing him? Dog!" and he kicked the corpse with his foot.

'"Quiet! quiet! Remember the poor girl," said Amyas, as she shrieked at the profanation.'—*Westward Ho!* vol. ii. pp. 86, 87.

Soon after they take Parsons, the Jesuit, prisoner, and by a ruse of the Catholic cousin, Eustace, at some risk to himself, Amyas is baulked of his prey. Our readers will remember that this worthy escaped all his perils, and died in the odour of sanctity at Rome, though disappointed of a cardinalship.

'He wanted to hang Parsons: he did not want to hang Eustace; and Eustace, he knew, was well aware of that latter fact, and played his game accordingly: but time ran on, and he had to answer, sulkily enough—

'"Well then; if you, Eustace, will go and give my message to your converts, I will promise to set Mr. Parsons free again before we come to Lydford town; and I advise you, if you have any regard for his life, to see that your eloquence be persuasive enough; for as sure as I am an Englishman, and he none, if the Gubbings attack us, the first bullet that I shall fire at them will have gone through his scoundrelly brains."

'Parsons still kicked.

'"Very well, then, my merry men all. Tie this gentleman's hands behind his back, get the horses out, and we'll right away up into Dartmoor, find a good high tor, stand our ground there till morning, and then carry him into Okehampton to the nearest justice. If he chooses to delay me in my journey, it is fair that I should make him pay for it."

'Whereon Parsons gave in, and being fast tied by his arm to Amyas's saddle, trudged alongside his horse for several weary miles, while Yeo walked by his side, like a friar by a condemned criminal; and in order to keep up his spirits, told him the woeful end of Nicholas Saunders the Legate, and how he was found starved to death in a bog.

'"And if you wish, Sir, to follow in his blessed steps, which I heartily hope you will do, you have only to go over that big cow-backed hill there on your right hand, and down again the other side to Crawmere pool, and there you'll find as pretty a bog to die in as ever Jesuit needed; and your ghost may sit there on a grass tummock, and tell your beads without any one asking for you till the day of judgment; and much good may it do you!"

'At which imagination Yeo was actually heard, for the first and last time in this history, to laugh most heartily.

'His ho-ho's had scarcely died away, when they saw shining under the moon the old tower of Lydford Castle.

'"Cast the fellow off now," said Amyas.

'"Ay, ay, Sir!" and Yeo and Simon Evans stopped behind, and did not come up for ten minutes after.

'"What have you been about so long?"

'"Why, Sir," said Evans, "you see the man had a very fair pair of hose on, and a bran new kersey doublet, very warm-lined; and so, thinking it a pity good clothes should be wasted on such noxious trade, we've just brought them along with us."

'"Spoiling the Egyptians," said Yeo, as comment.

'"And what have you done with the man?"

'"Hove him over the bank, Sir; he pitched into a big furze-bush, and for aught I know, there he'll bide."

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'"You rascal, have you killed him?"

'"Never fear, Sir," said Yeo, in his cool fashion. "A Jesuit has as many lives as a cat, and, I believe, rides broomsticks post, like a witch. He would be at Lydford now before us, if his master Satan had any business for him there."'—*Westward Ho!* vol. ii. pp. 185—187.

This may be all intended as merely recording the spirit of the day; but Mr. Kingsley is so possessed by his subject, and so confident in the sympathy of his readers, that he no more thinks of excuse or apology than he would care for fox, or 'polecat,' or other vermin that was unearthed and hunted down. This Eustace, the cousin, is a creation of the author's own, to express his detestation of Jesuitism; and certainly a most gratuitous, ill-requited, and disinterested villain he is, doing all his evil deeds for the good of his soul. Some modern spite must have had to be gratified in his portraiture.

'And a very fair liar he had become. Not that the lad was a bad fellow at heart; but he had been chosen by the harpies at home, on account of his "peculiar vocation;" in plain English, because the wily priests had seen in him certain capacities of vague hysterical fear of the unseen (the religious sentiment, we call it now-a-days), and with them that tendency to be a rogue, which superstitious men always have. He was now a tall, handsome, light-complexioned man, with a huge upright forehead, a very small mouth, and a dry and set expression of face, which was always trying to get free, or rather to seem free, and indulge in smiles and dimples, which were proper: for one ought to have Christian love, and if one had love one ought to be cheerful, and when people were cheerful they smiled; and therefore he would smile, and tried to do so; but his charity prepense looked no more alluring than malice prepense would have done; and, had he not been really a handsome fellow, many a woman who raved about his sweetness, would have likened his frankness to that of a skeleton dancing in fetters, and his smiles to the grins thereof.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 89.

Returning from his training at Rheims he meets his cousin Amyas, and they shake hands.

'Amyas griping with a great round fist, and a quiet quiver thereof, as much as to say, "I *am* glad to see you;" and Eustace pinching hard with quite straight fingers, and sawing the air violently up and down, as much as to say, "*Don't you see* how glad I am to see you?" A very different greeting from the former.

'"Hold hard, old lad," said Amyas, "before you break my elbow. And where do you come from?"

'"From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it," said he, with a little smile and nod of mysterious self-importance.

'"Like the devil, eh? Well, every man has his pattern. How is my uncle?"

'Now, if there was one man on earth above another, of whom Eustace Leigh stood in dread, it was his Cousin Amyas. In the first place, he knew Amyas could have killed him with a blow; and there are natures, who, instead of rejoicing in the strength of men of greater prowess than themselves, look at such with irritation, dread, at last, spite; expecting, perhaps, that the stronger will do to them, what they feel they might have done in his place. Every one, perhaps, has that same envious,

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cowardly devil haunting about his heart; but the brave men, though they be very sparrows, kick him out; the cowards keep him, and foster him; and so did poor Eustace Leigh.'—*Westward Ho!* vol. i. pp. 90, 91.

We think Mr. Kingsley must be carried away with his subject, to suppose it is common for men thus to test men's physical powers by the criterion of which could kill the other; but it suits the general tone of 'Westward Ho!' perfectly.

Religion is not the only element of discord between the cousins. A novel must have a heroine, if only to create the necessary amount of ill-blood and difficulty. Poor Rose Salterne, who enacts the character here, has this part, and this only to play. Mr. Kingsley has, for once, lifted woman off her pedestal, allowing her no extraneous distinctions, and has produced a mere nonentity. Never was beauty so miserably off. She has lovers without end, who none of them take the rational means to win her heart; they are at one time jealous, at another they found an absurd brotherhood in her honour; but not one of them declares his love to her in plain, simple, intelligible terms. Amyas, indeed, never sees her after he is grown up. Her position is, from first to last, humiliating—a poor little helpless thing, now consulting a wise woman, now *beaten* by her father for listening to the fine speeches of a Spanish Don, the first genuine love that ever was made to her, till, as the author is careful to tell us, her poor sides were black and blue for many a day, and finally married and carried off to the New World by the Spaniard Don Guzman, where she might have done well enough but for the officious pursuit of the 'Brotherhood,' who, by their ill-contrived interference, provoke the jealous Jesuit-lover Eustace to betray her to the Inquisition, where she is racked to death. The fate is so improbable for the daughter of a Mayor of North Devon—the steps by which she arrives at it are all so out of the ordinary course, that she does not even excite pity; we see it is only an expedient to bring in the last crime of Romanism; with the further end of carrying the hero after her, for the double end of a rescue and adventure; for half the scenes lie in the Western world, the wonders and scenery of which seem to have always possessed a great hold on the author's fancy. There we are let into a new antipathy, which certainly proves how keenly Mr. Kingsley realizes history, and that the events of 300 years ago are as fresh as to-day. In the person of his hero, he loathes the Spanish nation. The sins of their American conquests, their Inquisition, their Armada, are detailed once more. A fat, villainous, luxurious Bishop, and his lean confessor, are hanged for our edification; and as a sop for the captain's mighty wrath, which also finds alleviation in minor persecutions: for when he takes a Spanish

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galleon, we find him and the author not above inflicting a separate kick upon each member of the crew, as he is bundled down, half naked, over the side of the vessel. To this rage Amyas is stimulated by the fate of Rose, and by the capture and death, also in the Inquisition, of his brother Frank, a fine gentleman, beautiful in person, and pure in soul, the most *outré* of Rose's lovers, intended to correct our ideas of the Euphuistic school formed on Sir Piercy Shafton, but without the smallest touch of nature, or probability, either in his sayings, doings, or sufferings. The fate of these objects of his affection leads Amyas to the dedication of his whole life to general revenge against every Spaniard, and particular vengeance against Don Guzman — a purpose so strong in him, that even in the great contest with the Armada, his own revenge is his sole motive; and we are edified by the accounts of his sharpening his sword-blade day after day, in prospect of the life and death struggle his soul pants for:—a gratification, we are glad to say, denied him; for the same thunderbolt that founders Don Guzman's ship, blinds for life his furious foe, who has henceforth to give up discoveries by land or sea, and live at home at Bideford, the haunt of his youth, so fondly described by the author; soothed, however, by the devotion of a fair savage of European birth, whom he meets with in the forests of the west, and who clings to him from that time with a tenacity and fidelity not to be shaken off.

One of the most singular persons of the book, and most characteristic of the writer's views, is the type he has chosen of the English priest of that day—a certain Jack Brimblecombe, alternately a preacher and a buffoon, addicted to low appetites, yet a model of self-denial, a coward, and a hero, needing the homeliest warnings on his own account, while instilling principles of piety and faith into others. He begins life as a fat, gluttonous, tale-bearing school-boy, is driven into orders with, apparently, very little call, and is so little elevated by them as to be still thankful, from greediness, not want, for the scraps from great men's feasts. But he is also Rose's admirer, and one of the brotherhood in her honour; and, from henceforth, the oath has a certain transfiguring power. He urges pursuit of the illustrious Don; he becomes chaplain of the expedition, and a sharer in all its toils, not confining himself to spiritual weapons, but wielding the sword to good effect upon occasion: but always a butt of, we may add, very poor wit. This person, with his honest heart, homely piety, and plump person, we have no doubt is meant to contrast with the Jesuits of the opposite party, and their voluntary privations, their hidings and conspiracies, and the ridiculous straits of a life of plots and underhand treason. But we cannot feel proud of our representative, nor see in him at all a

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model guide for faith and conscience. We must not dwell longer on 'Westward Ho!' though it contains some passages of considerable interest and merit. We like the author best amongst men and scenes of Devon, where his fancy is quiet, and in its best humour. There is a gathering of Devon worthies at Plymouth, sea captains of historical name and note, watching for the coming Armada, who make a capital group; but our space will allow of no lengthy extracts. The conduct of the story generally exhibits the same taste for conflicts, catastrophes, casualties, commotions, as its predecessors; violent accidents, battles by sea and land, surprises, tortures, hair-breadth escapes, fevers, flights, pursuits, midnight turmoils, follow one another without intermission, leaving a topsy-turvy, headlong impression on the reader's brain, which he would gladly exchange for the gentler excitement of mind in actual relation with mind, conscious of themselves, and of one another, and enabling the reader to realize both.

It is always agreeable to return to the present with an author who has been striving to reproduce the past. The effort to transport us to a former age by an affected quaintness in the dialogue, is a continual strain on both writer and reader; we grow weary of the precise, unfamiliar twang of this deadest of all languages, the tongue that never *was* spoken; and pen and ear alike enjoy the release, when permitted to write or to listen to phrases not transposed, but expressed in the language in which the brain first coins them. But this is not the only reason why 'Two Years Ago' is a pleasant change from 'Westward Ho!' We find ourselves again amongst real characters and interests; the author has worked off his merely conventional view of all mankind, and condescends again to aim at individual traits of nature. The principal character in 'Two Years Ago' is at once original, and congenial to the author's turn of mind; who, the longer he lives, seems to become more enamoured of the merely practical—of those qualities which help a man on in this world; and, by consequence—the present being with him so important an image as well as a stepping-stone to the future—forward his interests in the next. Not that these latter considerations have much weight with his hero to start with, or we should not have called him a congenial study. Mr. Kingsley, like some other tutors, likes to have the *entire* religious education of his pupils, and prefers to take them from the beginning of blank unbelief. 'If I wished,' he says, 'to define Tom Thurnall by one epithet, I should call him specially an *ungodly* man.' By which is meant, that he depended exclusively on his own powers, without the dream of other help or other dependence, that in the turmoil of a busy wandering

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life, the teaching of his childhood had passed from his thoughts, and that all religions, and *no* religion, were alike to him: one anchor for the soul, and one only, he had in a touch of that natural affection to which our author so often gives a divine mission. Tom loves himself with, perhaps, a priority of affection; but he also loves his old father. His idea, his image, is perpetually present with him, though his restless, wandering propensities withhold him from more than a very rare personal intercourse. In contrast with this very material person, who is intended to upset all our notions of a hero and build himself a home on the ruins, who is honest because it is the best policy, and good-natured from a good deal the same cause, and useful because ready wit and willing hands are natural accomplishments, we are introduced to a poet, a real genius, with a rush of fine thoughts, and magnanimous impressions, spiritual, though with no actuating religion—a much finer fellow in his own eyes, and in the world's, than his quondam companion; but thoroughly unpractical, too fine to be useful; too absorbed in dreams of the imagination to see the mighty realities around him—too merely the poet to be a man. It is in the quality of genuineness and strength that the man of the world has the better. Both are selfish. Tom frankly and avowedly so: the poet ignorantly, and under a mask. Both direct their gifts and powers to their personal advantage; but Tom's energy and clear-sightedness show him he cannot help himself without helping others, which tends naturally to the general good; while the poet, a feeble and helpless man in his own cause, bears the seeds of weakness and decay in himself—a falling tree, under whose shadow none can rest safely. The sketch of his every-day existence, as given by his wife's exasperated maid, is very clever and graphic—

'Elsley "never kept no hours, nor no accounts either; so that she has to do everything, poor thing; and no thanks either. And never knows when he'll dine, or when he'll breakfast, or when he'll be in, wandering in and out like a madman; and sits up all night, writing his nonsense. And she'll go down twice and three times a night in the cold, poor dear, to see if he's fallen asleep; and gets abused like a pickpocket for her pains;" (which was an exaggeration); "and lies in bed all the morning, looking at the flies, and calls after her if his shoes want tying, or his finger aches; as helpless as the babe unborn; and will never do nothing useful himself, not even to hang a picture or move a chair, and grumbles at her if he sees her doing anything, because she ain't listening to his prosodies, and snaps, and worrits, and won't speak to her sometimes for a whole morning, the brute."'—*Two Years Ago*, vol. i. p. 209.

The character is altogether well-drawn, and is a useful study, but all the amusement and interest of the piece, we need not say, centre round the unromantic, unsentimental Tom, with

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his happy power of always lighting on his legs, his presence of mind, ready wit, keen observation of everything that comes under his eye, from a human subject to a zoophyte; for Mr. Kingsley indulges himself in many episodes and descriptions in this favourite field of natural history. Of course, his absolute *sang-froid* and perfect self-possession in every situation are not natural, but, as there are few qualities which inspire such admiration and respect in witnesses less gifted, so the delineation of them by an ingenious playful fancy, makes very pleasant reading. Our first acquaintance with him as a man is as the one soul rescued from shipwreck, in a storm off the Cornish coast. A young woman, the schoolmistress of the little fishing-town, Aberalva, has assisted in the wreck, and herself dragged him insensible to land. Mr. Kingsley bestows great labour and care in the delineation of her person and character, but, to the end of the book, we retain our original vague and indistinct idea. We are told that she is beautiful, with 'masque,' 'grand curves,' 'aquiline features,' 'long brain,' 'ghost-like paleness,' preternaturally large eyes, and all the author's odd list of charms; that she is 'a saint,' but of a somewhat eclectic and sectarian form of piety, an enthusiast, with a vision so far unsettled that the old doctor pronounces her 'half-baked,'—that she might become a 'medium,' a clairvoyante, an Estatica, something half-deceived and half-deceiving, but for two fortunate correctives,—first, that she falls in love with Tom, which gives a right direction to her feelings; next, that he suspects her of having stolen his money, which gives her a tangible grief and shame, instead of fancied humiliation and trials, which might have ministered to spiritual pride. As representing that prophetic element we see asserted in different forms of religion, she would be set apart by any other writer in a maiden shrine; but as Mr. Kingsley, if he could, would marry the Pope to some lady of fashion, and portion off the Vestal Virgins to English fox-hunting squires, so he chooses to try the efficacy of love for a very material object on such a temperament; but the discrepancy is too great for the reader's sympathy: the two, in spite of some violent love-making, cannot be brought into any real connexion. They are incapable of contact; there is never an instant's life in their intercourse. The one is flesh and blood, the other a ghost or wraith. She talks in visions, he answers in plainest matter of fact. She pleads to him for his soul, he hints about his lost hoard; and when they marry at last, we should call it as odd a wedding as fiction ever brought about, but that this same story contains a more unlikely one,—the union of an American fastidious fine gentleman with a woman of colour and a slave, bearing about her still the marks of the scourge and the chain. Two of the most

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uncomfortable wives surely that men ever were mated with,—the mystic, half-conscious, unsubstantial schoolmistress; and the Quadroon actress, raving and ranting, with an incipient taste for brandy and water. But to return.

Tom had come back from the gold-diggings with 1,500*l.* in a girdle round his waist; when he comes to himself in the village doctor's spare bed the girdle is missing. His first interview is with the doctor, the next with Frank Headley, the High Church curate, but of a mild persuadable character, apt to fall in love, and in a way to cast off his mistakes by degrees:—

'A few minutes afterwards, Frank came in, and inquired for the shipwrecked man.

'"Well enough in body, sir; and rather requires your skill than mine," said the old timeserver. "Won't you walk up?"

'So up Frank was shown.

'The stranger was sitting up in bed. "Capital your brandy is, Doctor.—Ah, sir," seeing Frank, "it is very kind of you, I am sure, to call on me! I presume you are the clergyman?"

'But before Frank could answer, Heale had broken forth into loud praises of him, setting forth how the stranger owed his life entirely to his superhuman strength and courage.

'"'Pon my word, sir," said the stranger,—looking them both over and over, and through and through, as if to settle how much of all this he was to believe,—"I am deeply indebted to you for your gallantry. I only wish it had been employed on a better subject."—"My good sir," said Frank, blushing, "you owe your life not to me. I would have helped if I could; but was not thought worthy by our sons of Anak here. Your actual preserver was a young girl."

'And Frank told him the story.

'"Whew! I hope she won't expect me to marry her as payment.—Handsome?"—"Beautiful," said Frank.

'"Money?"—"The village schoolmistress."

'"Clever?"—"A sort of half-baked body," said Heale.—"A very puzzling intellect," said Frank.

'"Ah—well—that's a fair excuse for declining the honour. I can't be expected to marry a frantic party, as you called me down stairs just now, Doctor."—"I, sir?"

'"Yes, I heard; no offence, though, my good sir,—but I've the ears of a fox. I hope really, though, that she is none the worse for her heroic flights."

'"How is she this morning, Mr. Heale?"—"Well—poor thing, a little light-headed last night; but kindly when I went in last."

'"Whew! I hope she has not fallen in love with me. She may fancy me her property—a private waif and stray. Better send for the coast-guard officer, and let him claim me as belonging to the Admiralty, as flotsom, jetsom, and lagend; for I was all three last night."—"You were, indeed, sir," said Frank, who began to be a little tired of this levity; "and very thankful to Heaven you ought to be."

'Frank spoke this in a somewhat professional tone of voice; at which the stranger arched his eye-brows, screwed his lips up, and laid his ears back, like a horse when he meditates a kick.—"You must be better acquainted with my affairs than I am, my dear sir, if you are able to state that fact.—Doctor! I hear a patient coming into the surgery."

'"Extraordinary power of hearing, to be sure," said Heale, toddling down stairs, while the stranger went on, looking Frank full in the face.

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'"Now that old fogy's gone down stairs, my dear sir, let us come to an understanding at the beginning of our acquaintance. Of course, you are bound by your cloth to say that sort of thing to me, just as I am bound by it not to swear in your company: but you'll allow me to remark, that it would be rather trying even to your faith, if you were thrown ashore with nothing in the world but an old jersey and a bag of tobacco, two hundred miles short of the port where you hoped to land with fifteen hundred well-earned pounds in your pocket."—"My dear sir," said Frank, after a pause, "whatsoever comes from our Father's hand must be meant in love. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.'"

'A quaint wince passed over the stranger's face.

'"Father, sir? That fifteen hundred pounds was going to my father's hand, from whosesoever hand it came or the loss of it. And now what is to become of the poor old man, that hussy Dame Fortune only knows—if she knows her own mind an hour together, which I very much doubt. I worked early and late for that money, sir; up to my knees in mud and water. Let it be enough for your lofty demands on poor humanity, that I take my loss like a man, with a whistle and a laugh, instead of howling and cursing over it like a baboon. Let's talk of something else; and lend me five pounds, and a suit of clothes. I shan't run away with them, for as I've been thrown ashore here, here I shall stay."

'Frank almost laughed at the free and easy request, though he felt at once pained by the man's irreligion, and abashed by his stoicism;—would he have behaved even as well in such a case?

'"I have not five pounds in the world."—"Good! we shall understand each other the better."

'"But the suit of clothes you shall have at once."

'"Good again! Let it be your oldest; for I must do a little rock-scrambling here, for purposes of my own."'—*Two Years Ago*, vol. i. pp. 97—100.

Having been brought up in the medical profession, Mr. Thurnall determines to constitute himself assistant to his host; and having it in his power to show good credentials, he is received with favour both by the doctor and his patients, though the former is scandalised by the lowness of his charges and the liberal tone of his professional advice, and does not see, as Tom does (we don't know exactly how), that it is to his interest. He seeks an interview the next day with Grace, his preserver, and finds her musing over the bodies of his drowned companions arranged on the beach. She is propounding the difficulty (prayers for the dead, being one of Mr. Kingsley's views) how it could be *wrong* to pray for them this morning, while it had been right to pray for them last night. He is greatly struck by her beauty, and feels a new sensation.

'She looked at him very steadfastly, blushing still. Thurnall, be it understood, was (at least, while his face was in the state in which heaven intended it to be, half hidden in a silky brown beard) a very good-looking fellow; and (to use Mark Armsworth's description), "as hard as a nail; as fresh as a rose; and stood on his legs like a game-cock." Moreover, as Willis said approvingly, he had spoken to her "as if he was a duke, and she was a duchess." Besides, by some blessed moral law, the surest way to make oneself love any human being is to go and do him a kindness; and therefore Grace had already a tender interest in Tom, not because he had saved her, but she him. And so it was that a strange new emotion

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passed through her heart also, though so little understood by her that she put it forthwith into words.

'"You might repay me," she said, in a sad and tender tone.

'"You have only to command me," said Tom, wincing a little as the words passed his lips.

'"Then turn to God, now in the day of his mercies. Unless you have turned to him already?"

'One glance at Tom's rising eyebrows told her what he thought upon those matters.

'She looked at him sadly, lingeringly, as if conscious that she ought not to look too long, and yet unable to withdraw her eyes.—"Ah! and such a precious soul as yours must be; a precious soul—all taken, and you alone left! God must have high things in store for you. He must have a great work for you to do. Else, why are you not as one of these? Oh, think! where would you have been at this moment if God had dealt with you as with them?"

'"Where I am now, I suppose," said Tom quietly.

'"Where you are now?"

'"Yes; where I ought to be. I am where I ought to be now. I suppose if I had found myself anywhere else this morning, I should have taken it as a sign that I was wanted there, and not here."

'Grace heaved a sigh at words which were certainly startling. The Stoic optimism of the world-hardened doctor was new and frightful to her.

'"My good Madam," said he, "the part of Scripture which I appreciate best, just now, is the case of poor Job, where Satan has leave to rob and torment him to the utmost of his wicked will, provided only he does not touch his life. I wish," he went on, lowering his voice, "to tell you something which I do not wish publicly talked of; but in which you may help me. I had nearly fifteen hundred pounds about me when I came ashore last night, sewed in a belt round my waist. It is gone. That is all."

'Tom looked steadily at her as he spoke. She turned pale, red, pale again, her lips quivered: but she spoke no word.

'"She has it, as I live!" thought Tom to himself, "'Frailty, thy name is woman!' The canting, little, methodistical humbug! She must have slipt it off my waist as I lay senseless. I suppose she means to keep it in pawn, till I redeem it by marrying her."'—*Two Years Ago*, vol. i. pp. 120—122.

Her mother has the belt,—not that Grace knows this, therefore her consciousness is not to be accounted for. This mother is old and a religious professor, two qualities combined that never find favour in the author's eyes. The search constitutes the reason for Tom's settling for the time in Cornwall, instead of joining his father in Berkshire; and here he proceeds to develop his various gifts and activities, and to win universal favour, till he starts an alarm of cholera, and demands sanitary reforms. Cholera is a sort of god-send to spirits animated with the reforming instinct, and has its bright side, we have observed, for a good many restless temperaments. For our parts, we cannot wonder that Mr. Thurnall made himself for the time being unpopular; nor do prophets of evil, we are thankful to say, always find events follow their predictions, as they do in

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this case. Mr. Kingsley warms with his subject; the scourge which no one would prepare against, appears suddenly. The curate, the schoolmistress, the young doctor, and a certain colonel, devoting himself to the study of zoophytes, as a cure for a disappointed passion, work wonders; the cowards die, or run away. The methodist preachers pronounce it a judgment on sin, and make it an occasion for a revival. This view of judgments, so opposed to the work of a sanitary commission, is one that always excites our author, though, as we see more than once, he has his own mode of holding the doctrine in its full terrors. Thus when the fanatic is in the midst of his denunciations, and the crowd are yielding to the unhallowed excitement of the scene, the colonel gets up, and preaches a counter-sermon, greatly to the benefit of Thurnall and to the rage of the sectary:—

'"Don't listen to him! He is a messenger of Satan, sent to damn you—a lying prophet! Let the Lord judge between me and him! Stop your ears—a messenger of Satan—a Jesuit in disguise!"

'"You lie, and you know that you lie!" answered Campbell, twirling slowly his long moustache, as he always did when choking down indignation. "But you have called on the Lord to judge; so do I. Listen to me, sir! Dare you, in the presence of God, answer for the words which you have spoken this day?"

'A strange smile came over the preacher's face.

'"I read my title clear, sir, to mansions in the skies. Well for you if you could do the same."

'Was it only the setting sun, or was it some inner light from the depths of that great spirit, which shone out in all his countenance, and filled his eyes with awful inspiration, as he spoke, in a voice calm and sweet, sad and regretful, and yet terrible from the slow distinctness of every vowel and consonant?

'"Mansions in the skies? You need not wait till then, sir, for the presence of God. Now, here, you and I are before God's judgment-seat. Now, here, I call on you to answer to Him for the innocent lives which you have endangered and destroyed, for the innocent souls to whom you have slandered their heavenly Father by your devil's doctrines this day! You have said it. Let the Lord judge between you and me. He knows best how to make his judgment manifest."

'He bowed his head awhile, as if overcome by the awful words which he had uttered, almost in spite of himself, and then stepped slowly down from the stone, and passed through the crowd, which reverently made way for him; while many voices cried, "Thank you, sir! Thank you!" and old Captain Willis, stepping forward, held out his hand to him, a quiet pride in his grey eye.

'"You will not refuse an old fighting man's thanks, sir? This has been like Elijah's day with Baal's priests on Carmel."

'Campbell shook his hand in silence: but turned suddenly, for another and coarser voice caught his ear. It was Jones, the Lieutenant's.

'"And now, my lads, take the Methodist Parson, neck and heels, and heave him into the quay pool, to think over his summons!"

'Campbell went back instantly. "No, my dear sir, let me entreat you for my sake. What has passed has been too terrible to me already; if it has done any good, do not let us spoil it by breaking the law."

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'"I believe you're right, sir: but my blood is up, and no wonder. Why, where is the preacher?"

'He had stood quite still for several minutes after Campbell's adjuration. He had often, perhaps, himself hurled forth such words in the excitement of preaching; but never before had he heard them pronounced in spirit and in truth. And as he stood, Thurnall, who had his doctor's eye on him, saw him turn paler and more pale. Suddenly he clenched his teeth, and stooped slightly forwards for a moment, drawing in his breath. Thurnall walked quickly and steadily up to him.

'Gentleman Jan and two other riotous fellows had already laid hold of him, more with the intention of frightening, than of really ducking him.

'"Don't! don't!" cried he, looking round with eyes wild—but not with terror.

'"Hands off, my good lads," said Tom quietly. "This is my business now, not yours, I can tell you."

'And passing the preacher's arm through his own, with a serious face, Tom led him off into the house at the back of the chapel.

'In two hours more he was blue; in four he was a corpse. The judgment, as usual, had needed no miracle to enforce it.'—*Two Years Ago*, vol. ii. pp. 245—247.

Amongst the concluding victims of the disorder is the curate himself, whose fortunes we must touch upon. The poet Elsley Vavasour (the name he had, for his misfortune, assumed in an evil moment, instead of the 'John Briggs' he inherited from his father) had married a lady of rank, the sister of an Irish viscount, who plays some part in the story, and who good naturedly allows the thriftless young couple to live in his country seat at Penalva. Here they receive a visit from Mrs. Vavasour's sister Valencia, a young lady whom the author describes well, and with a full appreciation of the charms of beauty, a lively fashionable manner, and that combined distinction and fascination which the habit of being admired and looked up to confers. Nor is she considered at all the less charming for being a deliberate though not ill-disposed flirt. Innocently enough, she wishes to be on good terms with her sister's husband; makes him repeat his poetry, and show her the country. The effect was more natural than salutary on his weak vanity:—

'That fortnight was the sunniest which Elsley had passed, since he made secret love to Lucia in Eaton Square. Romantic walks, the company of a beautiful woman as ready to listen as she was to talk, free licence to pour out all his fancies, sure of admiration, if not of flattery and pardonably satisfied vanity—all these are comfortable things for most men, who have nothing better to comfort them. But, on the whole, this feast did not make Elsley a better or wiser man at home. Why should it? Is a boy's digestion improved by turning him loose into a confectioner's shop? And thus the contrast between what he chose to call Valencia's sympathy, and Lucia's want of sympathy, made him, unfortunately, all the more cross to her when they were alone; and who could blame the poor little woman for saying one night, angrily enough:

'"Ah, yes! Valencia,—Valencia is imaginative—Valencia understands

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you—Valencia sympathises—Valencia thinks . . . . Valencia has no children to wash and dress, no accounts to keep, no linen to mend—Valencia's back does not ache all day long, so that she would be glad enough to lie on the sofa from morning till night, if she was not forced to work whether she can work or not. No, no; don't kiss me, for kisses will not make up for injustice, Elsley. I only trust that you will not tempt me to hate my own sister. No: don't talk to me now, let me sleep if I can sleep; and go and walk and talk sentiment with Valencia to-morrow, and leave the poor little brood hen to sit on her nest, and be despised."—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 51, 52.

It is the author's pleasure and principle next to throw the curate, with his stern uncompromising notions of duty and habits of self-denial, in the way of this young creature; and she who wants some amusement, and who finds it does not do to patronise her vain poet brother-in-law too much, does her best to attract him. But the most sympathetic reader need be under no fears for the result of any attachment whatever under our author's direction. Love is so universal a cure, such an absolute panacea, and withal so invincible, that there is with him no such thing as unfitness where the article itself is genuine. Frank Headley, however, does not know this, and writhes and struggles against the new overpowering irresistible influence, and exhibits himself to the reader in a somewhat maudlin condition, sobbing and crying a good deal when by himself, and finally settling it in his own mind to die of Tom Thurnall's threatened cholera as the only mode of getting out of the scrape. When it suddenly appears, the poet is glad to make his escape with his family; the sister-in-law necessarily goes with them. The crisis of parting under such circumstances prompts the despairing lover to a bold measure. He declares his hopeless attachment; and with that habit of talking of death before the ladies which characterises our author's men, he continues:—

'"That I shall die shortly, and of this cholera, is with me a fixed idea, which nothing can remove. No, madam—it is useless to combat it! but had I anything, by which to the last moment I could bring back to my fancy what has been its sunlight for so long; even if it were a scrap of the hem of your garment, aye, a grain of dust off your feet—God forgive me! He and his mercy ought to be enough to keep me up: but one's weakness may be excused for clinging to such slight floating straws of comfort."

'Valencia paused, startled, and yet affected. How she had played with this deep pure heart! And yet, was it pure? Did he wish, by exciting her pity, to trick her into giving him what he might choose to consider a token of affection?

'And she answered coldly enough—

'"I should be sorry, after what you have just said, to chance hurting you by refusing. I put it to your own good feeling—have you not asked somewhat too much?"

'"Certainly too much, madam, in any common case," said he, quite

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unmoved. "Certainly too much, if I asked you for it, as I do not, as the token of an affection which I know well you do not, cannot feel. But—take my words as they stand—were you to—It would be returned if I die, in a few weeks; and returned still sooner if I live. And, madam," said he, lowering his voice, "I vow to you, before Him who sees us both, that, as far as I am concerned, no human being shall ever know of the fact."

'Frank had at last touched the wrong chord.

'"What, Mr. Headley? Can you think that I am to have secrets in common with you, or with any other man? No, sir! If I granted your request, I should avow it as openly as I shall refuse it."

'And she turned sharply toward the door.

'Frank Headley was naturally a shy man: but extreme need sometimes bestows on shyness a miraculous readiness—(else why, in the long run, do the shy men win the best wives? which is a fact, and may be proved by statistics, at least as well as anything else can)—so he quietly stepped to Valencia's side, and said in a low voice—

'"You cannot avow the refusal half as proudly as I shall avow the request, if you will but wait till your sister's return. Both are unnecessary, I think: but it will only be an honour to me to confess, that, poor curate as I am—"

'"Hush!" and Valencia walked quietly up to the table, and began turning over the leaves of a book, to gain time for her softened heart and puzzled brain.'—*Two Years Ago*, vol. ii. pp. 222—224.

It ends by her giving him a ring to keep for this limited existence; but Frank does not die, and on recovering, feels himself, as he thinks, so effectually cured of his passion, as to venture again under the lady's influence. She next meets him in Wales, and he restores the ring with so much composure, that she is almost piqued, and grudges the pity she has bestowed. But we need not say that old feelings revive, and the subject is renewed. Frank's line is a failure. At once weak, conscious, and blustering, he seems to be acting all along against his conscience. If he felt his position as 'a poor curate' so much, it ought to have restrained him; and he talks again about 'death,' which is to be won this time in the Crimea, as an army chaplain. She begs him not to think of it; and he asks, 'What possible harm can it do me if it does kill me?' and so on, till we arrive at his final question, 'If she, the admired, the wor-'shipped, could endure a little parsonage, teaching school children, 'tending dirty old women, and petty cares all the year round?' and she answers that she can. In conclusion the author asks, pertinently enough—

'What was it, after all, by which Frank Headley won Valencia's love? I cannot tell. Can you tell, sir, how you won the love of your wife? As little as you can tell of that still greater miracle—how you have kept her love since she found out what manner of man you were.'—*Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 69.

We have not space to give even a general idea of the story, which we consider to have more features of pleasant unalloyed interest than any of its predecessors. It displays varied knowledge of character, a large study of society, much honest and

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warm feeling, and a keen intelligent sympathy with the joys and sorrows of humanity: an active mind constantly occupied in observing, acquiring, and theorising upon its acquirements; and while it betrays the author's theological peculiarities, (to use a gentle term,) they are exhibited with reticence, and a moderation and indulgence which are a decided improvement in its predecessor.

In reviewing the whole of this series, we see a mind of large powers and deficiencies; and, as is often the case, so rejoicing in its powers as to be the last to perceive or believe in proportionate wants. One deficiency shows itself throughout, and lies at the root, we suspect, of all our disagreement. It is the entire absence of the faculty of reverence; there is no evidence of a right notion of this quality having ever entered into the author's mind; he despises it, gives it all sorts of hard names, and misinterprets it whenever he sees it. Of course, an affectation of reverence is unpleasant, and injurious to those who indulge in it, as all affectation is; but he never attacks the affectation without a hit at the principle; with him, it is akin to cowardice, an abject subjugation of the soul. Mr. Kingsley really never approaches one subject with more awe than another; he hates any other temper in others, and never believes its manifestations to be genuine. He will not—it seems, really, as if he could not—look up, not to the Bible, not to the Gospel, not to Heaven itself. Death is a subject of mere curiosity, and so is the 'unseen;' at least, any other sentiment towards the invisible world of God is treated with a sneer. But allow him to *patronise*, and he will entertain what are technically called high views, picking and choosing here and there; but it is *patronage*, placing himself *above;* not submission, putting himself *beneath* the object. The Bible is the '*old*' Bible; its texts are treated as old literature, which contains a great deal of point; its characters, as great men in their day. Thus we have for the 'wise man,' 'poor old heart-broken Solomon;' for the Psalmist, the 'Old Jew.' 'The Old Jew *used* to say of his nation, "It is God that hath made us and not we ourselves." Where we are tempted to ask, how does Mr. Kingsley know that the Psalmist *used* to say it? No doubt, at fitting times, he said it; no doubt, it was a truth always in his heart; but, all that we *know* is, that under the Holy Spirit's teaching, he sang it once for all ages, not for his nation only, but for the human race. Nothing is taken or approved on trust, but because after impartial examination, or testing of some sort, it approves itself to be true. S. Paul receives a great deal of this kind of approbation. And, if there is no reverence, there is as little of the kindred sentiment of fear. The great enemy

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of souls is perpetually accosted with mild sarcasm, and the intimation of a familiar, not unamused, acquaintance with his wiles.

What Mr. Kingsley seems to demand of the whole universe is, that he may be at his ease with it; and smoke and lounge in its presence. Permit him this attitude, allow him absolute licence of speech towards all you esteem, love, and reverence; treat your convictions as things open to dispute, not demanding his belief, but candidates for his suffrage, and he will be pleased to show in how many points he can sympathise; what adaptation he sees to certain notions in this ancient doctrine, what æsthetic beauty in that primitive practice, what depth in that scholastic theory, till, charmed with the candour of the tone and the appreciation of excellence, you will be ready to forget that the Catholic faith is founded on something different from this merely intellectual, eclectic acquiescence, and that unity and communion of creed can only be attained by submission to an authority wherever we place it, and that authority implies reverence. 'If I am a Master, where is my fear?' In the desire to show sympathy with what he considers a large class, Mr. Kingsley seems to inculcate a different principle; and so far as his works encourage a habit of bold irresponsible speculation, we fear their influence, while we would give fair credit for good intention, acknowledge their attractive style, and appreciate their genial tone.

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ART. VI.—*The Councils of the Church, from the Council of Jerusalem* A.D. 51, *to the Council of Constantinople* A.D. 381, *chiefly as to their Constitution, but also as to their Objects and History.* By the Rev. E. B. PUSEY, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew, and Canon of Christ Church. Parker & Rivington, A.D. 1857.

A WORK by Dr. Pusey is sure to be undertaken with the idea of benefiting the Church, and advancing individual holiness: and we feel it presumptuous to offer anything resembling the remarks of a critic, on the production of one who on the subject of his work has left little to be said by others; and who, alike in holiness of life and profound learning, has, if any equal, at least no living superior.

The work before us is a fragment of a larger one begun in 1850, but broken off from time to time by unavoidable interruptions. Its object will be best explained in the author's own words. It was undertaken, he says,

'with the desire of satisfying minds discontented with the relations of the Church and the State. I wished to show that the only authority of the State, which the Church of England has ever formally recognised, had been recognised in times long antecedent to the Reformation; times, with whose precedent the minds for whom I was writing, would be satisfied. I began the work, in order to show that we had not conceded too much. But so rapid are the revolutions of these times, that I had to continue it, with the view of showing that those same times afforded no precedent for conceding more. I began, again, then anew from the first, and have endeavoured, in this portion of the work, to exhibit the evidences furnished by the earliest period of the Church, that matters of doctrine were always exclusively decided or attested by those whom the Apostles left to succeed to such portion of their office as uninspired men could discharge, the Bishops of the Universal Church.'—*Preface*, p. xiii.

Then,—

'Although my immediate object was limited, I trust that I have, in this way, given an intelligible history of the Councils of the Church down to the close of the second General Council of Constantinople, before which Arianism finally fell.

'The period, although of primary importance, being limited to three centuries and a half, I thought it right to give the above statement of those larger labours, in order to show, that although I have given the evidence of one period only, the conviction itself rests on the history of 1000 years.' —*Preface*, p. xiii.

Dr. Pusey sets out with the assertion that,—

'However unsatisfactory many of our relations to the State are, the Church of England had not, by any concession wrung from her, abandoned any trust committed to her by God. Whatever evils there are and have been, the Church has often had to endure them before; and therefore the endurance of them by the Church of England, as the lesser of two evils, is no justification of the hard imputations of being "a State Church," "a creature of the State," which enemies or discontented sons have cast upon her.'—P. 1.

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And he would show that there is nothing wrong or out of order in the fact, that the civil assembly of Parliament gives a *civil* sanction to ecclesiastical matters that have been decided by the ecclesiastical body; premising that the present anomalous state of things, in which men of any or no definite religious faith legislate for the Church, is not approved or sanctioned but only endured by her, until some remedy, in God's time, arrive.

And as the legitimate mode of the Church's expression of her mind and opinion is Convocation; and as it is plain that that mode of expression must sooner or later, under whatever circumstances, be granted to her; it becomes a vitally important question, of what Convocation should be composed: whether of Clergy only, or of Clergy and laity. Dr. Pusey tells us that in later ages Convocation has been occasionally composed of both Clergy and laity; although matters purely ecclesiastical were decided by the former alone. If the laity, then, are admitted into these assemblies, of what nature should be their influence? In England, they have always possessed the *indirect* influence of choosing (through their representatives) their ecclesiastical rulers. But they cannot give any direct sanction to the acts of ecclesiastical officers; for the latter do not derive their authority from them, and consequently are in no manner responsible to them. Still less can they decide on ecclesiastical doctrines: for the original commission to the Apostles, and through them to their successors in office, as separate from the laity, gave them the exclusive control of these sacred matters. Laity were present at the Council of Jerusalem; but they had no power to decide any doctrinal question. The inspired Apostles alone could do this; it was the duty of the laity to hear and obey. And what was the rule of this Council, Dr. Pusey proceeds to show was the rule also of others, down to the Œcumenical Council of Constantinople, A.D. 381. In this we will endeavour to follow him.

Councils, we may premise, are necessarily the voice of the Church. A Council of the Universal Church has that œcumenical authority which each Apostle when living possessed; but which no single Bishop or merely Provincial Council can have. But there is this difference between the decree of an Apostle, and of a General Council: that whilst every decision of the former given as an Apostle must necessarily be infallible, and above all possibility of error, as proceeding from the inspiration of God the Holy Ghost; a Council being composed of individuals not possessed of plenary inspiration, and therefore liable to err, may itself by possibility err: although it is granted by all that in matter of fact *some* General Councils (*e.g.* the first four) have not erred. Convocation may in fact become a Council of a particular national Church, of which the decrees

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are in all ordinary circumstances binding on that Church; though they may in turn be annulled or even reversed by the superior authority of a Council of the whole Church.

Dr. Pusey commences the historical part of his work by examining at length the question of what should be the component parts of a Synod: whether it should be composed wholly of those who have spiritual authority and jurisdiction; or whether others, *i.e.* laymen, should also have a place in it. This question is the key to his work; and unless it be carefully kept in mind during its perusal, the student will be certain to lose the point of what he reads, and often fall into perplexity as to its object.

Dr. Pusey shows clearly, that the laity having no power to declare the articles of faith, have therefore no voice in Ecclesiastical Synods.

'*Indirect* influence,' he says, 'the laity plainly had at the first, and have in the Church of England, through the share which they have had or have in the selections of Bishops. In S. Cyprian's time they accepted the judgment of the Bishops of the province, or, through their own personal knowledge of those presented to them for their Bishops, enabled the Bishops to correct that judgment; or they presented to the Synod of Bishops for their judgment, such persons as they themselves knew and valued. In England, according to later precedents, the laity had virtually in their own hands the selection of the Bishops. In fact, with certain limited safeguards as to bad appointment, the laity absolutely nominated all the members of that body, which is, in principle, the ecclesiastical legislature, the Synod of Bishops. They nominate that body in a degree which, if applied to the Temporal Lords, would have been thought subversive of the balance of the constitution.'—P. 10.

But though possessing this power, they have no direct right to the far higher privilege of legislating for the Church. There has ever been from the first a division, a broad separation of classes in the Church: the rulers and teachers; and the taught. The former alone have the responsibility, and the power of which that responsibility is the result; the latter have the benefit of the onus which is laid on the former of ruling, but they do not share that onus. The Apostles were the first rulers of the Church, and each of them possessed plenary authority and could declare infallibly Divine Truth: the laity could add nothing to their words. The Church at large has since their day authority like theirs; and it is impossible in the nature of things, that those who are the subjects of the Church, which is Christ's kingdom, and of which He is the King and supreme Governor, should add any thing to her doctrine. Whence, otherwise, are they to derive their authority? Each class has a power belonging to a different world, and does not intermeddle with the other. The Bishop has a spiritual power belonging not to this world; the layman has a civil power which belongs

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not to the world unseen. It is true, however, that each has the power of watching the acts of the other, lest he trench perchance on the sphere which is not his own. The Bishop sits in the great Council of the nation to guard the Church from any danger which might threaten either her temporal or her spiritual interests; this, at least, is his function, and one which was very curiously fulfilled by Episcopal votes carrying the Divorce Bill in the last session; and the layman has the canon law to which to apply, should the Bishop attempt to assume any usurpation of his civil rights, any oppression of his conscience, or any infringement of his faith. Each is called on to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's: and to the spiritual ruler is also given the admonition by S. Peter himself to act not *ὡς κατακυριεύοντες τῶν κλήρων, ἀλλὰ τύποι γινόμενοι τοῦ ποιμνίου.*—1 Ep. v. 3.

But he is not the layman's officer, be the layman's civil rank or position never so exalted: his is a Divine office, and as such he derives his power solely from God. To God therefore he is finally accountable, and not to man: accountable to teach, not private fancies or novelties, but that body of truth which he has received; and to guide the souls committed to him into none but the paths of Grace and Salvation.

This is very clearly and forcibly put by Dr. Pusey; and our readers will pardon us, we trust, if at the outset we make an unusually lengthy extract from his work. For we feel that his own words are the best exponents of his ideas, and also that a passage containing the great first principles which it is his object to establish, cited once for all, will enable our readers the more easily to follow our remarks on a work in which, from its extent, the point is not always perhaps self-evident or easily mastered:—

'The acts of the Church, as a spiritual body, affect only the court of conscience, and are binding only on her members. She declares, for instance, what is the law of God as to marriage; her exposition of that law is binding upon her children. But whether that law shall involve any temporal consequences to children, born contrary to the law of God and of the Church, is a matter, not for the Church to decide, but for the civil authorities. The State in England has accepted, in this instance, the judgment of the Church; if, as has too often been proposed, it were to legalise any marriage forbidden by the Divine law, the law of the Church would remain as it was before.

'The Civil authorities can give a civil sanction to the laws of the Church, or can withhold it, as they will. If they give it, they may also prescribe the terms upon which it shall be given. There could not, of course, be the slightest objection to the appointment of a body of laymen, whose assent should be necessary to the *civil* validity of the acts of the Ecclesiastical body in matters spiritual.

'2. With regard to what are called the temporalities of the Church, what has been given to God cannot, without sacrilege, be taken from God.

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But as to their distribution, modification, or other questions concerning them, there can be no Divine right. For although the principle that "they which wait at the altar are partakers with the altar," has Divine authority, the details are not of Divine, but of human origin. No principle is involved in the distribution of Church property by laymen, any more than in the taxing of the Clergy for the purposes of the State.

'It would be a gainful exchange for the Church, if, leaving to the laity the whole arrangement of her temporal affairs, her Bishops and Priests were undisturbed in what our Lord entrusted to them, the decision in spiritual matters when they should arise.

'3. The remaining question, whether—conceding all outward questions or civil sanction as things not belonging to Ecclesiastics—questions of doctrine, or such as in any way involve decisions upon doctrine, do belong to the Clergy, is one of fundamental principle, intimately connected with the very being of the Episcopate.

'It would seem almost superfluous to go about to prove anything so obvious, as that the Holy Scripture *does* make a difference between the Pastors and the taught. . . . . To teach, to feed, to rule in things concerning the soul, are parts of the Divine commission given by our Lord to the Apostles, and their successors. Our Lord Himself, just before His departure from this earth, solemnly gave this charge to His Apostles, and to those to whom they, possessed of Divine inspiration, and "full of the Holy Ghost," should commit their office. Our Good Master accompanied this gift with the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." The Apostles plainly were not to live to the end of the world; they were to serve their generation, to preach the Gospel in the whole known world, and then, committing [as they did] their place of teaching to others, themselves to rest from their labours. But our Lord speaks, in one, to them and to those who should, in continuous succession from them, receive the commission from Himself. He gave them the twofold office, first, to bring the nations into His fold, in the faith of the Holy Trinity, wherein they were to be baptized; and second, to teach them, when so received, to keep everything in faith and practice, which He had enjoined them. "Make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe (or "keep") all things whatsoever I have commanded you."[1]

'The words to S. Peter, "Feed My sheep," "feed My lambs," besides restoring him to his Apostolate, and effacing his threefold denial of his Lord, were spoken to the Church in his person. They constitute a difference between the Shepherds and the sheep. In one sense, all who hope to be at the Right Hand in the Great Day, whether teachers or taught, are the sheep of Christ. In this sense He is the One Shepherd, Who Alone feeds, through those whom He appoints as shepherds under and for Him. In this sense S. Peter, and S. Paul, and S. John, were all sheep of Christ, whom He, the good Shepherd found, when lost, and laid on His shoulders, rejoicing. In another sense, Christ has appointed the ministry of men to "feed" His "Church, which He hath purchased with His Own blood;" and this, S. Peter, and all the Apostles, and all who from the Apostles have received by descent the commission to teach, have done, and do, by virtue of our Lord's words "Feed My sheep." "feed My lambs." S. Peter had no authority over Apostles, nor any office to feed *them*, to whom had been given the self-same office, "Go and disciple all nations." "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them, and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained." "When it is said

[1] S. Matt. xxviii. 19.

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to him," says S. Augustine, "it is said to all;" "Lovest thou Me? feed My sheep."[1]

'This same office the Apostles committed to the Bishops. "Very perfect and unblameable in all things," says S. Ireuæus,[2] "did the Apostles wish them to be, whom they left as their successors, delivering to them their own place of teaching." For the fulfilment of that office, it was enjoined to them, that they should,—1, themselves "hold fast the form of sound words";[3] "hold fast," so as not to let it be wrung from them, "the faithful word according to the teaching;"[4] to "take heed to the doctrine;"[5] "keep the good deposit committed unto him;"[6]—2, be "apt to teach;"[7] —3, "by sound doctrine to exhort and convince the gainsayers."[8]

'The office, then, of the Bishop, in the Synod, as relates to doctrine, was part of his general office of keeping or teaching the faith. The office of bearing witness to the Apostolic doctrine is part of the Apostolic Commission, handed down by succession from the Apostles. It was given to the Bishops, in succession from the Apostles; it was *not* given to others.'—Pp. 15—20.

Dr. Pusey now proceeds to show that the principles here enunciated, were acted upon from the Apostolic Council of Jerusalem, to the second Œcumenical Council. The Council of Jerusalem differs of course from all others in that the Apostles there present were each and all possessed of plenary inspiration, and could not err; and this inspiration gave the Council authority to promulgate a decree which was binding on all Christendom, and to which the laymen who were present could add nothing.

But with this difference in the favour of the Council of Jerusalem, it is not to be doubted, that as it is the precedent for the existence of Councils, so it is the rule and model for their form and constitution. The place occupied by the Apostles was taken afterwards by the successors in their office, and the decision of doctrinal questions was wholly theirs. For it cannot be supposed that because the Synodal letter ran in the names of the elders and brethren, therefore the inferior order of Clergy, or still less the ἀδελφοὶ, who, (if the καὶ remain, which distinguishes these from the πρεσβύτεροι, and which is not found in the Vulgate or in all the Greek versions,) were probably laymen, and part of the multitude then present, added anything to the decision of the Apostles. The πρεσβύτεροι in this case, too, as in some others, may possibly have been Bishops, or Apostles uninspired. But if they were Presbyters properly so called, their presence on this occasion did but form the precedent for that of Presbyters sitting (as they afterwards did), with the Bishop in Provincial Synods; acting as assessors with him, and joint advisers in all cases of moment; occupying the 'second throne' under him in Church, and even being present at Œcumenical Councils.

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[1] De Agone Christ. c. 39. [2] iii. 3. 1. [3] 2 Tim. i. 13.
[4] Tit. i. 9. [5] 2 Tim. iv. 16. [6] 2 Tim. i. 14.
[7] 2 Tim. iii. 2. 2 Tim. ii. 24. [8] Tit. i. 9.

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After the Council of Jerusalem, we have, for some considerable period, evidence in their results that Councils were held, rather than any direct accounts of them. Eusebius and the other Church historians are our chief sources of information on the subject, and it is plain from the nature of their works that we can hardly expect from them any extensive accounts of the Councils in themselves.

Before proceeding to an examination of the Councils subsequent to that of Jerusalem, we must observe, that it is usual to divide them into four classes.—1. Diocesan; at which were assembled the Bishops and Presbyters of one particular Diocese alone: 2. Provincial; composed of the Archbishop and Bishops of a province: 3. National: 4. General.—This division may assist us in distinguishing between a Council which is truly œcumenical, and another which may possess some of the features of an Œcumenical Council, yet not be œcumenical. The Ultramontanists hold that that only is an Œcumenical Council which is summoned (from all provinces) by the Pope: but in this case they are clearly inconsistent in admitting the Council of Nice in 325, and of Constantinople in 381 to be Œcumenical; for each of these was summoned by the Emperor. If, again, we are to trust to numbers alone, it is certain that the Councils of Ariminum and of Carthage, at which S. Augustine was present, that of Arles, A.D. 314, and some others, would have a greater claim to be considered General Councils, than those of Nice, Constantinople, or Ephesus.

It is rather the presence of Bishops of all parts, or, wanting this, the reception of the rule of a Council by the whole Church afterwards, that makes it Œcumenical:—

'A large General Council,' says Dr. Pusey, 'like that of Ariminum or the Latrocinium of Ephesus, might and did err, if it set forth anything of its own; and it was corrected by the whole. A small Provincial Council (such as those which first condemned the doctrine of Novatian or Arius, Pelagius, or Eutyches,) decided fearlessly, knowing that it was delivering the one truth which had been taught from the first; and it was confirmed by the whole.'—P. 21.

This seems to us to express the true difference between a Council that is œcumenical and one that is not.

The earliest mention of Councils after the Apostolic age is contained in Eusebius' History. In book v. p. 16, we read that 'the faithful met frequently in many parts of Asia to examine 'the novelties of Montanus; and they condemned them, and 'excommunicated all who held them.' Further on he gives us the important information that at the end of the second century Councils were held both in East and West to debate and decide the question of Easter: and these Councils, like the late ones, wrote Synodal letters. He says, especially, that there were

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Synods and Assemblies of Bishops—*συνόδοι καὶ συγκροτήσεις*—held then. In one, the Synodal Epistle of which was extant in his time, Theophilus Bishop of Cæsarea, and Narcissus of Jerusalem presided. Of a Synod held in Pontus, Pallas, the oldest Bishop present, was president. Another Synod was held of the Bishops of the province of Osroëne and the cities round about. Of a Gallican Synod of his Diocese, S. Irenæus seems to have been the president; and at another in Corinth, that office was discharged by Beryllus the Bishop of the See. In addition to these, Dr. Pusey, on the authority of Prædestinatus, a writer on heresies of the fifth century, tells us that Councils were held at the same time in Sicily, in Pergamus, and in the East, to take cognizance of certain heresies which were rife in those parts.

The third century is notable for several Councils of great importance to the Church; and from this period the study of Councils and of canon law begins to be of great value as a means to the mastery of ecclesiastical history and doctrine. Of these the chief were, the Councils held on Beryllus, and after that on other Arabians, in which Origen, then a Presbyter, was present; those afterwards held on Origen himself; those of S. Cyprian; and by no means least in consequence, the Councils of Antioch against Paul of Samosata, Bishop of that great see.

We learn from Eusebius that Beryllus, Bishop of Bostra in Arabia, denied the pre-existence of our Lord and His proper Godhead; substituting for the latter a mere inhabitation in Him of God the Father: heresies of which the former resembles the fundamental one afterwards held by Paul of Samosata; and the second resembles that of Nestorius. Against him were held frequent assemblies of Bishops; and at length Origen, then a Presbyter, was invited (as Eusebius tells us) with others to be present. Origen (like Malchion the Priest afterwards, in the Councils held at Antioch against Paul of Samosata) became spokesman, and at length succeeded in confuting and converting his opponent. The acts of this Council also were extant in Eusebius' time. The seeds of heresy seem to have been widely sown in Arabia; for Origen was soon after called upon 'in a Synod of no small size,' as Eusebius says, to perform the same part against others of that country, which he had lately discharged against Beryllus; and the same happy result attended his efforts.

Origen himself was soon after compelled to undergo synodical judgment. Demetrius, Bishop of Alexandria, held two Synods on him consisting of Bishops and Presbyters; because after his act of self-mutilation he had, without consulting Demetrius his own Bishop, consented, during a visit to Palestine, to be ordained

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to the priesthood by Alexander of Jerusalem, and Theoctistus of Cæsarea. The sentence of the first Synod was simply that he should remove from Alexandria: the second deprived him of the Priesthood. The Church of Rome also met in Synod, and confirmed the decision of Demetrius.

Now the question which arises on this condemnation of Origen is—How did the act which was the ostensible cause of it come *in those times* to be considered a canonical offence calling for deprivation of office? It is true that the first canon of the Council of Nice makes it such, but that was framed upwards of ninety years afterwards. We answer that this rule of Demetrius seems to us to prove almost to demonstration that the canons of the Apostles were then the recognised law of the Church. No metropolitan Bishop could of his own will, or even with a National Synod, pronounce an action however heinous to be against the law of the Church (as Demetrius did in this case), and visit it as such, unless the Church had herself previously ruled that it was so. The twenty-second (third) of the Canons of the Apostles expressly directs that the cleric who is guilty of this offence should be deprived; 'for he is a self-murderer.' We maintain that the Bishops of the Council of Rome who ratified Demetrius' sentence of deprivation, showed by that act their knowledge also of the ecclesiastical law on the point, and their submission to its authority. That law exists nowhere but in the Apostolic canons. And were these canons themselves compiled without the consent of a Synod? That we cannot think; for how in that case could they have come to be regarded with the respect which it is certain was paid to them from the first ages? They form the basis of all subsequent early canons; and it is difficult to see to what the second, fifth, and tenth canons of the Council of Nice refer, if not to these. Bishop Beveridge tells us that they were cited in Councils held at Rome, Gaul, Osroëne, and other places at the end of the second century; and that S. Cyprian speaks of them as ancient in his day. Either, then, they (or at least the first fifty of them) were as some have supposed, in substance framed by the Apostles themselves, or, as is more probable, they were the production of some Council or Councils which are not mentioned by the Church historians, and of which the acts are not now extant.

Against the former opinion, among many other objections, we may urge that at the latter part of the second century, (as we have already seen) the question of the day of the celebration of the feast of Pasch was still in discussion; Councils being held in different parts of the world on the subject: (Euseb. v. 23.) whilst at the time of the compilation of the canons of the Apostles we find that it was decided and settled; the seventh canon

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ruling that any one who should keep the festival before the vernal equinox with the Jews, should be excommunicated. The thirty-fifth (sixth) canon, by the way, orders that Synods of Bishops should be held twice a year; a rule which the Council of Nice and others repeat and enforce. Bishop Beveridge, after a masterly confutation of Dallæus' idea that they were not collected till the middle of the fifth century, or published till the beginning of the sixth, concludes that they were in existence in the end of the second century, or the beginning of the third, and were collected, as S. John Damascene also says, by S. Clement of Alexandria.

The next Councils of note are those held by S. Cyprian and the Clergy of Carthage. To understand the position of the Church of Carthage at this period, and, therefore, to appreciate the weight of these Councils, they should be compared with those in which S. Augustine sat against Pelagius, a century and-a-half later. We see in each an independent Provincial Council headed by its own Bishop, sitting solely by his authority, and issuing (without consultation with, or deference to any other Church) its decrees on matters alike of doctrine and of discipline.

Dr. Pusey gives the third chapter of his work to the history of the Councils held by S. Cyprian. There is one, of five Bishops, which was held on the subject of that wide-spread scandal, the *συνεισάκτοι*. This illicit concubinage (for such in fact it was) was beyond doubt a result of paganism, and the Church continually protested against it. Dr. Routh has produced passages from S. Irenæus and Tertullian, proving that the custom was known in their times.[1] The Councils of Elvira in Spain, of Ancyra, and of Nice, issued decrees against it; it called down the indignant remonstrances of S. Basil, S. Jerome, and S. Chrysostom; and hardly yielded at last to a stringent enactment of the code of Theodosius. S. Cyprian had been consulted by a brother Bishop, as to how he should treat those who were guilty of this offence in his own diocese; one of whom was a Deacon, whose crime he had met by excommunication. S. Cyprian accordingly held a Council on the subject, and in the 4th Epistle (of Bishop Fell's edition) gives as his decision that the guilty parties should undergo penance, and then either resume their profession of celibacy or marry, as seemed best in each case. Of the excommunication of the Deacon, he thoroughly approved. There were present at the Council, four Bishops, in whose names with S. Cyprian's the letter runs, and some Presbyters. The perusal of the pages of history which contain the account of the *συνεισάκτοι*, and other offences of the like kind,

[1] Reliquiæ II. p. 508. Ed. 1814.

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may well make us thankful that among our manifold sins against faith and unity, the common law and the magistrate step in, and summarily relieve us from the necessity of either enduring, or by personal effort endeavouring to put an end to those crying sins of practice which roused the indignant protests of some of the greatest Fathers of the early Church, and which they were left to cope with and repress as they best could.

A Council of forty-two Bishops asserts that those who had sacrificed in persecution should be put to penance, and only received to communion when at the point of death. Its decision was conveyed to Cornelius, Bishop of Rome, and is contained in the 57th Epistle, referred by Bishop Pearson to the year 252.

In a Council of sixty-six Bishops (held, according to Bishop Pearson, A.D. 253) S. Cyprian decided that certain of the lapsed who had been too easily restored to communion, should not on that account be deprived of it again: that baptism should, if needful, be given to infants before the eighth day: and that none should be debarred from it.

'The decision of this Council,' says Pusey, 'was worded so exactly on the guilt and remission of original sin, "as though" S. Augustine says,[1] "through the Providence of God, the Catholic Church were already confuting the Pelagian heretics."'—P. 66.

A Synod of thirty-five Bishops was held in the year 253-4, on the case of Basilides and Martialis; two heretical Bishops, of Spain. They had been of that class of lapsed which were termed *libellatici;* and Basilides had deceived Stephen, Bishop of Rome, into communicating with him and restoring him to his see. The people, however, appealed to S. Cyprian, who, in his 67th Epistle, enters into the matter at length, and reverses the decree of Stephen. The Epistle stands in the name of thirty-six other Bishops, and is directed to Felix the Presbyter, the people of Leon and Asturias, and Lœlius the Deacon of Merida.

'On the case of the lapsed, there are distinct accounts of at least four Councils; on heretical Baptism, there are at least seven. All these are of Bishops only; except that during the vacancy of the see of Rome, the Presbyters of the city took part in the first Roman Council on the lapsed.' —P. 66.

We now come to the Councils on Baptism, which are more especially connected with the name of S. Cyprian. The first of these was held in the year 255; and consisted of thirty-two African Bishops. In the 70th letter they send their decision to the Bishops of Numidia, who had met in Council, and inquired of them whether those who had received heretical baptism, should be baptized when they joined the Church. The Synod affirms that they ought to be baptized, inasmuch as the

[1] Ep. 166, ad Hieron. § 24.

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Baptism of heretics is in truth no Baptism at all. It does not fall within our present undertaking to discuss the propriety of the decision here arrived at. We shall merely observe that the above rule was repeated in the following year by a Council consisting both of African and Numidian Bishops. It was conveyed to Pope Stephen in the 72nd Epistle; and, as we find from the 74th, the result was that Stephen renounced S. Cyprian's communion. In consequence of this act, S. Cyprian lost no time in fortifying his own opinion by that of other Bishops of his provinces. He accordingly assembled in the same year, a third and much larger Council. Of this, the acts are still extant. It was composed of Bishops from the provinces of Africa, Numidia, and Mauritania, to the number, as Bishop Pearson says, of at least eighty-seven. Present with them were their Presbyters and Deacons, and several of the laity. The last were, doubtless, as Dr. Pusey observes, 'the inhabitants of Carthage itself.'

'It is remarkable,' he says, 'that S. Cyprian does so frequently refer to the people in the single case of the lapsed, or of hearing causes before them, whereas he does not allude to them in any other case whatever. They are mentioned, as being *present* at the Council of Carthage, as they were invited to be present at discussions whereby they might gain instruction. But the contrast is very striking, that throughout the question of the restoration of those who had denied the faith, mention is made of the Laity and of their judgment; throughout that as to heretical Baptism, there is no reference whatever to them. Plainly, because S. Cyprian wished for their concurrence as to the restoration of offenders. The question of heretical Baptism was a matter of doctrine, in which the laity were not to concur in judging, but were to be taught.'—P. 87.

As regards Dr. Pusey's account of the acts of S. Cyprian, we can only say, if any of our readers are at all perplexed by the works which have recently been published to disprove the genuineness of his writings, and to throw doubt even over his existence, these pages of Dr. Pusey's will surely clear the question up for them. Can it be believed for a moment, that a nameless forger or romancer could have indirectly developed a character and described a course of actions such as are found in the writings of S. Cyprian? A character consistent in every respect with itself, and on which, if on any presented by history, truth and nature are stamped with an indelible impress? And, this done, that he could also have succeeded in deluding his own age, and all future times into the belief that the names and actions invented by him were facts of history? When S. Augustine said to S. Jerome, only a century and half later, that the expressions of the Council of sixty-six Bishops were as exact as if through the providence of God, the Catholic Church were already refuting the Pelagian heretics; was it in truth that he was commenting on the expressions of some writer who had

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such a marvellous gift of catholic definition, and yet remained unknown? And is no weight to be ascribed to the fact, that S. Augustine states these writings to have been S. Cyprian's? And if they were produced, as has been said, with the view of aiding the development of the power of the see of Rome; to assert which, however, appears to us to be viewing the third century through the medium of the nineteenth; it seems very little likely that the author would have written passages of the 'De Unitate' as they *were* written; or have made his bold assertion at the opening of the third Council on Baptism, of the independence of each particular Bishop in his own see; or have resisted Stephen as far as he did, on the question. And it is remarkable, and we think fatal to this theory, that the only pope of S. Cyprian's time who showed any inclination to push his prerogatives to an extreme length was Stephen, who renounced his communion: of whom S. Cyprian speaks with due severity in his letter to Pompeius; and against whom he in fact called the third Council mentioned above.

We now come to the question between S. Dionysius of Alexandria and Sabellius. Dr. Pusey says that the condemnation of the latter was pronounced in Council; and S. Athanasius, in his treatise on the faith of S. Dionysius, tells us, that when he first heard of the heresy, he sent for its authors, and endeavoured to persuade them to cease their evil teaching. This might have been done in a Diocesan Synod; and, perhaps, the letters which he wrote to Ammonius, Euphranor, and others, when he found his efforts vain, might have been Encyclical; the result of one or more Synods, addressed to the Bishops of the province. The cause was carried to Rome by certain of the Church of Alexandria; and S. Dionysius was accused to his namesake of that see of holding that humanitarian doctrine which was afterwards called Arianism. Dionysius of Rome called a Council on the subject in the year 262.[1] We learn from S. Athanasius that Dionysius of Rome sent letters to him acquainting him with the matter of which he was accused. In reply, he composed two works which he termed His Confutation and Defence.[2]

Such is S. Athanasius' account of the matter. But it should be observed that the history is not without its chronological difficulties. Eusebius in his History, and Eutychius, the Alexandrian chronicler, have so arranged the period of the Episcopates of the Dionysii as would render the whole account, if we credit them, simply impossible. In his Chronicon, indeed,

[1] S. Athanasius, Councils Arim. et Seleuci, § 43. Ed. Bened. Harduin Concil. Tom. i. Newman's Arians, chap. i. Sect. 5, p. 140.

[2] S. Athanas. De Sent. Dionys. Alexand. Tom. i. § 13, p. 198. Ed. Bened.

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Eusebius puts the Episcopate of Dionysius of Alexandria from the fourth of Philip (A.D. 247, Pagi) to the eleventh of Valerian and Gallienus (A.D. 263 Pagi), thus giving to his Episcopate a period of 16 (17) years. To Dionysius of Rome he gives from the eighth of Valerian and Gallienus (A.D. 260) to the first of Aurelian (A.D. 269), thus making them to have been contemporary bishops for the space of three years;—a period quite sufficient, no doubt, for the correspondence which S. Athanasius relates to have passed between them. But in his history he puts Dionysius of Alexandria from the third of Philip (A.D. 246) to the twelfth of Gallienus (A.D. 264), (which would give him a period of eighteen years); and he commences the Episcopate of Dionysius of Rome at the earliest in the eleventh of Gallienus, which was just before the first Council of Antioch on Paul of Samosata, and but one year previous to the death of Dionysius of Alexandria; a space of time too brief for the communications described by S. Athanasius to have passed between them.[1]

Eutychius in his Chronicle has put them much further apart, concluding the Episcopate of Dionysius of Alexandria long before the commencement of that of Dionysius of Rome; for he puts the former from the second of Maximinius (A.D. 236) to the first of Valerian (A.D. 253), giving to him, like Eusebius in his Chronicon, seventeen years; and the latter he places from the first of Aurelian (A.D. 270) to the third of 'Marunus,' who must be Probus (A.D. 278).

S. Athanasius' account will probably be considered far more trustworthy than that of Eusebius or Eutychius; and if so he proves, by the way, that in this instance the chronology and arrangement of Eusebius' 'Chronicon' is superior to that of his History. Baronius puts the Council of Rome, which judged Dionysius of Alexandria, in the year 263, a date which Pagi corrects to 262. To the Episcopate of Dionysius of Rome he gives the years from 261 to 272 inclusive, following, with little variation, Eusebius' Chronicon; and that of Dionysius of Alexandria he dates from 248 to 266. Pagi says that Dionysius succeeded to the see of Alexandria in the year 247, and sat seventeen years, *i.e.* to 264, and he thinks that the Pontificate of Dionysius of Rome extended from 259 to the close of 269.[2]

The Councils which condemned Paul of Samosata, Bishop of Antioch, next demand our attention; and none of those held before the Council of Nice are of more importance to the student of ecclesiastical history. Paul succeeded Demetrius. His elevation to the see he seems to have owed to the influence

[1] So Bp. Pearson, De Successione, Diss. I. cap. X. § iv.
[2] Vol. I. Ann. 258, § vii.; 259, § x.; 271, § ii.

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of the Jewish Zenobia, the wife of Odenatus, king of Palmyra. His heresy was twofold, as regards the Holy Trinity, and the Incarnation. He denied that the Son and Holy Ghost were separate persons from the Father and each other, and he said they were *in* the Father, as a man's thought is in his heart.[1] He also thought that Mary did not conceive and bring forth the Word, because she is not before the Word, but that she was the mother merely of a man, who had his beginning from her, and was not before her. This man, he said, was endowed with grace above all men; was called the Son of God for his singular goodness, having been advanced to the title ἐκ προκοπῆς, and was even inhabited by God; that is, not by the Divine Word or Son as a Person, but as a mere influence only. He held that Christ was one, and the Word another.[2] He did not acknowledge the descent of the Son of God from heaven, but said that Jesus Christ was from below.[3] 'He denied,' says S. Athanasius, 'that the Son was before Mary, and held that he took his origin from her.'[4] This, of course, involves his denying the Godhead, and the Person (or hypostasis) of the Son.[5] He agreed, then, with Sabellius in teaching that there was only one Person in the Godhead, but differed from him in denying that God took to Himself human nature. Sabellius said the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, being one Person under different names, when one took flesh they all took it. Paul denied that God was incarnate at all, saying that an influence merely of God dwelt in the man, Mary's merely human Son. In distinguishing between the Son of Mary and God the Word, he would have anticipated Nestorius, had he held a *Personal* existence of the latter. This, however, he denied. Yet there is a protestation against Nestorius, addressed to the Clergy of Constantinople, containing a long and elaborate comparison of his doctrine with that of Paul.[6] In his doctrine of Christ's promotion to the Sonship for His personal merit and advance in holiness, he preceded Arius, who held that Christ was not the Son of God by nature, but was chosen to be such for his moral superiority to other men, so that He possessed nothing which might not have been bestowed on any other man. 'S. Peter and S. Paul,' said Arius, 'had they equalled Him in this respect, would have been all that He was.'[7] 'I myself,' said Paul, 'might be Christ if I would.'[8] He is said by the Fathers who condemned him to have renewed the heresy of

[1] S. Epiphanius, Her. 65, § 1. [2] Ephrem. Syrus, quoted by Routh, Reliquiæ.
[3] Euseb. vii. 23. [4] De Synod. Arim. et Seleuc. § 16, Ed. Bened.
[5] Epiphanius, as cited before.
[6] Harduin, i. p. 1271, &c. Conf. p. 1335, where the monks assert much the same thing. [7] Theodoret, Hist. i. [8] Mosheim, De Rebus, &c.

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Artemas, the follower of Theodotus, who was excommunicated by Victor, in a Council, as has been thought, of fifteen Bishops. In denying the Pre-existence and Divinity of Jesus Christ, it has been supposed that he adopted a low and Judaistic tone to please his patroness Zenobia; but Philaster goes so far as to say that he taught her to judaize. S. Augustine tells us that the Photinians (predecessors of the modern Socinians) renewed his doctrines, as he renewed those of Artemas.[1]

Thus there are two separate lines of heresy ascribed to him, as he agreed with Sabellius, and as he followed Artemas, and preceded Arius; and some insist most on one, and some on the other. S. Athanasius puts his humanitarianism most prominent;[2] S. Hilary lays the greater stress on his Sabellianism;[3] Bishop Bull follows the former, even speaking doubtfully of his agreement with Sabellius;[4] Petavius takes as his guide the latter;[5] Theodoret,[6] S. Augustine,[7] and Suidas[8] confine themselves to his humanitarianism.

It soon came to the ears of the Eastern Bishops that Paul was holding these heretical opinions, and they accordingly proceeded without delay, despite the power of his patroness, to judge him in Council. Eusebius, who has preserved an account of their acts, tells us that the heads of the 'Churches assembled 'against him in haste as against one who was committing depre-'dations on the flock of Christ.' The aged Bishop Dionysius of Alexandria was invited to attend, but excused himself on the plea of age and declining strength. He wrote, however, a letter to the Council, 'a few days,' as S. Jerome says, 'before his death.' Among Paul's judges were S. Gregory Thaumaturgus of Neocæsarea, Firmilianus of Cappadocia, and Helenus of Tarsus, with an innumerable host of priests and deacons. The result of the Council was, that Paul promised to amend his teaching, and thus escaped deprivation. It is doubtful whether there were held at this time more Synods than one, or (as appears more probable from the words of Eusebius, vii. 28), more than one Session of the Synod, *πάντων οὖν κατὰ καιροὺς διαφόρως καὶ πολλάκις ἐπὶ ταυτὸ συνιόντων, λόγοι καὶ ζητήσεις καθ' ἑκάστην ἀνεκινοῦντο σύνοδον.*

It is certain that Paul did not make good his promise; and accordingly, about four years afterwards, a final Council was held on him. The first proceeding of the Bishops was to ad-

[1] De Hæres. 49. For the fullest account of his doctrines see Mosheim, De Rebus, sec. iii. § 35; Routh's Reliquiæ; Newman's Note on S. Athan. De Synodis, Oxford Translation, vol. viii. p. 165, &c.
[2] De Synodis Arim. et Seleuc, § 45.
[3] De Synodis, § 81.
[4] Defensio, Sect. II. cap. i. § 9.
[5] De Incarnatione, Lib. I. cap. x. § 2.
[6] Hær. Fab. II. viii.
[7] De Hæres. 44.
[8] *ψιλὸν ἄνθρωπον εἶναι τὸν κύριον ἐβλασφημήσε.* In verb. 'Paulus.'

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dress to him a letter descriptive of the faith which they held, and which had been handed down from the time of the Apostles. In this they dwell on the Godhead of Christ, His eternal pre-existence, His creation of the world, His relation to God as a Son, and not as a creature, and His miraculous Incarnation. Finding, however, that these statements were of little avail, they then proceeded formally to judge him; and by the ability of Malchion the priest, (who took the part against him in the Council which Origen, as we have seen, had previously taken against Beryllus,) his artifices were exposed, and his heresy fully detected. The Council now passed on him the sentence of deprivation, and appointed Domnus in his room. Their synodal letter, which is given by Eusebius, stands in the name of the Bishops who were then present, the Priests, among whom is specified Malchion, and the Deacons. But the sentence which deprived him of the see proceeded evidently from the Bishops alone. They dwell at length in this letter on his secular and unecclesiastical habits, as well as on his heresy. We learn from it that among other gross scandals in which he indulged was that of having *συνεισάκτους*. If not the only ecclesiastic, he was the only Bishop, most probably, who ever polluted himself with the society of these degraded persons. Two of them formed a permanent part of his household.

How many Councils in all were held on this question it is impossible to say. Eusebius seems to imply that there were at least three; two at which Firmilian was present, and a third to which he was on his way when he died.[1] The first was held in the year 264 (5) (the twelfth of Gallienus), in which Dionysius of Alexandria died.[2] The last could not have been later than in 269,[3] because its synodal letter, which is extant,[4] was addressed

[1] Hist. VII. 28, 30

[2] Pagi, ad Ann. 265, § ix.; Valesius on Eusebius, vii. 29; Petavius, Doctrina Temporum. In his 'Ratio Temporum' he puts it in 263. Baronius puts it in 266, mistaking that year for the twelfth of Gallienus.

[3] Pagi, Ann. 271, § ii. Tillemont. Petavius puts it in 270, both in his 'Doctrina' and 'Ratio;' Baronius in 272, mistaking the year of Paul's ejection from his see by Aurelian, for that of his condemnation in Council by the Bishops. But Bp. Pearson, in his Dissertations on the Succession of the early Bishops of Rome, takes altogether a different view, and one in which he is, we believe, quite alone. He thinks that Dionysius was made Bishop of Rome in 259, a year before Paul succeeded Demetrius at Antioch, according, as he thinks, to Eusebius (vii. 27), and not in 261, as he says in his Chronicon. Then he supposes there was only one Council at Antioch, which was begun in the year 262, and lasted till 265, when Paul was condemned (Dissert. I. cap. x) Against this opinion are the facts:—1. That Eusebius mentions not fewer than three Councils, as we have said; and, 2. That the synodal letter was addressed to Dionysius of Rome the year of his death (Pagi, Ann. 271. § 2, Burton's Lectures), which event Pearson himself, with others, puts in 269. It could not have been held as late as 272, in which year Baronius places it, because Dionysius had then been dead three years.

[4] Euseb. Hist. vii. 28, 30.

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to Dionysius of Rome, who died at the close of that year. The Greeks commemorate Firmilian on the 28th of October; between that day, then, and the 26th of December, on which Dionysius died, the Council appears to have been held. Paul retained forcible possession of his see till the year 272, when the emperor Aurelian conquered Zenobia, and took Antioch, on which the Bishops appealed to him to remove Paul. He left the settlement of the case to the Bishop of Rome, Felix, the successor of Dionysius, who, of course, decided in favour of Domnus.[1]

There is one thing which renders this Council especially remarkable. It is that the term ὁμοούσιος was rejected by it; that term which the Nicene Council adopted as best expressing the primary doctrine of our religion, the Godhead of the Son, and which S. Athanasius spent nearly fifty years of persecution and affliction in defending. The Council of Antioch has thus, to the enemies of our holy faith, cast an opprobrium on the Council of Nice and its Creed, and, what is of much more consequence, on the doctrine that Creed expresses. To the weak it has proved a source of no slight perplexity, and to the lukewarm it has given occasion to consider the Councils generally as of little real benefit to the settlement of disputed questions; thus affording grounds, at least at first sight, for a fundamental doctrine of the Christian faith to be looked upon as nothing more than an open question. We who are accustomed to consider the term ὁμοούσιος through the Creed of Nice, are

[1] It might be thought that these questions of chronology would be in some degree elucidated, if not wholly decided, by the Alexandrian History of Eutychius; but it is not so. In this portion of his history he has only added to the mass of mistakes, amounting, in fact, to a perversion of history, which abound in his pages. He tells us that Dionysius was made patriarch of Alexandria in the second of Maximinus (A.D. 236), who sat for seventeen years. Maximus succeeded him in the first of Valerian (A.D. 253) who sat eighteen years, *i.e.* till the first of Aurelian, though he actually delays his death till the fourth of that emperor. To Maximus he gives as successor, Neron, a name unknown in the list of the Alexandrian patriarchate. Next he makes Domnus, the successor of Paul, to have *preceded* him at Antioch, placing him from the eighth of Valerian (A.D. 260) to the twelfth, and to Timothy, his successor, he gives from the twelfth of Valerian to the first of Claudius (268), when he was succeeded, he says, by Paul. Paul, according to him, sat eight years, *i.e.* from the first of Claudius (A.D. 268) to the second of Probus, (277). Lastly, he puts Dionysius of Rome from the first of Aurelian (270) to the third of Probus (or, as he terms him, Marunus) A.D. 278. According to this account, it is clear that no Council could have been held at Antioch at the time Eusebius describes, *i.e.* at the end of the Episcopate of Dionysius of Alexandria, and the first or second year of that of Dionysius of Rome. Accordingly, we find in Eutychius the singular statement, that Paul died in possession of the See of Antioch, and that *after* his death, but not before, a Council of fifteen bishops (a number which he seems to have taken by mistake from Eusebius, such being the number of names mentioned in the Synodal letter [Euseb. vii. 30] with the exception of Malchion the priest) was held on him, in which he and his followers were condemned.

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apt to look doubtingly on the Council of Antioch for having rejected it. To vindicate this Council, therefore, we must inquire what was its intention in so doing. That it intended to deny the doctrine itself afterwards laid down at Nice, Θεὸς ἐκ Θεοῦ, ὁμοούσιος τῷ πατρὶ, we cannot for a moment believe. The names of Helenus of Tarsus and Hymenæus of Jerusalem are alone a sufficient guarantee for this; and it accused and condemned Paul for reviving a heresy of which this denial was the essence. Did the Council, then, reject the term in question either as not understanding it to express this doctrine, or, perhaps, as thinking that it actually expressed some other? What sense, in other words, did the Council affix to the term when rejecting it?

The question is, no doubt, one of moment; nor can it be wondered at if the ἀντιλόγια of the two Councils should have caused some offence to the weak and hostile; but we think that a careful examination will show that the Council understood the term in a sense of its own, though that was not, perhaps, critically speaking, a correct one: and thought that they were best affirming the doctrine of our blessed Lord's Godhead when they rejected the word, and, at the same time, deposed Paul for his denial of the doctrine.

S. Hilary[1] says that the Antiochene Council rejected the term ὁμοούσιος because Paul used it 'malo sensu.' Petavius says it was held by him in a Sabellian sense, to show that Father and Son were one Person, and therefore it was that the Council forbade it. But Bishop Bull proves from S. Basil and from the nature of the case, that the term itself is quite opposed to the idea of Sabellius, whose heresy would rather be expressed by ταυτοούσιος than by ὁμοούσιος. S. Athanasius, as having been present in the Council of Nice, in which doubtless (as Bull says) the rejection of the term by the Bishops of the Council of Antioch was thoroughly examined, is, on the whole, the best authority on the subject. Now he affirms, in his work 'De Synodis,' that Paul did not use the term, but rather constructed from it a sophism to destroy the doctrine of the Catholic fathers who did use it, and for this reason it was that they forbade it. He tells us that the Dionysii held it:—

'They' (he says) 'who deposed Samosatene, took One in Substance in a bodily sense, because Paul had attempted sophistry, and said, "Unless Christ has of man become God, it follows that He is one in substance with the Father; and if so, of necessity there are three substances, one the previous substance, and the other two from it;" and therefore, guarding against this, they said, with good reason, that Christ was not One in sub-

[1] De Synodis.

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stance. For the Son is not related to the Father, as he imagined. But the Bishops who anathematized the Arian heresy, understanding Paul's craft, and reflecting that the word 'One in substance' has not this meaning when used of things immaterial, and especially of God, and acknowledging that the Word was not a creature, but an offspring from the substance, and that the Father's substance was the origin and root and fountain of the Son, and that He was of very truth His Father's Likeness, and not of different nature, as we are, and separate from the Father, but that, as being from Him, He exists as Son indivisible, as radiance is with respect of light, and knowing, too, the illustrations used in Dionysius' case, the "fountain," and the defence of "One in substance," and before this the Saviour's saying, symbolical of unity, "I and the Father are one," and "he that hath seen Me hath seen the Father:" on these grounds, reasonably asserted on their part, that the Son was One in Substance.

'Yes, surely, each Council had a sufficient reason for its own language; for since Samosatene held that the Son was not before Mary, but received from her the origin of His being, therefore the assembled fathers deposed him and pronounced him heretic; but concerning the Son's Godhead writing in simplicity, they arrived not at accuracy concerning the One in substance, but, as they understood the word, so spoke they about it. For they directed all their thoughts to destroy the device of Samosatene, and to show that the Son was before all things, and that, instead of becoming God from man, God had put on a servant's form, and the Word had become flesh, as John says. This is how they dealt with the blasphemies of Paul; but when the party of Eusebius and Arius said, that though the Son was before time, yet was He made, and one of the creatures; and as to the phrase, 'from God,' they did not believe it in the sense of His being genuine Son from Father; but maintained it as it is said of the creatures; and as to the oneness of likeness between the Son and the Father, did not confess that the Son is like the Father, according to substance, or according to nature, but because of Their agreement of doctrines and of teaching; nay, when they drew a line and an utter distinction between the Son's substance and the Father, ascribing to Him an origin of being, other than the Father, and degrading Him to the creatures, on this account the Bishops assembled at Nicæa, with a view to the craft of the parties so thinking, and as bringing together the sense from the Scriptures, cleared up the point, by affirming the "One in Substance;" that both the true genuineness of the Son might thereby be known, and that things generated might have nothing in common with Him.'—*De Synodis Arim. et Seleuc.* § 45, O T.[1]

Paul, in fact, said: 'Unless He has become God from man, He is *consubstantial with* the Father:' and the Bishops of the Council, to show that He had not become God from man, (but man from God) said, 'He is not consubstantial.' We see how their conclusion follows from the premiss: but not the justice of the premiss itself as first put forth by Paul. In a word, as Bishop Bull says, Paul formed an argument from this word to

[1] The words of Athanasius are: 'Εἰ μὴ ἐξ ἀνθρώπου γέγονεν ὁ Χριστὸς Θεὸς οὐκοῦν ὁμοούσιός ἐστι τῷ πατρί,' which the Benedictines, Bull, and others, rightly render 'Si Christus non ex homine Deus factus est, *ergo* Consubstantialis *est* Patri.' But Fleury, translating the *οὐκοῦν* as if it were *οὔκουν*, has given a negative which is not in S. Athanasius. He says, 'Si Jésus-Christ n'est devenu Dieu d'homme qu'il était, il n'est donc *pas* consubstantiel au Père,' and the error is repeated both in our English quarto, and in the Latin translations of his work.

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oppose the divinity of Christ; and, therefore, the Antiochene fathers caused it to be suppressed.

Bull thinks that it was Paul's assertion in the Council that the word ὁμοούσιος involved division of the Divine essence into two parts, of which one makes the Father and another the Son; and, therefore, that some Divine substance existed prior to both Father and Son, which was afterwards divided into Father and Son; and that it was to prevent this idea that the Antiochenes refused to allow the term ὁμοούσιος to be used.[1]

S. Athanasius makes it clear that the ultimate object of the fathers of this Council in rejecting the term in question, was one and the same with that of the Nicenes in affirming it; to fortify and to protect from question the doctrine of the Godhead of the Son. The Antiochenes may have been incorrect in the meaning which they affixed to the term, and hasty in rejecting it; or they may have too readily fallen into the sophism which Paul spread for them; but their doctrine itself is not to be assailed.

The next Council of note after that of Antioch on Paul was held at Illiberis or Elvir. There are two cities of this name, one in the south of France, which must not be confounded with the Illiberis at which the Council was held, and the other the scene of the Council, a city of the province of Bœtica, near Grenada.[2] It is now destroyed, and the see is transferred to Grenada.[3]

The exact date of the Council is unknown. Baronius and Dr. Pusey put it in A.D. 305. Pagi is doubtful. Some ancient MSS. put it as late as the reign of Constantine and the Council of Nice. But this seems too late; for more than one of the Canons of Arles, in the year 314, are evidently taken from it. A.D. 313 is, on this account, the date assigned to it by Harduin, and by the late President of Magdalen, from him.

The heading of the Council in Harduin is as follows:—'When the twenty-six Bishops had taken their seats, the 'Deacons and all the people standing by, the Bishops spoke.' Then follow the Canons, (eighty-one in number,) on which we shall shortly say a few words. Among the Bishops present was Hosius, who also presided at the Council of Nice, and who drew up with his own hand that Creed which the Church Catholic has ever used since his time. Several had been Confes-

[1] S. Basil supports him in this view. His words are: 'They (the Antiochenes) said that the word ὁμοούσιος involved the idea of essence, and the things which are of it; so that the essence, divided, applied the term ὁμοούσιος to those things into which it was divided.'—Routh, Reliq. ii. 489.

[2] Cabassutius, de Conciliis, fol. p. 76. Fleury, book ix. § 13.

[3] Carolus a Paulo, p. 182.

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sors in the persecution of Maximian. Gibbon, who never loses an opportunity of displaying his hatred to Christianity, says on this Council,—

'The Councils of Ancyra and Illiberis were held about the same time, the one in Galatia, the other in Spain; but their respective Canons, which are still extant, seem to breathe a very different spirit. The Galatian, who after his baptism had repeatedly sacrificed to idols, might obtain his pardon by a penance of seven years; and if he had seduced others to imitate his example, only three years more were added to the term of his exile. But the unhappy Spaniard, who had committed the same offence, was deprived of the hope of reconciliation, even in the article of death; and his idolatry was placed at the head of a list of seventeen other crimes, against which a sentence no less terrible was pronounced. Among these we may distinguish the inexpiable guilt of calumniating a Bishop, a Presbyter, or even a Deacon.'—Vol. ii. p. 174.

It should be borne in mind in answer to the above words, that while the East had been exposed to continual persecutions, the West, under the mild rule of Constantius Chlorus, had enjoyed a long peace. There is nothing to show that this Council was held before Spain was formally given to Constantius, in 305; but even had it been two years earlier, when, under the persecution of Diocletian and the government of Herculeus,[1] the Christians in Spain probably suffered heavily, still the long calm they had enjoyed made apostasy a much heavier offence in them than it would have been in the Easterns; and as such, it surely required a more severe treatment. The fathers of the Council in fact wished less to punish that sin for the past, than to prevent it for the future. And this argument is infinitely more weighty, if the Council was held *after* A.D. 305. Apostasy was threatened under the idolatry of Maxentius, the son of Herculeus, and of the sons of Constantius; and it was the duty of the Council, as far as possible, to guard against the danger. The overlooking of this characteristic of the times has induced Bellarmine and Baronius to consider the Council guilty of a tendency to Novatianism, from the severe nature of the Canons: but Berard on Gratian justly observes that this is not of much weight, and does not invalidate the authority of the Council.

It was ruled in the Council that those who sacrifice shall never receive Communion, even at their death; nor shall virgins dedicate, who have broken their vows; nor those twice guilty of adultery; adulteresses living and dying in sin; and some others. Christians are not to receive idol sacrifices, on pain of five years' excommunication; and are, if possible, to have no idols in their houses (Cans. 40, 41). Any one approaching the idol of the capitol to sacrifice to it, or even to look at it, is to be excommunicated for ten years. The twenty-seventh Canon

[1] Walchius de Christ. sub Dioclet. in Hispan. Persecutio, § 52.

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makes mention of *συνειστάκτοι*. The explanation of the severity of some in these times given by Pope Innocent I., who lived scarcely a century later, seems to have been intended by him, as Baronius says, to apply to this Council, and appears to be quite satisfactory. He says, as quoted by Baronius (A.D. 305, § 41), that because of the frequent persecutions of these times, (*i.e.* in the East and in Africa, under Herculeus, but not in Spain before 303 or after 305) Communion was denied the lapsed, to prevent them from becoming indifferent to that sin, through too much ease and security as to being restored: but when the persecutions had ceased, and the Church again enjoyed peace, then they gave Communion to the dying, lest they should seem to follow the heresy of Novatian, and refuse them all pardon. The latter paragraph probably refers to some period subsequent to the Council. Baronius also admits that the Bishops of the Council, when denying to the lapsed all Communion even at their deaths, differ from Novatian in admitting them to repentance, which the Novatians always refused to do. We may add also that a doubt has been raised as to whether the word Communion here means the reception of the Holy Eucharist alone, or Absolution, and the whole Church system, and distribution of the means of grace.

In Pope Innocent's letter on the Council, it undoubtedly means the latter.[1]

In the year 305, a small Council of Bishops was held in Cirta, of Numidia, under Secundus, Bishop of Tigisis and Primate of Africa, to elect a Bishop of the See in the room of one lately dead. The Council is remarkable for a singular scene, which is related, not without humour, by S. Augustine and Optatus. The Church had been destroyed in the late Diocletian persecution, and the Council was held in a private house. Secundus accused the Bishops, one after another, of having been traditors in the late persecution; that is, of having delivered up the Sacred Volumes to the persecutors; and they had all, in turn, pleaded guilty, and been ordered by him to stand aside. When Secundus was so ill-judged, or so unfortunate, as to accuse another Bishop, named Purpurius, of the somewhat more heinous crime of a double murder perpetrated on his two nephews, Purpurius, who was a man of firmer nerves than the rest, far from betraying any fear or hesitation, instantly and fiercely admitted the deed; avowed himself ready to repeat it on any who offended him, and advising Secundus not to tempt him to say more, ended by accusing him of the very charge he had previously brought against the rest. It was now Secundus' turn to quail;

[1] Baronius, ad ann. 303, § xlii.

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and he was glad to take the advice of his nephew Secundus, to leave such a question to the judgment of God. 'I know,' he said to his uncle, in no very flattering terms, 'that they ought 'to leave you, and pass sentence against you, and you will then 'be the only heretic.' The opinion of two other Bishops, who had not been accused, agreed with that of Secundus the nephew. Secundus then said, 'You know, and God knows. Sit down.' Then they all sat down, saying, 'Deo Gratias.' [1]

'Strange as the scene,' says Dr. Pusey, 'is in itself, it illustrates the fact, how, in the synods of Bishops held to elect Bishops, inquiry was made by the Bishops into the mode of life of the person elect.'—P. 96.

The Donatist Councils next require our attention. There was a Council of seventy Donatist Bishops held at Carthage, in which Cæcilian was judged and condemned unheard. This Council has no day or consular names affixed to it, to enable us to ascertain its date. Baronius places it in 306, which appears to be correct. A Council was held at Rome (A.D. 313), by direction of Constantine, on an appeal to him of the Donatists.[2] It consisted of Miltiades, the Bishop of Rome, and nineteen Bishops, three of whom were Gallicans, of Autun, Cologne, and Arles. They sat for three days. The Donatists appealed to the Council of Seventy, and its condemnation of Cæcilian; but Miltiades refused to receive its judgment, because Cæcilian was condemned in his absence; in the end, Cæcilian was acquitted, and the Donatists condemned.

But this Council was not decisive. Donatus of Casæ Nigræ, from whom the schism originated, but who is not the Donatus from whom it derived its title, appealed to Constantine; and he, according to their desire, caused a Council to be assembled at Arles. Constantine himself did not attempt to decide the question. S. Augustine, in his 105th Epistle, addressed to the Donatists, says: 'Know 'that your first fathers brought the cause of Cæcilian before 'the Emperor Constantine; but because Constantine did not 'dare to judge in the cause of a Bishop, he delegated to the 'Bishops its discussion and definition.' [3] Constantine wrote to the Bishops to come to him: his letter to Chrestus of Syracuse is still extant. He directs him to take a public carriage and come to Arles with two of 'the lower throne,' [4] *i. e.* Priests;

[1] Baronius, A.D. 303, § v. [2] Euseb. Hist. x. 5. [3] Tom. ii. p. 299, Ed. Bened.

[4] 'Presbyters were allowed to sit together with a Bishop in the Church (which privilege was never allowed to Deacons); and their seats were dignified with the name of thrones, as the Bishop's was, only with this difference, that his was the high throne, and theirs the second throne..... By this we may understand what Constantine meant in his letter to Chrestus, Bishop of Syracuse, when, giving him a summons to the Council of Arles, he bid him also bring with him two of the second thrones, that is, two Presbyters.'—Bingham, vol. i. book ii. chap. xix. § 5.

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and three servants. Chrestus obeyed the mandate, bringing with him a Priest and a Deacon. The Bishop of Rome also, Silvester, the successor of Miltiades, sent as his representatives two Priests and two Deacons.

The whole number of Bishops present, according to S. Augustine, was 200.[1] The result was, that Cæcilian was acquitted, and the Donatists condemned a second time. The Council of Arles composed twenty-two Canons, which, with a Synodal letter, they sent to Sylvester. The eighth Canon allows the Africans their own custom of re-baptizing; but directs that, on the return of a heretic to the Church, he shall be asked the Creed; and if it be found that he was baptized in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, they shall only lay hands on him: otherwise, he shall be baptized. This Canon may have been intended to apply to the Donatists, as well as other heretics; for S. Augustine expressly tells us that Donatus soon changed the schism into a heresy. 'Donatus,' he says, 'held not Catholic opinions on the Trinity; but, 'although he believed One Substance, he thought the Son less 'than the Father, and the Holy Ghost less than the Son.'[2]

'S. Augustine calls this Council,' says Dr. Pusey, 'a Plenary Universal Council—a Council of the Universal Church. The Bishop speaks of "the present authority of our God"—of their own judgment as "the judgment of God and the Church."'[3]

But it can hardly be termed an Universal Council in the strict sense of the word, because, numerous as were the Bishops present, they were wholly Westerns: Gaul, Italy, Africa, Spain, Sicily, Sardinia, Britain, sent each its representatives; but the East sent none. The Donatists appealed from the Council to the Emperor, who judged the question in person in a Council at Milan, the result of which was, that the Donatists were again condemned.

There was another Donatist Council of 270 Bishops, on the question of re-baptizing traditors. Baronius puts it in the year 308; but Valesius, and Pagi from him, consider it to have been held much later. It was held at Carthage; and, 'the 'question having been discussed for seventy-five days, to 'the exclusion of all other matters, it was decreed, that those 'who had given up the Scriptures, guilty as they were of an 'exceeding sin, should, if unwilling to be baptized, be admitted 'into communion as innocent.'[4] From this time, Donatus held

[1] Book i. Cont. Epist. Parm. referred to by Dr. Pusey. Fleury says 33. x. § xiv.

[2] De Hæres. § lxix. Theodoret says that Apollinaris was the author of the idea of different degrees in the Holy Trinity. Her. fab. IV. viii. Of course, they mean an Essential, and not a Personal inequality.

[3] Pusey, p. 98. [4] Page 288.

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communion with the traditor Bishops for forty years; and we have seen, from the Council of Cirta, what a disgrace to Christianity and the Church, men of this stamp were likely to be. Finally, Gratus, Bishop of Carthage, held a Council in that city in the year 348, and peace was for the time restored. Thirteen Canons were framed relating to the irregularities of the Donatists.[1]

In the same year as that of the Council of Arles (A.D. 314) were held three other Councils: at Ancyra, in Galatia; at Neocæsarea; and at Laodicea, in Phrygia. The Council of Ancyra published twenty-five Canons, most of which bear reference to the restoration of those who were lapsed in the late persecution of Maximinus. These Councils are very remarkable, from the fact that their Canons, with those of the Apostles, form the groundwork of the Canons of the Universal Council of Nice; as those, again, are the foundation of the Canons issued by the other general Councils. Thus the Canon law is, in fact, the legal system of the whole Church of all ages, and of all countries. The Canons of Ancyra are of a much milder tone than those of Illiberis. The latter name at least seventeen different offences for which no communion was to be given, even at death: Ancyra only contains one. But on many other points, the same or like laws are prescribed. The nineteenth of this, like the twenty-seventh of Illiberis, forbids the abuse of *συνεισάκτοι*. Eighteen Bishops were present, most of whom were afterwards at the Council of Nice. Neocæsarea laid down fifteen Canons, which are almost exclusively Canons of discipline for the Clergy. Nineteen Bishops signed them; ten of whom were also present at Ancyra.

The next great disturbance in the Church was that caused by Arius. Arius had been an abettor of the schismatical Bishop Meletius; and he began to give utterance to his own distinctive heresy about the year 315. The Synods which were held in connexion with this question from that year to the Council of Constantinople, in 381, are almost without number. Alexander, the Bishop of Alexandria, was declaring the faith in a diocesan Synod, when Arius interrupted him with objections to his doctrine.[2] Alexander assembled another Synod, in which to judge the matter fully; and when no conclusion was arrived at, he called it a second time, and gave judgment against Arius.[3] Arius, who had himself held unlaw-

[1] Page 285.

[2] *πότε παρόντων τῶν ὑπ' αὐτῷ πρεσβυτέρων καὶ τῶν λοιπῶν κληρικῶν· κ. τ. λ.*— Socrates, I. v.

[3] Sozomen, after a statement of the beginning of the dispute, says that Alexander held two Councils of his diocese on the subject, and after his excommuni-

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ful Synods,[1] appealed to the Bishops of Syria, some of whom had formerly been his personal friends. They met in Synod, and reversed the decision of Alexander. On this, Constantine—acting on the same principles as those which he had followed in the Donatist dispute—called the first great Œcumenical Council, the Council of Nice.

Baronius and the Ultra-montanists assert that it was Silvester and not Constantine, who called the Council; but, unfortunately for them, the authors from whom we learn that there was a Council at all, tell us, plainly and unmistakeably, that it was convoked by Constantine. Sozomen says that Constantine, on the first news of the dissension, gave Hosius commission to go to Egypt, to put an end to the disputed question; and that when he found this impossible, he convened the Council of Nice;[2] and Socrates, in the preface to his 5th Book, says, that the emperors, from the time of their profession of Christianity, have exercised a weighty influence on the affairs of the Church; and that the greatest Councils were, and still are, convened by their authority. Richer, a Gallican, admits this; and in confutation of Andrew Vallius, who had said that the Bishop of Rome alone has power to assemble an Œcumenical Council, 'juridicè et auctoritativè;' and that where emperors are said to assemble Councils, it is to be understood that they only do so as the executive officers of the Pope, and law ecclesiastical;[3] he proves that on Constantine devolved the duty of appointing the time, and giving notice to Bishops to attend (which he certainly did in the Council of Arles); because to the civil magistrate belongs the *jus gladii* to compel the submission of the refractory; secondly, that he assembled the Council; and thirdly, that he presided at it;—alluding, doubtless, to his presence, when he sat on the chair or throne of gold, as described by Eusebius,[4] and at the head of the assembly, as related by Socrates;[5] fourthly, that he confirmed its decrees;[6] *i. e.*, as he

cation of Arius, and when the Syrian Bishops had taken up his cause, many other Councils were held in Egypt. Book i. chaps. 15, 16. Alexander says in his Encyclical letter, that he had anathematised Arius in Council with 100 Bishops.—Socrates, I. vi.

[1] Theodoret, Hist. i. 1.

[2] I. xvi., and Theodoret, Hist. i. 6.

[3] It is difficult to believe that this is gravely asserted even by an Ultra-montane of Constantine and Silvester at Nice. If the emperor were the executive officer of the Bishop of Rome in the calling of Councils, how strange it is that he should have authoritatively bidden his own head and source of authority to send representatives of himself to the Council of Arles!

[4] Life of Constantine, iii. 10.

[5] i. 19.

[6] So Peter Marc, de Concordia, Lib. II. cap. x. § ix. But he says that when on the subject of the confirmation of Councils, we must distinguish between the

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writes, the emperors are said properly to confirm a Council when they issue an order that the subjects of discussion should be brought to decision; which can only be done by a power of assembling that the Church has not by divine law; and so the Popes and other Patriarchs are rather said to conclude than to confirm the acts: [1]—

'It was indeed,' says Dr. Pusey, 'a wonderful Assembly. "There were at that time," Theodoret says, "many, eminent for Apostolic gifts; many too, who, according to the Divine Apostle, bore about in the body the marks of the Lord Jesus. James of Nisibis both raised the dead to life, and did very many other miracles. Paul, Bishop of Neocæsarea, had experienced the fury of Licinius, his hands powerless, the red-hot iron had destroyed the power of motion; others had their right eyes dug out; others hamstrung in the knees, of whom was Paphnutius. A crowd of martyrs might be seen gathered in one." Others specify Potamon, Bishop of Heraclea, who lost one eye for the testimony of Jesus Christ; Spiridon, Bishop of Trimithus, who wrought miracles; Leontius, Bishop of Cæsarea, in Cappadocia, gifted with a prophetic spirit; Amphion of Epiphania, Hypatius of Gangra, Confessors; and Nicolas of Myra, even then distinguished for piety. S. Alexander of Alexandria, S. Eustathius of Antioch, S. James of Nisibis, Hosius, were in every way eminent. Macarius of Jerusalem was also a distinguished maintainer of the Nicene faith.'—P. 104.

Hosius was president; and Silvester sent two of his Presbyters to represent him. S. Athanasius, then a Deacon, attended his Bishop, Alexander, and on him depended chiefly the defence of the faith.

'Lay dialecticians,' says Dr. Pusey, 'are mentioned on both sides; on the Arian, the Bishops Eusebius of Nicomedia, Theognis, and Maris. "Against these," Socrates says, "Athanasius contended nobly;" and mentions it as the ground of the subsequent grudge of the Arian party against him. Sozomen says that "many of the Bishops who then met together, and the clerks who followed them, being powerful in disputing, and practised in these methods of discourse, distinguished themselves;" but he too specifies the one Deacon, S. Athanasius.

'Yet, whether those of the Bishops who had intellectual gifts were more or fewer, it was not on account of those gifts, but for their office sake, that they alone had a decisive voice. It was by permission that the laymen spoke in the Synod; yet a simple layman, an aged Confessor, was allowed to speak. Clergy who followed the Bishops, distinguished themselves in discussions on the faith. Spiridon, on the contrary, "had been a shepherd, before he was, for his piety, made a shepherd of men; and even as a Bishop, in his great humility, he fed his sheep still." Yet Laymen, or Deacons, or Priests, though possessed of the same (or even, as S. Athanasius, greater) theological knowledge or acuteness, or however eminent for holiness of life and sufferings for Christ, for which Bishops

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things pertaining to faith, and to discipline. The rule of the former belongs not to Secular Princes, but to Bishops. It is the part of princes to enforce the decrees of Bishops, and to follow up their punishments.

[1] Richer, de Conciliis, vol. i. p. 22. The emperor ratified the Council of Constantinople also. Dr. Pusey, p. 322.

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also were eminent, had no voice in the decision. The Bishops alone decided, as having alone the Commission from our Lord. They came not as disputants, but to bear witness to the faith which they had received.'—P. 106.

Again:—

'It is difficult to embody in words the influence of this Council on the subsequent history of the Church. The subsequent General Councils are grounded upon it. After the struggles of fifty-six years, against the Eunomians, or Anomœans, Arians, or Eudoxians, Semi-Arians, or Macedonians, the impugners of the Holy Ghost, Sabellians, Marcellians, Photinians, and Apollinarians, the second General Council, at Constantinople, in its first Canon, knits itself on to that at Nicæa. "Let not the faith of the three hundred and eighteen fathers who met at Nicæa in Bithynia be abrogated, but let that remain firm, and let every heresy be anathematised." After which the Council specially anathematised those abovenamed. The Fathers of the Council of Ephesus, in the like way, affirm "the faith of the three hundred and eighteen (of Nice) and the one hundred and fifty" (of Constantinople).

'It would be long to recount how purely and religiously all the Fathers reverenced the Nicene Council, as an oracle from Heaven. To this, as an inviolable law, Athanasius ever appeals, whether his contest be with Arius, Asterius, or Eusebius. With this Hilary upbraids Constantius, the deserter of his father's faith, and contends that it is the test and rule of all other Synods. Epiphanius extols it as the anchor of the tossed Church. To this, as to a fortress of the Faith, Ambrose leads Gratian, who, on the eve of war, had asked him concerning the faith. Why recount individuals? An Œcumenical Synod, whatever they would do or discuss, professed at the outset that they willed to tread in the footsteps of the Nicene Faith. They are like great stones built upon the foundation of Nice. The kings of the Goths in Italy and Spain, of the Vandals in Africa, Constantius and Valens, Roman Emperors, throughout the whole world, arrayed against the Canons of Nice, prætors, soldiers, armies, provincial Synods, the large Councils of Bishops at Rimini and Seleucia. Yet all these were not so much hostile engines to destroy it, as trophies of victory for endless glory; God thereby attesting that the faith of Nice, which such might of floods, winds and storms could not shake, was founded and settled on the firmest rock. "Pleas for Councils," said the Bishops at Ariminum, "will not longer circulate about. The Bishops of Nicæa having anticipated them once for all, and done all that was needful for the Catholic Church."'—P. 109.

The acts of this Council were chiefly the declaring of the faith, the regulating of the keeping of Easter, and the enacting of Canons of discipline for the whole Church. These, which are twenty in number, are many of them repetitions or re-assertions of former Canons; especially those of the Apostles, Arles, Ancyra, and Neocæsarea: and more than one of them are in turn re-asserted by subsequent Councils.

'"They relate," says Dr. Pusey, "mostly to the discipline of the Clergy, or those who should be admitted to Holy Orders; but some exclusively relate to the Laity. All were everywhere received; and Provincial Councils held themselves bound to do nothing against any Canon of the Council of Nice. The whole Church obeyed whatever it bade or forbade."'—P. 112.

The third Canon prohibits *συνεισάκτοι*. The thirteenth

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undoes the too severe rule of Illiberis, directing that the dying shall certainly receive communion. But the two Canons to which we would more particularly call the reader's attention, are the fifth, which orders the holding of Synods in each Eparchy or Province biennially, and the sixth, which lays down the rights of Primates, or, as they were then termed, Metropolitan Bishops.

The immediate cause of the biennial Synods being ordered, was to examine into cases of Excommunication. The Canon says, as regards those who are excommunicated, whether of Clergy or Laity, by the Bishops of an Eparchy or Province: 'Let the judgment hold according to the Canon which forbids that those who were rejected by one, should be received by another.' Francis the Jesuit's translation of the Arabic version of the Canons as given by Harduin, allows the excommunicated, if unjustly excommunicated, to be received by the 'Patriarch or Archbishop,' who, however, must inform the Bishop of what he has done. This Arabic version, however, is clearly of a much later date than the Greek; for the terms 'Patriarch' and 'Archbishop' are both subsequent to the Council of Nice. These Canons seem to be a compound of the Nicene and Sardican. The fifth Nicene Canon clearly re-enacts the thirty-first of the Apostles, which rules, 'If any Priest or Deacon be excommunicated by his Bishop, it shall not be lawful for him to be received by any other than the Bishop who excommunicated him, except by chance he who did it should die.' This direction was anticipated by Illiberis, Canon fifty-three; and Arles, Canon sixteen; and was repeated by Antioch, Canon six (A.D. 341). Its rule for the holding of Synods is a repetition of the thirty-sixth Canon of the Apostles, which was afterwards repeated in the twentieth of Antioch. The eighth Canon of the sixth in Trullo[1], which was re-affirmed by the sixth of the second Council of Nice,[2] alters the rule so far as to require the Synods to be held only yearly: between Pasch and October; while Nice orders the first Synod to be held before Easter; and the Apostolical Canon and the twentieth of Antioch direct the first to be held after it. Berard, who is greatly concerned at this breach of uniformity, (for he thinks that it reflects either on the Nicene fathers for making a law which necessity soon required to be altered; or on the Antiochenes for presuming to change the rule of an Œcumenical Council:) supposes that the Nicene fathers may really have intended the first Synod to have been held at the time directed by the Apostolic and Antiochene Canons: namely, during the forty days of Pentecost. But this is disproved both by the plain language of the Greek, and by the ex-

[1] Beveridge, Pandect, i. 166. [2] Ibid. p. 295.

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planations of the ancient Canonists. The Greek says, πρὸ τῆς τεσσαρακοστῆς: and the translation of the Arabic "ante quadragesimam, secunda hebdomada post festum Epiphaniæ."[1] Zonaras, moreover, says decidedly that the Nicene fathers altered the time named by the Apostolic Canons from the fourth week in Pentecost to the season before Lent.[2] These Synods were rather for the discussion of Ecclesiastical business, and subjects touching the discipline of the Church, than for the settlement of matters of faith, which were ruled either in National or Œcumenical Councils.[3]

The sixth Canon of Nice has caused much dissension amongst theologians of all classes. To those who draw their conclusions from the terms of the Canon, it appears to treat the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome as contained within certain limits; whilst others contend against that conclusion; and maintain, either that it rules nothing on the subject whatever, or that it extends rather than diminishes the powers possessed in the days of the Council by the Patriarch of the West. The English of the original Greek version is as follows:—

'Let the ancient customs hold good of Egypt, Libya, and Pentapolis, that the Bishop of Alexandria have authority over all these places, since this is also the custom with the Bishop of Rome, and likewise in Antioch, and other provinces, to preserve their rights for the Churches. And let it be plainly understood that if any one is made Bishop against the consent of the Metropolitan, such an one this great Synod has decided ought not to be a Bishop. And if when the common voice of all is favourable and according to the Ecclesiastical Canons, two or three oppose it through private contention, let the voice of the more part hold good.'

A version presented by the legate of S. Leo to the Council of Chalcedon as that of the Council of Nice, differs essentially from the above. It begins as follows:—

'The Church of Rome has always had the first place; Egypt also has (the custom) that the Bishop of Alexandria should have authority over all, as is customary also with the Bishop of Rome.'[4]

But the assertion that these were the original words of the Canon is certainly untrue, for the Council neither uttered nor sanctioned them. This is evident from an inspection of the Eastern versions of the Canons, which, although they certainly cannot be considered as literal representations of the original Canon, yet on the point in question agree most remarkably both with it and with each other. The Maronite version; the old Latin; that of Dionysius Exiguus; and Isidore the Merchant's, refer to the metropolitical powers of the Bishop of Rome as then existing. The Arabic and Melchite versions speak as if in some measure bestowing them on him, or at least

[1] Harduin.
[2] Beveridge, Pandect, i. 65.
[3] Richer, as quoted by Routh, Opusc. i. 404.
[4] Harduin, ii. 638.

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sanctioning his possession of them. The Arabic, which is identical with the Alexandrian, is worded very strongly:—

'Let the ancient custom which we relate, and which the ancient fathers commemorated, obtain among all who are in Egypt, Libya, Pentapolis, and Barce: that they should obey the Bishop of Alexandria, and that he should have power over them, as he is President of the Council; for the Bishop of Rome is also bound by this custom, and it is right that he should have power over his regions and provinces, and whatever is near to Rome; and that he should be the Principatus over the Synod, both in sitting and speaking, over all who are present.'[1]

The version of Rufinus, which is very important in the question, runs as follows:—

'Let the ancient customs hold good both at Alexandria and in the city of Rome, that the former, on the one hand, may have the care of Egypt; and the latter, on the other, that of the Suburbicarian Churches.'

The meaning of the words 'Suburbicarian Churches' has given rise to fresh questions. The expression is also found in two copies of the Canons published by Sirmond and Justellus, and is no doubt equivalent to the expressions in the Eastern versions of 'the regions round about Rome,' those 'nearest to it,' 'under it,' and the like. Valesius considers the Suburbicarian Churches to include the whole West.[2] Peter Marc thinks they were the Churches of 'the four regions which, with some 'cities added, form the whole Metropolis of Rome, consisting 'of sixty-nine bishoprics.'[3] Baronius extends it to Italy, to Africa, and to Egypt: in a word, to all those regions which were obliged to pay the city the yearly tribute.[4] Launoy considers the Suburbicarian Churches to be co-extensive with the Suburbicarian provinces; which he thinks were ten in number: and in which, he says, were more bishoprics than in all the provinces that were subservient to the Bishop of Alexandria. Bellarmine, whom he quotes and refutes, says that the Bishop of Alexandria governed his own province, because the Bishop of Rome permitted him to do so before the Council, or did it by him: but this, as Launoy says, is utterly contrary to the meaning of the Canon, and the most distant from truth of any of the opinions on the subject.

'Rufinus,' says Cave, 'has put the case beyond all question, who, in his short paraphrase (for, for a translation we may be sure he never intended it) of the sixth Nicene Canon, tells us, that, according to ancient custom, as he of Alexandria had in Egypt, so the Bishop of Rome had the care and charge of the Suburbicary Churches.'[5]

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[1] Beveridge, Pandect. ii. 50.
[2] Observationes, lib. iii. cap. vii. ad fin.
[3] De Concordia I. cap. iii. § vii. cap. vii. § vi. Beveridge, Pandect. tom. ii. in Conc. Nic. p. 57.
[4] Baronius, Ann. 325, § 135. [5] Dissert. on Ch. Government, chap. iii, § 4.

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Beveridge agrees with him. In his notes on the 36th Canon of the 6th in Trullo, which follows the Councils of Constantinople and Chalcedon, in regulating the orders of the Patriarchates, he has given from an ancient MS. in the Bodleian, a copy of the Greek 'Notitia Episcopatuum,' in which the provinces and bishoprics belonging to the five patriarchates are all numbered. To Rome is given no more than six provinces, containing 101 sees, of which the Suburbicarian province contains twenty-two sees.[1] In fact, in those times, the Church and State were formed on the same model:[2] and as the Prefect, or Vicar, of Rome had under him a district extending for 100 miles round the city, called the Suburbicarian Regions, which were four in number[3] (or, as Sirmond and others say, ten); so it appears that, at the time of the Council, the jurisdiction proper of the Bishop of Rome extended over the Churches of the province within 100 miles round the city. The distinction of Rome and Italy is continually observed in the Church as in the State, *e.g.*, the case of Paul of Samosata and Domnus was referred by Aurelian to the Bishops of Rome and Italy.[4] The Council of Sardica distinguishes between the two. Rome was the capital of the Suburbicarian Regions, and Milan of Italy. Rejecting, therefore, the arbitrary doctrine of the Ultra-montanists, which distinguishes between the limited powers of the Bishop of Rome, as Bishop of a City, and Metropolitan or Patriarch of a Province, and his unlimited jurisdiction as Primate of the whole Church; we must confess ourselves to be in that category in which it pleases the editor of Gratian to place us, viz., that of those 'heretics,' as he terms them, (though he should have remembered that an opinion

[1] Charles à Paul gives in his 'Geographia Sacra' a version of the same work, but it is singular that, in his copy, the account of the Romish Patriarchate was so obliterated as to be illegible, 'leaving somewhat more,' as Cave says, 'than a bare 'suspicion, that he himself, or some before him, had purposely rased the manu-'script, lest the nakedness of the country, the thinness and smallness of the Roman 'Diocese, in comparison of others, should be discovered.'—*Dissert. on Church Government*, Chap. iii. § 7.

[2] Council Chalcedon, Canon 17. 'If any city be by the imperial authority 'renewed, or be hereafter renewed, let the order of the Ecclesiastical Dioceses 'follow the civil and popular types.' The Sixth Council in Trullo, Canon 38, repeats this direction verbatim.

[3] Codex Theodos. Lib. xiv. tit. vi. c. 4. 'Two things are plain beyond all 'just exception. First, that the jurisdiction of the City Prefect reached an hun-'dred miles about Rome. Secondly, that the Urbicary and Suburbicary Regions 'lay chiefly, and in all likelihood, entirely within that compass, and derived that 'title from their vicinity to the city, and their immediate dependence upon the 'government of its provost.' He concludes that the jurisdiction of the Bishop was co-extensive with that of the prefect. 'The jurisdiction, then, of the Bishop 'of Rome being of equal circumference with that of the Roman Provost, must 'extend to all the city-provinces that lay within a hundred miles round about it.' —*Cave, Dissert. on Church Government*, Chap. iii. § 8.

[4] Cave, Dissert. on Church Government, Chap. iii. § 5.

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on a point of discipline like the present does not make 'a heretic,') 'who say that by this Canon the primatus of the Roman 'Church is altogether disproved, since no other authority of the 'Bishops of Rome is asserted than belongs to the Bishop of 'Alexandria or Antioch, or any other province; that, as the 'Bishop of Antioch or Alexandria, or any other metropolitan, 'can develop no other or greater jurisdiction than that which is 'peculiarly assigned to the same in their province, so also the 'authority of the Roman Pontiff is circumscribed by the bounds 'alone of the Roman Province or Roman Patriarchate.'[1] It cannot honestly be questioned that the meaning of the Canon as framed by the Nicene fathers was that the Bishop of Alexandria should have authority over Egypt, Libya, and Pentapolis, as the Bishop of Rome had over the Suburbicarian Churches. Rufinus, as Cave says, could not easily be mistaken in his version, for he was born only twenty years after the Council, and was a native of Italy and a Presbyter of Rome.[2]

This Canon repeats the 23d of the Apostles (which, however, as having been framed earlier, calls the 'metropolitans' of Nice simply *οἱ πρῶτοι*), the 9th of Antioch, and the 2d and 3d of Constantinople.

The Council of Nice was held in the year 325. Events had long been culminating towards the holding of such a general Council, and at last the Church was ready, and it was held. Subsequent Councils had little to do, but to affirm, perhaps, some particular truth, and to repeat the Creed and decrees of Nice.

The whole Church was represented by Bishops from every quarter of the then known world, to the number of 318. She found a champion in Athanasius the Deacon, and a mouthpiece in Hosius, who even then might have been described as 'the aged.' Those who held another creed than hers were but few, and from one province only, viz., Antioch. The Council has decided for ever the faith and practice of the Church; and the influence of those 318 fathers, many of them without a name, is felt to this day throughout the whole world, and by every individual Christian,—felt as vividly as if they had met but yesterday; nay, far more vividly, for their words are the exponents of the one faith which is from God Himself; and which, therefore, can never alter or perish, but must ever remain as it was, and bring forth its fruits to the end of time.

Hitherto we have laboured to strengthen (if we might on any point) the hands of the author of the work before us. The abstract question of the existence of Councils may be said to

[1] Gratian, Tom. i. p. 91. [2] Cave's Dissert. on Church Government, Chap. iii.

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terminate with that of Nicæa. The secular power, in the person of the Emperor, approved them, and, ever since, the lawfulness of the holding of them has been questioned by none. We have carefully traced the history of every Council of importance before Nice, to prove that this was connected with the Apostolic Council of Jerusalem, and might appeal to that as its grand type and warranty; but now our circumscribed limits warn us to be more comprehensive. Nearly one hundred Councils are mentioned by Dr. Pusey as having been held between those of Nice and Constantinople; and we can only say a few words on some of the most important of them. But this is of less moment, as by far the greater number of them are meetings of heretics, endeavouring, first, to find out what in truth were their own doctrines, and then to set them up for general acceptance. They failed at the outset; never agreeing in any one definition long enough for it to take root even among themselves. The Church suffered much at their hands, but mingled not in their acts; and, when she had again a fair opportunity of raising her voice, it was not, like the Arians, to form any new creed, but simply to re-assert that which she had given to her children fifty-six years before.

How differently does S. Hilary speak of the doctrine of Nice, and of the Arians! Of the former he says,—

'I call the God of Heaven and Earth to witness, that, when I had heard of neither (*homoousios* and *homœusios*), I always held both; that by the former the latter should be understood. Regenerated long ago, and having now spent some years in the Episcopate, I never heard of the icene Creed until I was banished; but to me the Evangels and the Apostles signify the meaning of *homoousios* and *homœusios*.'[1]

Of the heretical Councils, on the contrary, he says,—

'We determine yearly and monthly creeds concerning God; we repent of our determinations; we defend those who repent; we anathematize those whom we have defended; we condemn our own doings in those of others, or others in us; and, gnawing each other, we are well-nigh devoured one of another.'—*Dr. Pusey*, p. 116.

So S. Athanasius,—

'Every year, as if they were going to draw up a contract, they meet together, and pretend to write about the faith, whereby they expose themselves the more to ridicule and disgrace, because their expositions are rejected, not by others, but by themselves. They dissent from each other, and, whereas they have revolted from their Fathers, are not of one and the same mind, but float about with various and discordant changes. And, as quarrelling with the Council of Nicæa, they have held many Councils themselves, and have published a faith in each of them, and have

[1] De Syn. § 91. S. Hilary is endeavouring to take the 'Homœusios' in a Catholic sense, as far as possible, but his testimony to the universality of the *doctrine* of Nice far surpasses the mere text.

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stood to none; nay, they will never do otherwise; for perversely seeking, they will never find that wisdom which they hate.'

They were Councils, as Dr. Pusey says,—

'Not *of* the Church, but against the Church. They could not but fail; because they were arrayed against that Faith, against which our Lord has promised that the gates of Hell shall not prevail. The Truth of the God of Truth was pledged against them.'—P. 116.

Of the same, S. Gregory Nazianzen speaks in words which the enemies of the Church have turned against her,—

'I, if I must write the truth, am disposed to flee all meetings of Bishops; for never saw I a Council brought to a useful issue, nor remedying (but rather increasing) existing evils. For there are always contentions and love of pre-eminence (think me not troublesome for so writing) beyond all words; and one who would set others right may more readily himself incur the charge of guilt, than amend theirs. Wherefore I have retired within myself, and thought quietness the only safety for my soul.' —P. 350.

They who read these words should bear in mind, that S. Gregory, until the Council of Constantinople, had had experience only of Arian Councils; and therefore they contain no reflection on the Church, but are a very severe comment on the doings of the Arians; showing how their consultations caused only confusion, and their efforts came at last to nothing. S. Gregory's mind perhaps inclined, too, rather to despondency than to hopefulness, and he seems to have possessed almost a prophet's foresight of the coming separation of East and West.

χαίρετε μοὶ ἱερῆες ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες
χαῖρε μοι ἀντολίη καὶ δύσι μαρνάμεναι·[1]

were his parting words to Constantinople.

But to think that a General Council can do its work in a day, or in a single generation, is to expect too much from any merely human agency; and is besides, perhaps, to take an imperfect view of the mercy and long-suffering of God towards those who are in error or heresy, and who may, in His inscrutable wisdom, and even at the cost of some amount of trial to the body at large, have their day given them in which to amend. Had S. Gregory flourished in the days of the Council of Nice, he might still have said those words; yet though the Council, as far as concerned the Arians themselves and their conversion, failed, yet it afterwards had a success which was far greater, for it brought back the Churches to the true faith. In like manner, the Council of Constantinople, till after S. Gregory was taken to his rest, also failed; but ultimately, it too was

[1] Carm. IX.

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found to have done its work. Nice, indeed, did not silence the Arians or convert them, but it struck the death-blow to Arianism; and Constantinople eventually put an end to the heresies of Apollinaris and of Macedonius. And who can say what place in the Church those heresies might have held, even in our days, so far removed from their authors, had those Councils never been held, or had they uttered a doubtful or a self-contradictory voice? S. Gregory does but show us the infirmity and imperfection which must, more or less, attend every effort of mere man. These apart, or after they had died out, because it was God's work, and not man's only, that was done, his work remains for ever unshaken and secure.

The Semi-Arian, and latterly the Macedonian Councils, bear, in general, a very close resemblance to each other. They were composed of the Bishops of those parties who met chiefly for the purpose of framing creeds. They were very numerous, so that scarcely a year passed in which some Council of the party was not held; and their acts have received a most crushing exposure in S. Athanasius's work, 'De Synod. Arim. et Seleuc.' The Catholic Councils, on the other hand, were of a totally different character; they had nothing aggressive in them; they met simply to preserve the rights and doctrines of the Church, and to protect the persons or vindicate the fame of some of her champions. We will select the following of each class on which to make a few remarks:—Tyre, held A.D. 335; Antioch, A.D. 341; Sardica, A.D. 347; Arles, A.D. 353; Milan, A.D. 355; Ariminum and Seleucia, A.D. 359; Alexandria, A.D. 362; Constantinople, A.D. 381.

No more complete exposition of the spirit of the Arians can be found than that which is shown in the acts of the Council of Tyre. It was composed of sixty Arian and forty-seven Egyptian Bishops. The Emperor sent Dionysius, a man of consular dignity, to superintend the proceedings, and especially to maintain good order.[1] The great effort of the Arians was to obtain the condemnation of S. Athanasius. With this view they charged him successively with murder, sacrilege, and violence to a female; and when these were disproved, they sent six of their own number to the Maræotis to obtain testimony against him there. Athanasius protested against this unheard of injustice in vain, for Dionysius was too much in the interest of the Arians to give heed to him. The Arian Commissioners, when they arrived at the Maræotis, were met by Philagrius, the Prefect of Egypt, who was an apostate, with a band of

[1] Eusebius, 'Life of Constantine,' iv. 42. Ὁς τῶν πραττομένων, ἐξαίρετος δὲ τῆς εἰρηνικῆς κατάστασος παρέστω. Our authority for the following account of the Council of Tyre is chiefly S. Athanasius's 'Apology against the Arians.'

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heathen soldiers; and they proceeded at once to the most lawless atrocities; ill-treating the Clergy, abusing the sacred virgins, and endeavouring, by every kind of violence, to extort accusations of Athanasius. The Clergy of Alexandria demanded to be present at their pretended judicial proceedings; but this act of justice was peremptorily denied them. Thereupon sixteen Presbyters and five Deacons of the city met together, and drew up a protest against their whole conduct, a copy of which, lest the Arians should suppress it, they sent to Palladius, an officer of the Emperor's palace.

At the same time the whole number of Presbyters and Deacons of the Maræotis wrote to the Council at Tyre, testifying that of their own knowledge the charges against Athanasius were false, and condemning the violent proceedings of the Arian delegates, since they had refused their testimony, and instead, obtained it of the people, relying on the terror of Philagrius, and supporting all their designs by the sword. With this they also addressed Philagrius himself, and Palladius and F. Antoninus, also officers of the palace, re-asserting the falsity of the charges against their Bishop, and entreating them to inform the Tyrian Commissioners of his innocence and of his enemies' disregard of truth.

The Egyptian Bishops, also, who were at Tyre, drew up a protest to the Council against this persecution of Athanasius. They declared themselves the objects of a conspiracy; remonstrated against a commission of open and avowed enemies of their Bishop and of the catholic doctrine having been sent to inquire into his conduct, without any representatives from their own body to render the investigation just and impartial; and ended with solemnly adjuring the Council to take no part in the doings of the Eusebians. They next sent a protest to Dionysius, in which, after having, as before, dwelt on the unjust proceedings of their enemies, they sought from him a condemnation of the whole matter. Finding this of little use, they wrote to him again, and this time in a more decisive strain. They demanded that the question be referred to the personal adjudication of Constantine himself. Alexander of Thessalonica, an orthodox Bishop of much weight, also wrote to Dionysius in support of his brother Bishops.

Dionysius, not venturing to slight this appeal to the Emperor, wrote to the Arians, identifying himself with them and their proceedings, and complaining of the consequences that had followed their slighting his advice in sending to the Maræotis, Commissioners chosen by themselves alone, instead of by the united voices of the Council.

The Commissioners, meanwhile, had wholly failed to obtain

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any testimony against Athanasius; yet, on their return to Tyre, the Arians proceeded to condemn and deprive him of his see. This decision was not only flagrantly unjust, but, for three reasons, invalid. In the first place, S. Athanasius, as Patriarch of Alexandria, was in no manner accountable to them, or subject to their jurisdiction; and he himself said, it was *only* the Emperor's express command that induced him to meet them in Council at all. Secondly, they had proved no offence whatever against him. Lastly, he was not in presence to urge his own cause; and it had previously been ruled in the Council held at Rome against the Donatists by Miltiades the Bishop, that a sentence pronounced against a Bishop in his absence was, as such, null and void. The Catholic members of the Council, who would have done S. Athanasius justice, were numerically too weak; but it is related that an aged confessor, Paphnutius, who was present, seized Maximus, the Bishop of Jerusalem, by the hand, and said, 'Let us depart hence, as it 'becomes not confessors who have lost their limbs in the cause 'of religion to unite with wicked men.'

Constantine, meanwhile, had summoned the Council to Jerusalem to the dedication of a church which he had lately built there; and he then directed the Bishops to consider the case of Arius, who since the Council of Nice had been banished. Arius soon after received a summons to court, and went thence to Alexandria, where Athanasius resolutely refused to receive him. The Emperor referred the case to the Bishops at Jerusalem, who gave it in favour of Arius. Athanasius thereupon went to Constantinople and appealed to the Emperor in person, who immediately summoned the Bishops from Jerusalem to give an account of their actions. Six only ventured to face Athanasius; but these, by accusing him to the Emperor of having encroached on the royal prerogative at Alexandria, succeeded in gaining against him the sentence of banishment. He was sent to Triers, in Belgic Gaul, from whence he did not return till after the death of Constantine.

Such was the final issue of the Council of Tyre. The history of the Church presents nothing more dark and iniquitous; and its blackness is infinitely increased by the fact that it was the doing, not of heathens who were ignorant of the truth, or who might even have honestly believed that they were serving its cause in oppressing the new faith, but of men who bore the chief rule in the Church of God. Their subsequent Councils were chiefly occupied in framing creeds; but to construct one which should at once express the truth, and differ essentially from that of Nice, was impossible in itself; and to the achievement of which, in consequence, they never could even approximate.

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The next Council especially worthy of remark is that of the Dedication of Antioch. Dr. Pusey's account of it is as follows:—

'"Eusebius contrives that a Council should be gathered at Antioch, on pretence of the dedication of a church, but, in truth, to overthrow the faith of the Homoousion. In this synod ninety (or ninety-seven) Bishops met from different cities."[1] In this synod the twenty-five canons were framed, rejected by Innocent I. as "composed by heretics," but received by the Council of Chalcedon as the "righteous rules of the Fathers," and placed in the Codex of the Canons of the Universal Church. But the Council had an Arian side also. "When all the Bishops had met, and the Emperor Constantius was also present, the more part (of the Bishops) were indignant, and vehemently accused Athanasius of breaking a sacerdotal (*i. e.* episcopal) law which themselves had framed, and resuming his see, before he was permitted by the synod."[2] They set Gregory the Arian in his place. "They published also two Creeds, which they set over against the Nicene; the first very negative, the second fuller, avoiding the use of the word 'Consubstantial' of the Son, and containing the Arian statement that the Holy Trinity are 'three in substance, and in agreement one;' yet using other expressions whose obvious sense is orthodox. This is the Creed known as 'the Creed of the Dedication.' The synodical letter is directed to their like-minded and holy fellow-Bishops in the Provinces, and says, "What was decided, amid much consideration, by the united judgment of all of us the Bishops, collected together out of different provinces, at Antioch, we have brought to your knowledge, trusting to the grace of Christ and the Holy Spirit of peace, that ye will also conspire with us, as virtually present and helping with prayers, or rather united with us, and with us present in the Holy Spirit, consulting and defining the same as we, and sealing what has been decided aright." The subscriptions extant preserve the names of twenty-nine Bishops, subjoining, "and the rest out of the provinces of Palestine, Phœnicia, Cœlo-Syria, Arabia, Mesopotamia, Cilicia, Isauria; and they enacted as follows," &c. (the twenty-five canons).'—*Pusey*, p. 129.

This account of the Council of Antioch is the only one in the course of his work on which we wish that the author had been more full and explicit: for as it is, he appears to have given a partial account of the Council, and so far to have fallen into error. It is, we are aware, quite a matter of opinion; but there is so much difficulty in the accounts which tell us that there was only *one* great act of the Council, and that of Catholic and Arian Bishops together; and so much probability in the opinion of those who hold that there were more than one, the Arians acting by themselves; that we cannot but greatly incline to this view of the case. We are aware that S. Athanasius, and the historians Socrates and Sozomen, speak as if the Council had been merely composed of Arians, and that what was done in it was done at once and by universal consent of all the Bishops present, without distinction. We freely acknowledge that these are objections of no little weight to the modern opinion; but, on

[1] Socrates, ii. 8. [2] Soz. iii. 5.

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the other hand, there are positive facts unalluded to by the authorities cited above, which, as appears to us, can be explained on no other supposition than that there either were two Councils, or, what is more probable, that the Arians met in session, and did their own work—that of depriving S. Athanasius and ordaining his successor—by themselves, apart from the rest of the Council.

For (1,) Pope Julius, in his letter to the Council, clearly implies that the above, and other irregularities and acts of violence of which he complains, were the work not of the whole Council but of a small portion of it only; *i. e.* of course the Arians.[1] (2.) S. Athanasius' own account suggests that there may have been more done in it than he had any knowledge of; and, (3,) traditions of Arian dishonesty were in existence, as we presently see, after his death. Schlestrate has treated the matter in all its bearings in a work dedicated to it; but our readers will be contented with the lucid and well-weighed digest of its chief points given by Pagi, under the year 341, and which is as follows.

There were ninety, according to S. Athanasius,[2] or, as S. Hilary[3] says, ninety-seven Bishops present, forty of whom, Palladius the disciple of S. Chrysostom declares to have been Arians.[4] There is clearly no reason why such a number may not have met among themselves more or less often, before or after the others had left the city. S. Athanasius says they published different letters, one of which thus began:—'We have not been 'followers of Arius; how should Bishops such as we follow a 'Presbyter?'[5] This, as Pagi reasonably urges, is not so likely to have been the question of a number of Bishops who had never been thought guilty of Arianism, as of those who knew that they were suspected of that heresy, and had to clear themselves of it. Though again, it is possible, as Baronius suggests, that these words may have been written to identify themselves, as far as possible, in men's minds with the orthodox party, and thus prevent the odium which would attach to their acts as those of known or avowed Arians, from falling on their own body.[6]

The Council issued three Confessions of faith. To add a creed to that of Nice would show conclusively that it was purely an Arian Council, did not S. Hilary tell us that its object was not to oppose the Arians but a suspected Sabellian who was among its members. Schlestrate and Pagi think, and no doubt rightly, that this was Marcellus of Ancyra. The first creed was attached to the letter, the beginning of which we have cited

[1] S. Athanas. Apol. § 34. [2] De Synodis, § 25. [3] De Synodis, § 28.
[4] Pagi. [5] De Synodis, § 22. [6] Ann. 341, § xviii.

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above. The second or Lucian's creed (so called) has the words applied to Christ, 'Unvarying image of the Godhead, substance, will, power, and glory of the Father,'—expressions which, in Pagi's opinion, stamp it as a Catholic creed: but there are reasons unmentioned by him, why Catholic Bishops would scarcely have adopted a creed of Lucian's. The fourth was the composition of Theophronius, a Bishop present; it is more decidedly Arian than the former; and there is this additional evidence that it was the production of that party, that it concludes with an anathema on, among others, Marcellus of Ancyra. Marcellus had been present at the dedication,[1] and was then in communion with S. Athanasius, Julius of Rome, and the other Catholic Bishops of Christendom. Would, then, Catholic Bishops have anathematized one of their own body, who, if suspected, was as yet uncondemned? If not, was not this the creed of an Arian faction acting independently, and, in fact, in opposition to the rest of the Council?

But that there was either a second and Arian Council, or some tampering with the acts of the Catholic one, appears more strongly from the canons. These are twenty-five in number, and have always been received by the Church at large. S. Athanasius was deprived by the Council of Tyre; and if the canons of Antioch were framed by orthodox Bishops, they were either unacquainted with the true nature of that Council and the spirit of the Arians, or they were unfaithful to the cause of a suffering brother Bishop; for the canons of Antioch do, in fact, support that iniquitous act perpetrated at Tyre. The fourth canon orders that a Bishop who has been deprived by a Synod, but afterwards performs any part of the service, shall never be restored by another Synod, nor have any place of defence; and the twelfth, that a Bishop who has been deprived, if he trouble the Emperor with his cause, shall be judged by a greater Synod of Bishops, and submit to their sentence, whatever it be; and if he slight them, and still appeal to the Emperor, he is never to be restored again.

But when, sixty-two years later, S. Chrysostom was on his second trial at Constantinople, Theophilus of Alexandria sent him a canon which directed that a Bishop deposed by a Synod should only be restored by another Synod; to which S. Chrysostom made the remarkable answer that this was not a canon of the Church, but of the Arians who came to Antioch to overthrow the Nicene Consubstantial faith, and who constructed that canon from hatred to S. Athanasius.[2] This information he had most probably gained in Antioch itself. Indeed, Socrates and Sozomen relate things of this Council which cannot be believed

[1] Pagi. [2] Socrates, vi. 18.

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of a body of Catholics. They tell us that its real object was to calumniate Athanasius and abolish the Homoousian doctrine.[1] And we know from S. Athanasius himself, that the Catholic Bishops took no part with those who committed the flagrant outrages on justice and ecclesiastical discipline, of his deposition, and the ordination of Gregory in his place. They were the acts of the Arians alone, Gregory being considered by all but themselves as a hireling and a heathen.[2]

S. Athanasius was deposed at Antioch for having acted contrarily to a canon which the Arians themselves then framed, in resuming the duties of his office without the consent of a Synod, after his deprivation at Tyre.[3] This canon has been supposed to be the twelfth, or, as we should rather say, the fourth; but Palladius, S. Chrysostom's disciple, who cites it in his Life of S. Chrysostom, gives a version which differs from either: it is as follows:—

'If any Bishop or Presbyter who has been deposed, whether justly or unjustly, shall of himself without a Synod return into the Church, let him not have a place of excuse, but be altogether expelled.'[4]

Pagi tells us that the same canon is also cited by Metaphrastes, in his Life of S. Chrysostom, and by George of Alexandria, who calls it 'adulterina et falsi nominis scriptura.'[5] It is certain that it contains additions to the original canons of Antioch, which say nothing of just or unjust condemnation, nor of banishment, as the penalty of returning without a Synod. Pagi thinks that Eusebius, with the Bishops of his party, at or after the close of the Council, altered the fourth and twelfth canons, and from them framed the one by which they condemned Athanasius, and which is that given above from Palladius. Cabassutius urges in favour of the Catholicity of the Council, that it makes honourable mention of Nice, and was confirmed by Chalcedon, and admitted into the Codex of the Roman Church, and received by the African, Gallican, and British Churches: but he is compelled to confess that the canon condemned by Innocent, who, when writing to the Clergy of Constantinople on the case of S. Chrysostom, also rejected it,[6] and by S. Chrysostom, is not of the number of Antiochene canons, and was probably framed by the Arians when they deposed S. Athanasius and put Gregory in his place. Berard, on Gratian, urges that the Council is well spoken of by S. Hilary. Beveridge tells us, on the authority of Socrates, that 'when S. Chrysostom objected to that canon, the Bishops refused to receive his plea;' that is, they simply refused to hear him: they did not attempt to reply

[1] Socrates, ii. 8. Soz. iii. 5.
[2] Socrates, ii. 8.
[3] Athanasius ad Solitarios.
[4] Pagi ad Ann. 341. § xxv.
[5] Pagi ad Ann. 341. § xxiv.
[6] Baronius Ann. 341. § xxxi.

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to or disprove his objection to the genuineness of the canon. Beveridge lays much stress on S. Hilary's favourable mention of the Council, and on the fact that Julius of Rome, in his letter to the Easterns, speaks of them as brothers, and does not term them heretics; and, lastly, on the reception of the canons by the Church at large. But he does not attempt to disprove or account for the fact that there was a forged or altered canon in S. Chrysostom's time; of which it is quite possible, nay, it is more probable than not, that S. Hilary was not cognizant; and it seems strange that he should have forgotten that Julius implies, in his letter to the Council, the reverse of that which he (Beveridge) states. S. Athanasius and Marcellus, who had been accused to him as being of unsound faith, he acquits of all error,[1] and at the same time condemns those to whom he is writing not only of uncanonical actions,[2] but also of outrages and persecutions without parallel;[3] showing clearly that he was quite aware to what class of persons he was writing, *i. e.* not only (if at all) to Catholic Bishops,[4] but also to men whom, to say the least, he suspected of holding heretical opinions,[5] and who had proved themselves capable of resorting to any means, however unholy, by which to gain their ends.[6] Yet if he wrote to the Bishops of the Council at all, he must surely have addressed them as he did, and not otherwise. They were but suspected followers of Arian doctrine—they were not heretics formally condemned in Council.

But the strongest fact in proof that there were held at this time not two Councils, but one only, of which however the acts were at some time or other tampered with, is the reception of its canons by the Church at large, and the absence of all mention by contemporary historians that there were two Councils: a fact which could hardly have escaped mention had it been so.

A few months after the Bishops met again, and drew up a fourth creed, which they sent by four of their own body to the Emperor Constans in Gaul.[7]

Whilst the Council of the Dedication was sitting at Antioch, Julius was holding one at Rome. The letter already alluded to was addressed by him to the Easterns. The Council sat in the church of Vito the Presbyter, and S. Athanasius was present: Julius, Bishop of Rome, examined the accusations of the Arians, and the acts of the Council of upwards of a hundred Bishops of Egypt, Libya, Pentapolis, and Thebais, held in the year 340, in S. Athanasius' favour—pronounced him free from all blame, and received him and Marcellus of Ancyra, who as

[1] S. Athanas. Apol. §§ 23. 32. [2] § 29. [3] §§ 31. 35.
[4] § 26. [5] § 32. [6] § 33.
[7] S. Athanas. de Synod. Arim. et Seleuc. § 25.

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we have seen, was suspected of Sabellianism, into full communion.[1]

Again, a Council was held at Milan, A.D. 345, and another at Cologne about the same time, against the Arians: and in 347 a large Council was held at Sardica, as a rallying point of the West. 'The Western Bishops,' says S. Athanasius, 'who were 'present, were in number one hundred and seventy, more 'or less;'[2] 'but,' says Gratian, 'he, after his acquittal by it, 'sent round a written statement of the fact to the Bishops 'who were not present, Orientals and Occidentals alike, who 'readily subscribed it, and thus the number who ratified its 'decrees were (as S. Athanasius also informs us) above three 'hundred.'[3] The Council was attended at first by seventy-six Arians; but they soon left it, and formed themselves into a Council at Philippopolis.

The Council of Sardica issued twenty canons, which are well known in Ecclesiastical history. The third, fourth, and fifth give the Bishop of Rome the power of decision in disputed matters ecclesiastical, either in person, or by legate a latere.

'This was the first impulse,' says Dr. Pusey, 'to appeals to Rome. But it differed very much from the system engrafted upon it. 1. What it granted was a revision of a cause, not strictly an appeal. The deposed party, in this case, remained deposed, though no successor was appointed to him. 2. The cause was heard where it happened, not drawn to Rome. 3. It was mainly decided by the Bishops of the neighbouring Province, the legate of the Bishop of Rome, if sent, only judged *with them*. 4. Presbyters were allowed an appeal to the neighbouring Bishops, not to Rome.'[4]—P. 143.

It is a fact which has caused some doubt as to the reality and worth of this Council, that its canons were not known to be those of Sardica till S. Augustine's time, at the earliest; nor were they generally received in the West, till Dionysius Exiguus incorporated them into his Codex Canonum. They had previously been cited by Bishops of Rome as Canons of Nice. Zosimus added the Sardican Canons to the Nicene, when he wrote to the African Bishops, claiming, on the authority of the first and third, to receive the appeal of the Priest Apiarius against his Bishop. The African Bishops demurred, not having these in their copies of the Nicene Code, and therefore not knowing them to be such. Afterwards, when they discovered that they were not Nicene, they rejected them. They had no knowledge of the Council of Sardica, for the Donatists had substituted for it the Acts of the Council of Philippopolis.[5] Du Pin says:—

'The canons of the Councils of Sardica were never received by the Catholic Church as general laws. They were never put into the code of

[1] S. Athanas. Apol. § 1. [2] Arian. Hist. § 15. [3] Apol. § 1.
[4] And. v. Richer. Conc. Sard. tom. i. s. iv. p. 46.
[5] Fleury, book xxiv. § vi.

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the canons of the Universal Church approved at Chalcedon. The East never received them, neither would the Bishops of Africa own them. The Popes only used them, and cited them under the name of the Council of Nice, to give them the greater weight and authority.' [1]

The most ancient Codex Canonum of Rome comprehends them under the one title of Nicene.[2]

Socrates and Sozomen inform us that from this time the former concord of East and West was broken; the boundary of the two was henceforth the mountain Tisouci, between Thrace and Illyria; the Mons Succorum, of which we read in Ammianus Marcellinus. Sozomen tells us that, notwithstanding the numerous dissensions and heresies by which the Eastern Church was afflicted, the majority of its members were, in his opinion, true to the doctrine of Nice.[3]

Our account of these Councils would be very imperfect without some allusion to those of Arles (A.D. 353) and Milan (A.D. 355). At the former, all the Bishops but Paulinus of Treves were induced, by the threats of Constantius, to condemn Athanasius; and at the numerous Council of 300 Bishops, held two years after at Milan, when the overbearing violence of Constantius had subdued the great majority of Bishops present into repeating that condemnation, Hosius, Liberius of Rome, S. Hilary, Lucifer of Cagliari, Paulinus, and Eusebius of Vercellæ, were among the few who stood firm. They refused to acknowledge the acts of the Council of Tyre, and rested on those of the Synod of 100 Bishops in Egypt, the Councils at Rome, and of Sardica. Banishment was their penalty. The subsequent fall of Hosius and Liberius is too well-known to need narration here. Nothing probably has stamped the character of Constantius and of the Arians with a deeper and more enduring brand than the tortures practised on Hosius, then aged one hundred years, to compel from him a reluctant acknowledgment of their Communion, and a subscription to their Creed. His enemies had not confidence to go without the testimony of the most aged Bishop of Christendom, nor even the worldly wisdom to see that their cause would lose infinitely more by the infamy attaching to their persecution of one so inoffensive, so reverend from age, and so ill able to bear up against hard usage, than it would gain by his assent, even had it been willingly conceded. Under their prolonged persecution he fell; but he died soon after, abjuring the heresy of Arius, and professing the Catholic faith of Nice. His fellow-countrymen, with their wonted severity towards the fallen, refused him communion, but he was acquitted by a Synod of

[1] On Council of Sardica, Hist. of Fourth Century.
[2] Cabassutius. [3] Socrates, ii. 22; Sozomen, iii. 13.

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Gallicans.[1] In nothing does S. Athanasius more show his greatness of mind and heart than in the gentle and indulgent manner in which he speaks of the fall of this venerable confessor. When even the great S. Hilary uses of him expressions vehement and even cruel, S. Athanasius speaks in the true language of Him who, when His disciples would have called down fire from heaven to consume His enemies and theirs, heard them with a rebuke, and told them they knew not of what spirit they were.[2]

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[1] Dr. Pusey, p. 167.

[2] S. Athanasius speaks of him as 'Hosius' (the holy), 'truly so called;' compares him to faithful Abraham, and devout Daniel, and calls him the father of the Bishops. Of his fall he justly lays the real blame on Constantius, whom he calls a modern Ahab, a Belshazzar, a forerunner of Antichrist; godless: unholy; without natural affection. 'He feared not God,' he says, 'nor regarded his father's love for Hosius, whose great age he reverenced not ..... he used such violence towards the aged man, and confined him so straitly, that at last, broken by suffering, he was brought, though hardly, to hold communion with Valens and Ursacius' (two noted Arians), 'though he would not subscribe against Athanasius.' —*Arian History*, § 45.

S. Hilary is hard and fierce, and wanting in due allowance. 'Deliramenta Hosii,' 'blasphemiæ Hosii,' are scarcely words to be used of one who had years many more than enough to have been his father. Lucifer of Cagliari, the author of the unhappy schism which bears his name, has in his 'Libri pro Athanasio,' and especially in his 'Moriendum esse pro Dei Filio,' many passages of strong though scarcely tutored eloquence. In the following he addresses Constantius in terms which modern times would scarcely understand as applied to an emperor, even in defence of the Faith itself. 'Absit a nobis hæc amentia, ut falsum vero 'anteponamus, aut aliqua nos oblata per te felicitas illiciat regni tui; inanem 'gloriam tibimet serva, omnemque stolidissimi cordis tui prudentiam tibimet 'retine et comparibus tuis, quibus te morum conjunxit similitudo; relinque 'nobis stultitiam nostram, cum nos Christum dei filium verum esse filium 'confitemur, cum eundem unius esse substantiæ cum patre defendimus, cum 'nos propter eum ne ejus divinitatem negemus interfici cupere profitemur; 'relinque nobis hujusmodi stultitiam quid ut hanc amittamus das operam, quid 'impugnandam putas posse a te veritatem, ignorans quod vi sua valeat; unde 'etenim contra fremitus atroces, asperosque tuos cruciatus invicta virtute populum 'dei conspicis resistentem, nisi quia hæc sit quam defendimus, apostolica atque 'evangelica fides. Hi resistunt tuæ crudelitati, hi tuam calcant rabiem, quorum 'spes æternæ immortalitatis, et vita cœlestis est, quorumque ardor in cupidinem 'perpetuæ lucis accenditur, et salus de promissa lætatur beatitudine.' That the Arians proved themselves worse persecutors than the fiercest of the Pagans, may be seen in the account given by Eusebius of Vercellæ, of his sufferings at their hands, as recorded by Baronius, A.D. 356, §§ 92—102.

How out of all place are sacred subjects in the hands of such men as these!—how deep a wound is struck, not merely to reverence, but to common propriety, when they presume to discuss and settle the deep things of God as men having a zeal for truth and a love for His service! That they could employ themselves with religious subjects at all, devoid, as they were, not merely of grace and holiness, but of all common humanity and decency, shows that they must have taken up religion simply as a means of worldly advantage to themselves, or as giving them power over others. Hence their readiness, as a body, to fall in with any form of faith that was dominant at the moment. What could they, whose hands were red with their brothers' blood, have to do with the essence of God, the nature and manner of existence of His Son, His humanity, or any other mystery or act of divine condescension? How did such apply to them? What share could they have in them? But about this they cared nothing whatever; the moment they began to do so they must have ceased to be the ruthless persecutors they were.

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It was in the year 359 that the emperor convened the Council, which he meant to be composed of Bishops of every nation, and therefore to be final and decisive. For the convenience of the attending Bishops it was divided into two; the Westerns, meeting at Ariminum, in Picenum of Italy; and the Easterns at Seleucia of Isauria. The Council of Ariminum was the first assembled. Four hundred Catholic and eighty Arian Bishops were present. The emperor had given Taurus the Prefect charge not to dismiss the assembled Bishops until they had agreed in one confession of faith, promising him the consulship if he succeeded.[1] He was himself, according to S. Jerome, present at the Council.[2] The Catholic Bishops peremptorily refused to sign an Arian Creed which had been confirmed in the presence of Constantius, and ratified that of Nice; they also condemned the Arians, Ursacius and Valens, Germinius, Auxentius, and Caius; after which they sent ten legates to the emperor to inform him of their decision, and to beg to be dismissed to their homes. The Arians also despatched a like number from their own body.

Meanwhile the Council of Seleucia was composed of about 160 Bishops, of whom S. Hilary was one. Leonas and Lauricius were the emperor's representatives, and acted the same part as Taurus at Ariminum, or Dionysius at Tyre. Socrates gives an account of four days' session. The Semi-Arians, he says, numbered 105 Bishops; the Arians 19; and the Egyptians, with the exception of George, who had been thrust into Athanasius' place, were orthodox. S. Hilary says that he found in the Council, 'tantum blasphemorum quantum Constantio placebat;' and his account of the doctrine received at it fully bears out his words.[3] He was questioned as to the faith of the Gallican Churches, which the Arians had accused of Sabellianism, as they were wont to do of all who held the Nicene doctrine. He proved them to be sound. Then, says Sulpicius, the Council proceeded to the question of faith. The dominant party adopted the Creed of the Dedication of Antioch, and having excommunicated some Arians who were present, sent ten of their number to Constantius with an account of their acts, to whom also went those who were condemned. These, through the ability of Acacius, gained the emperor's ear, and soon after called a Council at Constantinople, at which the delegates from Ariminum were present; when they ratified a Creed that forbids the use of both the terms 'essence' and 'hypostasis.'

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[1] Sulpicius Severus, lib. ii. § lv.

[2] Note on Sulpicius, ii. § lv. Sulpicius is the best authority on this Council, and his account of it is very elegantly composed.

[3] S. Hilary, lib. contra Constant. § 12.

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The representatives of Ariminum had now arrived at Adrianople, where Constantius then was. He kept them a long time without any reply, and when at length he wrote to the Council, he laid the blame of his silence on his preparations for the war.[1] And now befell that mischance which is so graphically described by Hooker:—

'At length it was perceived that there had not been in the Catholics, either at Ariminum or at Seleucia, so much foresight, as to provide that true intelligence might pass between them what was done. Upon the advantages of which error, their adversaries, abusing each with persuasion that the other had yielded, surprised both.'[2]

The emperor overbore the legates from Ariminum, and made them subscribe an Arian Creed, with which he sent them back, charging Taurus not to dissolve the Council till the members had also received it. The Council at first refused communion to the legates; but being at length wearied out, they put forth a Creed framed by Phœbadius and Servatio, two of the Bishops present, in which Arius was condemned, and in which the Son of God was declared not equal with the Father, but without beginning or time; to which Valens added, —'He was not a creature like other creatures.'[3] And on this the Council was dissolved.

But Valens and Ursacius soon began to boast that they had not denied the Son to be a creature, but to be like *other* creatures; *i.e.* they had, in fact, asserted and not condemned the heresy of Arius. Then it was, as S. Jerome says, that 'the condemnation of the Nicene faith was proclaimed, and the 'whole world marvelled that it was Arian!'[4] The like stratagem was practised on the legates of Seleucia with the like result. Those who refused to obey the emperor were punished by bonds and starvation; many were banished. S. Hilary called on the Arians to a discussion of their faith before the emperor, a challenge which they would by no means accept. He himself was sent back to Gaul, where he held many Synods with the view of recovering those who had been deceived by the Arians at Ariminum.[5] The Latin fathers, as soon as they had reached their dioceses, discovered the deceit that had been practised on them at the Council, and at once rejected the Creed which they had there signed, and replaced that of Nice in its stead.[6] Thus after the excommunication of Saturninus and Paternus, who alone opposed him, 'S. Hilary,' as Sulpicius relates, 'became the means of delivering Gaul from the 'profanation of heresy.'[7]

There had always been an uncertainty in the use of the

[1] Soc. ii. 37. [2] Book v. chap. xlii. § 5. [3] Sulpicius Severus, lib. ii. § lix.
[4] Contra Luciferianos. [5] Sulpicius Severus, lib. ii. § lx.
[6] Jerom. cont. Lucif. [7] Sulpicius, lib. ii. § lx.

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terms *Hypostasis* and *Ousia*. The original Nicene Creed uses them as synonymes to express *Nature*, and it has been supposed that *Hypostasis* was taken by the Westerns to signify much what the Easterns expressed by *Ousia*. In the year 362, a Council was held at Alexandria, at which S. Athanasius presided, and this point, with others, met consideration. The meaning of those who said there were three *Hypostases*, and of others who asserted that there was only one, was carefully examined; and when it was found that they differed only in the meaning they affixed to the word *Hypostasis*, and that they confessed an indivisible unity and a consubstantial Trinity in the Godhead, they were readily received to communion. From this time the word *Hypostasis* gradually came to be confined to express *Person*, and *Ousia* to express *Nature*. This, however, was not immediate; and all who are conversant with the pages of S. Cyril of Alexandria will remember that he not seldom uses the word *Ousia* for *Hypostasis*, thereby even causing to some the suspicion of his having been an originator of Monophysitism. Theodoret appears to have been the first who laid down accurately and formally the difference between those terms as afterwards understood. Dial. De Sancta Trinitate. See the passage beginning Τί σημαίνει ἡ οὐσια καὶ τί ἡ ὑπόστασις.

The Council, under the wise and benign government of S Athanasius, who, as having been the firmest to endure, was also the most tolerant of the fallen, gave remission to all who had been deceived by the craft of the Arians, and who had suffered violence at their hands.[1] The Council also condemned the heresies of Macedonius and Apollinaris, both of whom, twenty years after, were condemned at the General Council of Constantinople.

To the account of that Council we are compelled to hasten on. It was held in the year 381. It was convoked for three reasons, 1. To re-assert the Creed of Nice; 2. To appoint a Bishop of Constantinople; 3. To put an end to the heresy of Macedonius. This heresiarch and his followers had gradually supplanted the semi-Arians. Their heresy was a necessary result of that of Arius, who, indeed, is said to have anticipated it.[2] It denied the Godhead of the third person of the Holy Trinity, and taught that he was a creature of a creature. S. Athanasius refuted it in his four letters to Serapion, and 'De Trinitate et Spiritu Sancto.' S. Basil, S. Ambrose, S. Chrysostom, and Theodoret in his third, fourth, and fifth dialogues, have all vigorously opposed it; and not only that, but to all who are teachable, or even open to mere reason, they have for ever closed the question; proving with unanswerable force, that

[1] Athan. Tomus ad Antiochenos, § 5, 6. Epist. ad Rufinianum.
[2] Theodoret, Hær. fab. iv. v.

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while Holy Scripture distinguishes the Holy Ghost personally from Father and Son, it ever places Him essentially as God with Both. Macedonianism, however, is so closely connected with the heresy of Arius, and follows from it so certainly, that it is still the case, and we may be sure that it will be to the end of time, that wherever the one is found, even in its least offensive form, the other can never be far distant.

Constantinople, since the death of Paul the Bishop, in 350, had been the prey successively of many of the worst heresies of the time. Paul's see had been usurped by Eusebius of Nicomedia, the most violent and unprincipled of the Arians; to him succeeded Macedonius; and Macedonius was followed by the Arian Eudoxius. Evagrius, an orthodox Bishop, filled the see for a short period, but was banished by Valens. The city was then distracted between the factions of the Novatians, Arians, Macedonians, and Apollinarists; and when the few orthodox asked S. Gregory to come and be their Bishop, he, not without reluctance, assented. Maximus, a Cynic, imposed on him so far as to get ordained by him, and then, with the support of Peter of Alexandria, S. Athanasius' successor, disputed the see with him; but he was soon compelled to leave the city; and the emperor, to whom he appealed, banished him. One of the first acts of the Council was to confirm S. Gregory in the see.

One hundred and fifty-one Bishops assembled, of whom thirty-six were Macedonians. Among the Catholics were S. Gregory Nazianzen, S. Gregory of Nyssa and S. Peter of Sebaste, brothers of the great S. Basil, and S. Cyril of Jerusalem. A difficulty soon arose on the subject of appointing a successor to Meletius of Antioch, who had lately died; and S. Gregory, finding there was much opposition to himself and his appointment, especially among the Bishops of Egypt and Macedon, acted on a resolution formed long since, and resigned the bishopric. Nectarius, a Catechumen, was chosen in his stead.

The Council framed eight Canons.[1] The first ratifies the Acts of Nice, and condemns the heresies of the Anomœans, Arians, Semi-Arians, Sabellians, and Marcellians. The fourth places the Bishop of Constantinople next to the Bishop of Rome. The rest regard some points of discipline which were of more importance at the time than since. The Synodal letter addressed to Damasus of Rome and the Western Bishops, dwells on the long and cruel persecutions the authors had undergone at the hands of the Arians; and then condemns the heresies of Macedonius, Eunomius, Arius, and Apollinaris. Apollinaris held

[1] Beveridge, Pandect. Harduin makes only seven, incorporating Beveridge's eighth into his seventh.

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that our Lord had a body with a soul; but he distinguished, says Theodoret, between soul and intellect (ψυχὴ καὶ νοῦς), and denied that our Lord had the latter; or, in fact, a *reasonable* soul; saying, that the Godhead sufficed for the performance of the part of the mind, or of reason. Arius, before him, had for the same reason, held that our Lord had a body without a soul. The Apollinarians were sometimes called Dimœritæ; for the Church has defined the Lord's human nature to consist of three component parts—σῶμα ψύχικον—νοῦς—θεότης, and does not allow their ψυχὴ to be a separate part; while they sometimes denied all ψυχὴ, like the Arians, and did not acknowledge any νοῦς; and hence, have received that appellation. The fathers of the Church sadly lamented the fall of the once great and good author of this heresy; but they did not the less resolutely oppose it. S. Athanasius, shortly before his death, composed two books, and wrote to Epictetus, Adelphius, the Antiochenes, and others, on the subject. S. Gregory Nazianzen's fifty-first oration is directed against it. S. Basil, S. Ambrose, S. Epiphanius, Theodoret, and others, ranked themselves as its opponents. The heresy did not last many years; and, as we learn from S. Epiphanius, degenerated into a kind of Judaism. The Council wrote also to the emperor, giving an account of its acts, and begging him to confirm them.

At the same time was held a Council at Aquileia of Bishops of the West, under S. Ambrose, as Bishop of Milan and Metropolitan. They condemned Palladius and Attalus, an Arian Bishop and Priest; and, having received an imperfect account of what had been done at Constantinople, and thinking the ordination of Nectarius of Constantinople and Flavian of Antioch, irregular and uncanonical, they requested the Emperor to call a general Council at Alexandria. In a second letter, written after Maximus the rejected Bishop of Constantinople had joined them, they expressed their wish to change the place to Rome.

On this Theodosius assembled the Council at Constantinople a second time, and wrote to S. Ambrose and the Westerns to inform them more exactly of the matter. They in reply excused themselves, if in their former letter they had, as the Easterns thought, exceeded their province. A Council assembled at Rome invited the Constantinopolitan Bishops to join them; and it was either at this time or (as Dr. Pusey has given good reason to think), some time later,[1] that Damasus wrote to the Easterns the confession of faith against Apollinaris, and Timotheus his disciple, which we find in Theodoret, and in which he

[1] Page 342.

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condemns 'those who say that Christ had any imperfection either of Godhead or of Manhood.'[1] The Easterns excused themselves from taking so long a journey as that to Rome, on the ground of the great inconvenience which would be caused by their absence for so long a time from their dioceses. They defended the ordinations of Nectarius and Flavian as according to the Canon; and they sent to their brother Bishops their Creed and Canons. These were fully and formally approved; and from this date the Communion of East and West was again, for the time, renewed. Heresy was banished; peace was restored; and the Church was once more at unity in herself.

The Councils of the Primitive Church bear upon the subject of our own Convocation, chiefly, perhaps, in an indirect manner. We have seen that the early Councils were composed of Bishops and Priests, and sometimes Deacons; the laity being now and then tolerated in them, but having no voice in their decision. Latterly, since the days of Constantine, emperors convoked and ratified them; but even they repudiated all right to influence their debates, or to give any decision as to the points at issue; and when Constantius at Milan overawed and threatened the Bishops, his conduct was protested against by the Church. Minor questions would probably settle themselves, or rather, would be settled for us, should the time ever arrive when the Church again possessed a real effective Convocation. The 'lay element' is, no doubt, one of the difficulties of the matter. The introduction of the laity in America is said, we believe, not to work badly on the whole; but it seems clearly an innovation on the custom of antiquity; and as such it may, possibly, in the end, prove a source of discord or danger. Probably, with ourselves, the best way would be to grant them a voice in the election of Proctors; though this might, in one respect, be attended with inconvenience. For, unless all the licensed Priests of the diocese, unbeneficed and beneficed alike, were admitted to the same privilege, the laity would have a direct power over the affairs of the Church, which the greater number of the Clergy themselves had not. A distinction would thus be raised which would be invidious in itself, and would put each party in a false position, of which the result might be mutual suspicion, and possibly in the end to the great evil of both, estrangement.

Our readers may be glad to see a few of the chief subjects on which the Councils framed canons, what customs they laid down for observance, and how they punished offences. This may

[1] Theodoret, Hist. v.—x.

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also, in some degree, illustrate the work for which we have to thank Dr. Pusey.

I.—Metropolitans.

To ordain Bishops, or confirm their ordination . . .	Nice, 4; Antioch, 19.
Bishops of neighbouring provinces to be present at his ordination	Sardica, 6.
No ordination valid without his consent	Nice, 6.
He and the Bishops of the Province not to act without the consent of one another	Antioch, 9.
The same as the Primates of	Apostolic Canons, 33.
Rights and powers of Metropolitans	Nice, 6; Constant. 2.
Metropolitan of Constantinople second to Rome . .	Constantinople, 4.
Bishops not to appeal to Court without his knowledge	Antioch, 11.
Priest or Deacon deprived by a Bishop may appeal to him	Sardica, 15.
To have charge of biennial Synods	Antioch, 20.
His presence to constitute a full Synod	Antioch, 16.

II.—Bishops.

To be ordained by two or three Bishops	Apostolic Canons, 1.
„ by seven, or three at least	Arles, 20.
„ by all Bishops of the Province, or at least three, the rest consenting by writing, and the Metropolitan confirming	Nice, 4; Antioch, 19.
Not to be ordained immediately after Baptism . . .	Apost. Can. 79; Nice, 2.
Not to assume a See without a Synod	Antioch, 16.
Not to be ordained Bishop till he has filled the inferior ranks	Sardica, 10.
Not to be translated	Sardica, 1, 2.
If guilty of simony to be deprived	Apostolic Canon, 28.
Not to ordain laymen of other dioceses without the Bishop's permission	Sardica, 15.
If ordained Bishop, but not taking charge of the See, to be excommunicated	Apost. Can. 35; Ant. 17.
If not received by the people, to retain the rank, but the Clergy of the city to be excommunicated . .	Apostolic Canon, 35.
„ to return to the presbytery of his native place, and be provided for by Synod	Ancyra, 18.
Not to leave their dioceses:—	
1. For spiritual affairs—as to ordain elsewhere . .	Apost. Can. 13, 14; Arles, 2; Nice, 15; Ant. 13, 21; Constantinople, 3.
If they break this rule to be deprived, unless invited by the Metropolitan	Apost. Can. 34; Ant. 13.
„ to be admonished . . .	Sardica, 15.
Not to teach elsewhere, or be deprived . . .	Apost. Can. 14; Arles, 21; Nice, 16, Antioch, 3.
Not to be absent more than three Sundays, or be deprived	Sardica, 11, 12, 16.
Bishop or Clergy leaving their own parish and remaining away, to be deprived	Antioch, 3.
Not to invade other dioceses	Antioch, 21.
2. For secular affairs:—	
To traffic	Apost. Can. 6; Illib. 18.
To war	Apostolic Canon, 82.
Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, not to leave their wives	Apost. Can. 5; Illib. 33.
Bishops making strange offerings at the altar to be deprived	Apostolic Canon, 3.

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Not communicating without reason, to be excommunicated	Apostolic Canon, 8.
Not to communicate with Jews, or be deprived	Apost. Can. 63, 69, 70; Ant. 1; Illib. 49, 50.
„ or with heretics and condemned, or be excommunicated	Apost. Can. 10, 11, 17, 44, 45; Antioch, 2.
Commendatory letters, none to be received without them	Apost. Can. 12, 32; Ant. 7.
„ the Bishop to examine them	Apost. Can. 32; Illib. 58.
Confessional Letters	Illib. 25, 81; Arles, 9; Ant. 8.
Laws of Bishops going to Court	Ant. 11; Sard. 7, 8, 9.
Bishops to hold Synods twice a-year:—	
The first in the fourth week of Pentecost, and the second on the tenth of October	Apostolic Canon, 36.
The first before Lent—the second in Autumn	Nice, 5; Constant. 8.
The first in the third week of Pentecost—the second on the tenth of October	Antioch, 20.
Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, not baptizing into the Holy Trinity, to be deprived	Apostolic Canon, 48.
Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, baptizing with one immersion, to be deprived	Apostolic Canon, 49.
Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, to take no money for baptizing	Illib. 48.
Bishops accused to be judged by a Synod	Apost. Can. 73; Antioch, 14; Constantinople, 8.
Bishop accused, if not attending the Synod when summoned, to be sent for by two Bishops, and if still contumacious, to be judged	Apostolic Canon, 73.
If the Bishops of his province cannot decide the question, the Metropolitan shall summon the Bishops of the next province	Ancyra, 14; Constant. 8.
Accusers of Bishops, laws concerning	Constantinople, 8.
„ no heretics can be such	Apos. Can. 74; Const. 8.
„ never to receive Communion	Illib. 75.
„ only to receive Commun. at death	Arles, 14.
Bishop condemned by all the Bishops of his province, shall have no further judgment	Antioch, 15; Sardica, 14.
Bishop who deprived a culprit can alone receive him again	Illib. 53; Antioch, 6; Sardica, 13.
The person deprived to be received in the place of his deprivation	Arles, 16.
Priests sacrificing may keep their rank, but not minister	Ancyra, 1.
Deacons sacrificing, the same, but may not be promoted	Ancyra, 2.

III.—Crimes depriving Bishops, Priests, and Deacons.

Adultery, perjury, and theft	Apost. Can. 24; Illib. 19; Neoc. 1.
Baptism irregularly received	Apost. Can. 46, 48, 49.
Breaking Canons	Sardica, 20.
Denying Christ	Apostolic Canon, 61.
Eating in taverns not by necessity	Apostolic Canon, 53.
Erastianism	Apostolic Canon, 29.
Forging	Apostolic Canon, 59.
Gambling	Apostolic Canons, 41, 42.
Insulting Bishops	Apostolic Canon, 54.
Insulting Kings	Apostolic Canon, 33.
Making schism	Apostolic Canon, 36.
Mocking the afflicted	Apostolic Canon, 56.
Not receiving penitents	Apostolic Canon, 51.
Bishops or Priests not supplying the poor Clergy	Apostolic Canon, 58.

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Not teaching	Apostolic Canon, 57.
Robbing Churches	Apostolic Canons, 71, 72.
Sacrificing	Ancyra, 1, 2.
Self-mutilation	Apost. Can. 22; Nice, 1.
Simony	Apost. Can. 28; Illib. 48.
Sin, confessing or discovered in it	Nice, 2, 10.
Striking	Apostolic Canons, 26, 64.
Usury	Apost. Can. 19; 43; Illib. 20; Nice, 17.
Chorepiscopi:	
May not ordain Priests and Deacons *e mero motu*	Antioch, 10; Ancyra, 13.
May ordain readers, sub-deacons, exorcists	Antioch, 10.
May give commendatory letters	Antioch, 8.

IV.—Causes preventing Ordination.

1. Marriage	Neocæsarea, 1.
Twice married	Apostolic Canon, 16.
Marrying widows, prostitutes, two sisters, niece.	Apostolic Canons, 17, 18.
Singers allowed to marry	Apostolic Canon, 25.
Deacons, if giving notice at ordination	Ancyra, 10.
Clinical Baptism	Illib. 24; Neoc. 12.
Adultery	Apost. Can. 16; Illib. 30.
Heretics returned	Illib. 51; Nice, 10.
Freedmen of Pagans	Illiberis, 80.
Slaves without consent of masters	Apost. Can. 81; Illib. 80.
Mutilated wilfully or by disease, or naturally deformed	Apost. Can. 20, 21, 22, 76, 77; Nice, 1.
Sacrificers	Ancyra, 3, 12.

V.—People.

1. Adultery. To be excommunicated for it five years	Illiberis, 69.
„ „ seven years	Ancyra, 20.
„ If repeated, never to be received in communion	Illiberis, 3, 7, 47.
Adulterers never to be ordained	Apost. Can. 60; Illib. 30.
Women not to leave their husbands	Illiberis, 8.
Men not to leave their wives	Apostolic Canon, 47.
Woman with an adulterous husband not to marry another, or never communicate	Illiberis, 9.
Woman married to an adulterer never to communicate	Illiberis, 10.
Other laws on the subject	Neoc. 1, 4, 8; Illib. 64, 65, 70, 72, 78.
2. Baptism.	
No rebaptism	Apostolic Canon, 46.
No baptism with one immersion	Apostolic Canon, 49.
Heretical baptism null	Apostolic Canons, 45, 46.
Heretics baptized into the Holy Trinity not to be re-baptized but confirmed	Arles, 8; Constantinople, 7.
Heretics, if not baptized into the Holy Trinity, re-baptized	Apost. Can. 48; Arles, 8.
Laics at sea may baptize	Illiberis, 38.
3. Catechumens.	
General laws about their baptism	Illib. 11, 39, 42, 45, 68; Neoc. 5; Arles, 6; Nice, 14.
Energumens, ditto	Apos. Can. 78; Illib. 29, 37.
4. Excommunicate.	
Bearers of arms in peace	Arles, 3; Nice, 12 (for 13 years).

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Charioteers	Arles, 4; Illib. 62.
Players	Arles, 5.
5. Fasts.	
General laws	Apost. Can. 65, 68; Illib. 23, 26.
6. Festivals.	
Easter to be celebrated at one time, and not with Jews	Apost. Can. 7; Arles, 1; Antioch, 1.
Pentecost to be fifty days after Easter	Illiberis, 43.
7. Marriage.	
Christians not to marry pagans, heretics, Jews, or Idolaters	Arles, 11; Illib. 15, 16, 17.
Marriage of brother and sisters-in-law prohibited	Illib. 61, 66; Neoc. 2.
The divorced to be excommunicated	Apostolic Canon, 47.
Violence to females	Apost. Can. 66; Ancyra, 11, 25.
8. Murder.	
A mistress killing her slave wilfully, excommunicated for seven years	Illiberis, 5.
" accidentally, excommunicated for five years	Illiberis, 5.
Wilful murder, no communion till death	Ancyra, 22.
Accidental murder, no communion for five years	Ancyra, 23.
9. Miscellaneous.	
Canonical books enumerated	Apostolic Canon, 84.
No lights in cemeteries	Illiberis, 34.
Women not to watch in cemeteries	Illiberis, 35.
No pictures in churches	Illiberis, 36.
Those seeking death not counted martyrs	Illiberis, 60.
The church to be a sanctuary	Sardica, 7.
Not to communicate with the excommunicate	Apostolic Canon, 9.
Not to pray with the excommunicate	Apostolic Canon, 10.
Communicating with Jews, to be excommunicated	Apostolic Canons, 68, 70.
Robbing Churches	Apostolic Canons, 71, 72.
Return from heresy and apostasy, communion in ten years	Arles, 22; Illiberis, 22, 46, 51.
Sacrificers, without violence, no communion	Illiberis, 1, 3, 55, 59; Ancyra, 4, 5, 6, 7.
Sacrificers, by violence, not to be excommunicate	Ancyra, 3, 6.
Sacrificers, by violence, often; no communion for seven years	Ancyra, 8.
Sacrificers, Christian, may receive communion in five years	Illiberis, 40.
Sacrificers compelling others also to sacrifice shall receive communion only after ten years	Ancyra, 9.
Idols not allowed in Christian houses under pain of excommunication	Illiberis, 41.
Traditors excommunicated	Arles, 13.
Causing others to sacrifice	Ancyra, 9.
Not to be absent from Church more than three Sundays	Illiberis, 21.

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NOTICES.

'DIVORCE and Re-Marriage' (Masters), is the title of a very good sermon, preached by Mr. D. A. Beaufort, of Warburton. We may say the same of Mr. Cowan's 'Christian Marriage Indissoluble' (Skeffington), which is even better. We select them, however, not so much because they are useful sermons; for their use has passed away; but for other reasons. The Divorce Bill, is the Divorce Act; and the fact that it is so, is, in our judgment, the most serious event which has happened in the history of the later English Church. We are not now speaking of the mere dangers, both to religion and to society, which must attend the relaxation of the law of Marriage. There is not one of our readers who requires this lesson to be impressed upon him. All that Christian eloquence in debate, especially of Mr. Gladstone,—all that practised experience in Parliament, such as that of Lord Redesdale,—all that grave and trusted piety, like Mr. Keble's, (we acknowledge with thankfulness his important 'Sequel to the Argument,' &c. (J. H. Parker), which has already commended itself to the whole Church),—all that the testimony of experience, as opportunely produced by Mr. H. Drummond in his republication of Baron Von Gerlach's 'Speech in the Prussian Chamber,'—all that the appeal of such laymen as Mr. Henley, Sir Wm. Heathcote, Mr. Hope, and others, in Parliament,—and, beyond and above these things, all that the Protest of more than nine thousand of the Clergy and an unexampled mass of petitions could do in the way of arresting the decision of Parliament, has been found unavailing. Chiefly because Lord Palmerston had nothing else to produce in the way of legislation, the Divorce Bill has been carried; and it is with little satisfaction that the Church notes what votes in the last extremity of the case, in the House of Lords introduced that disastrous measure on the Statute Book. We are, however, now concerned with the future: and that future is one which requires the very gravest consideration. Undoubtedly, the whole connexion of the Church with the State not only will be altered, but is altered by this legislation. The law of the State and the law of the Church are at issue. As far as this consideration goes, the so-called 'Concession' goes for nothing. A particular clergyman will not be punished because he refuses to do an act which his Church forbids: but the State has authorized and legalized an act which the Church forbids; and moreover, the State will punish any clergyman if he does not surrender his church for a purpose which he believes and knows to be scandalous, unholy, and profane. For ourselves, we cannot see how any clergyman who signed the Protest can himself marry divorced persons: nor can we see how any man of honour and feeling can permit his church to be used for a purpose which he himself considers forbidden by the word of God and the law of the Church. It must then come to this, not only that the clergy will not themselves marry divorced persons but that they will not surrender the keys of their churches for this purpose. Then comes the collision. But, as said the Baron Von Gerlach,

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'this defiance of the law is sacred: it is the germ of Divine right.' This, however, is a state of things which it is very painful to forecast: but we see no help for it, unless the next session gives us some new legislation on the subject. The 'concession to the Clergy,' it will be observed, is the most insidious and fatal blow which could have been offered to the Church. It actually destroys not only the whole parochial system: but, as far as the exclusive rights of the Church to the fabrics are concerned, it implies a principle which, sooner or later, must, if not cancelled, surrender the parish church to the use of all denominations. The parish church is not the property, and peculiar, and freehold of the incumbent, but is for the general religious uses of the parishioners. This is the principle. Parliament has the right to say what are the general religious uses of the parishioners. If incestuous and adulterous marriages are religious uses, then, *à fortiori*, Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. If the parish priest must give up his church for the Rev. Mr. Coupler to marry some noble or vulgar adulterer or adulteress, why should he not surrender it for the religious ministrations of those excellent persons whom the Bishop of Norwich invites as his brethren and fellow ministers to the palace, and whom the Dean of Canterbury recognises in the most solemn way as sharers in an equal office with himself? This, let the clergy remember, is what the 'concession' means; and this doubtless is what Sir Richard Bethell intended it to mean. There are, however, two distinct duties towards which attention should be concentrated. The one is as regards the State; the other as regards the Church. To attempt to repeal the present Act we consider not a very practical course. Rather, as things are, we should say that the next best thing would be for the State simply to recognise the civil marriage; in other words, to introduce into England exactly what obtains in many continental countries. The State recognises only the civil contract; and leaves all religious professions to administer or not to its own members its own religious sanctions. If it be said, this is a separation of Church and State, the answer is, that that fact is already accomplished. The Church has the right, independently of the State, to settle upon its own principles its own law of Christian marriage. The State, again, has the right to legalize for civil purposes whatever unions it pleases: but has no right to call upon the Church, or upon any other religious body, to superadd its sanctions. That is to say, the State must content itself with the civil aspect of marriage alone. As regards the Church, it is a painful consideration that, considering the votes which were given in the House of Lords, we are not likely at present to act otherwise than individually and by such voluntary and irregular associations as the times will permit. But unquestionably serious counsel ought to be taken. The Protest of the nine thousand clergy shows a spirit and earnestness in the question which is not likely to end in mere acquiescence in the law. If the clergy choose to be awake to their duties and responsibilities, the freedom of the Church is in their own hands. It perhaps but wanted an assault like this to assure us as to our real position. We should counsel, therefore, that in every legitimate mode, by mutual counsel, by ruri-decanal meetings, by means of the Church Unions, and in all clerical societies, the first and engrossing subject of discussion should be the duties and calls resulting from the Divorce Act. We are not prepared

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to say what those duties are; but most distinctly we urge upon the clergy to ascertain and settle what they are. We believe that the Church little knows its own strength. The Protest to which we have alluded certainly enlightened ourselves, and, we may add, surprised the country, as an instance of general soundness and spirit in the majority of the English clergy: and with this evidence of what we are, it is our own fault if after all even this Divorce Act is not overruled for good to the Church. A pressure upon our pages compels us to postpone most of our shorter 'Notices' this quarter; but the paramount importance of this subject induces us to give it prominent, and, had need been, exclusive attention.

Mr. C. H. Davis, of Wadham College, Oxford—we have not examined the Clergy List for his benefice—rather reminds us of that simple old lady who professed to be vastly edified by the cheering words, 'Great and manifold were the blessings, most dread Sovereign,' because they happened to occur between the covers of the family Bible. Mr. Davis is possessed with a mania for making Prayers, and he extends a genial impartiality of affection to whatever looks like a prayer. His 'School-room Lecture Liturgy' (Seeley), is a specimen of his amiable and injudicious temper. We believe him to be an earnest and religious character, but only utterly ignorant of the *rationale* of a Prayer-Book. All is fish that comes to Mr. Davis' net. He says that he thinks the proposed alterations in the Prayer-Book of 1689 were 'mischievous,' 'meagre and verbose,' and 'utterly subversive of doctrine,' yet he has worked them up into his 'School-room Lecture Liturgy.' He is the soundest of all Protestants, yet he does not scruple to borrow from the old Missal, and for Saints' Days he suggests the magnificent 'Almighty and ever-blessed God, we yield Thee most high praise and hearty thanks.' With a quiet contempt, or rather ignorance, of what belongs to the divers orders of the Christian hierarchy, he proposes to use in his Confirmation Class the Episcopal Benediction, 'Defend, O Lord, these Thy servants;' and 'to secure a pleasing variety' in his school-room services, he suggests the use of 'certain portions of the actual Communion Service.' In a prayer for the beginning of a new year he forms a cento from the Collects, the Burial Service, and other sources; his principle, as he himself announces it, being 'to patch them up to form 'complete and perfect collects, by the combination of perfect collects taken 'from Holy Scripture, and from other parts of our Prayer-Book.' In one place, Mr. Davis' devotion to 'our national Church' leads him to a curious statement of doctrine. In a 'Prayer to be used on the vacancy of a Bishopric,' he parodies the Ember Week collect thus: 'Almighty God, our 'Heavenly Father, who hast purchased,' &c., 'and at this time so guide 'and govern the minds of those *to whom Thou hast given power to appoint* '*another Bishop* in Thy Church, that they may faithfully and wisely make 'choice,' &c. For the statement which we have italicized, Mr. Davis refers to Rom. xiii. 1, and John xix. 11, which are very curious proofs of a Christian sanction to Lord Palmerston's exercise of the Regale. The joke, however, is carried too far. 'Thou couldest have no power at all against 'Me, except it were given thee from above: therefore he that delivered 'Me unto thee hath the greater sin.' This is John xix. 11: Mr. Davis' scriptural proof of the *congé d'élire*. The appointment of Bishops by the

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Prime Minister is a power given unto him analogous to that by which Pilate condemned our Lord to death. Mr. Davis is a wag: but he should not introduce High Churchmanship of this very extreme type into a prayer.

We can speak with nearly unqualified approbation of Mr. C. Yonge's 'History of England' (Rivingtons). To say that it supplies a gap in our school books, is saying little. It does more. It gives, for the first time, a really readable and compact summary of history, pervaded by right principles, never condescending to the conventional claptrap which represents some sovereigns, such as Elizabeth, models of perfection: but in a calm and level style, without the affectation of what is called the philosophy of history, which so often disdains the difficult necessity of dealing with facts, it illustrates the progress of civilization with a conscientious adherence to annals. It ranges from the earliest and mythical traditions, to the Crimean war: and yet it is written to scale.

Mr. Carter's 'Life of Bishop Armstrong' (J. H. Parker), shows eminently the truth of the old heathen maxim about early death. Bishop Armstrong, with a vivid perception that his hour of work was a very brief one, laboured under the intense, and, in his case, consuming stimulus of the approaching night. It met him fuller of triumphs than of years; and it has been given to but few to have received such successes as the establishment of the Penitentiary work, and the Tracts and Sermons for the Christian Seasons. To those who knew the first Bishop of Grahamstown, few things are more striking than his rapid spiritual development: God was visibly training him for Himself. Without much apparent promise, and with a certain reserve of character, there were few possessed of deeper stores of general information, of kindly wit, of large charity, of sound principle, and, which his life consistently displayed, of working powers. The present biography, an able and affectionate composition, will be especially welcomed by our readers: for it is a satisfaction to recal the assistance which, on several occasions, we received from Bishop Armstrong, as a contributor to the *Christian Remembrancer*, especially in connexion with labours which, with many others, we shared in rousing public attention to,—the Penitentiary work.

The Bishop of Tasmania's 'Cruise of the *Beacon*' (Bell & Daldy), is not only an interesting sketch of missionary work executed in a simple, business-like, active spirit, but is a monograph of a neglected spot, very interesting geographically and geologically,—Bass's Straits. Some pretty sketches, Bishop Nixon's own work, we believe, illustrate the singular vegetation and basaltic rocks of this hitherto neglected spot.

In connexion with the Colonial Church, we desire to call special attention to 'Proceedings of the first Church of England Synod for the Diocese of Melbourne: edited by Mr. R. Perry.' (Rivingtons.) We cannot say that either in Church or State the first struggling attempts at constitutionalism are altogether satisfactory. But to say they are without hope would be both premature and unwise. Much difficulty must, from the nature of the case, attend the formative process in Synodical meetings; and Australian society is precisely that in which what people call individualism,—to give

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it the civillest name,—is not likely to be backward in asserting itself. But while we are unable to endorse the sanguine views of the unqualified admirers of these mixed assemblies, in which some of our contemporaries expand, we are glad to see much of the English spirit, both in the way of Church principles, and of a solid practical spirit, in the members. What is really important is, that we seem to see indications that the mere fact of meeting in Synod forces even a Bishop whose Churchmanship was not of the most vigorous character, upwards.

An amusing, and we ought to add, a well-principled, letter has been printed, being a 'Reply to the Westerton Committee,' &c. by Mr. R. Tomlins. (Masters.)

'A Calendar of Lessons, for Every Day in the Year' (J. H. Parker), by Earl Nelson, supplies, on an excellent principle, a lectionary companion, so to speak, to any system of family worship. 'The testimony shadowed forth for each week by the Epistle and Gospel,' is carried out 'by appropriate selections from the different books of the Holy Scriptures.' Headings for each week are prefixed, chiefly suggested by Mr. Isaac Williams's 'Sermons for Sundays and Saints' Days,' and designed, like the old Antiphons or Benedictions, to strike the key-note of the passage. The passages for the week always include an historical example of the subject of teaching. Such a Calendar has long been wanted; and the pains bestowed on the present one ought to render it widely acceptable to Churchmen.

A third edition of the same noble author's 'Book of Family Prayers' (J. H. Parker), has also appeared. We have seen no reason to depart from the opinion we expressed of it some years ago, that it is the best manual of the kind which we possess. Its leading characteristic, it may be remembered, is the adoption of a distinct topic for each day of the week. This is the great point. But its contents and plans are also (we speak from experience) such, as, with variations easily introduced, bear the test of time and of continual use.

A 'Selection from Bishop Ken's Poems' (Hamilton), is a pleasing evidence that in these 'spasmodic' days there are some who, in sweet and simple religious thoughts, can forget the ruggedness of the verse, and that dulness which we fear marks the majority of Bishop Ken's poetry.

Mr. F. H. Dickinson's able letter, 'Convocation and the Clergy' (Ridgway), though advocating conclusions which are at issue with principles enounced in these pages, deserves and will command great attention as the production of a conscientious and thoughtful layman, whose many labours in the Church demand our respect. Mr. Dickinson, too, speaks with the experience of one who has studied the subject: and in the future of the English and Colonial Church, hints and cautions such as Mr. Dickinson's are never out of place. Both in his case and in that of Mr. Henry Hoare, who is doing good service in the same direction, we must take care not to disregard the wise counsel of friends. In such laymen is an element of strength and hope which the Church must turn to good account.

'The Last Days of the Rev. W. Ewbank' (Hayes), is the work of his

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companion in travel, Mr. Skinner, late of S. Barnabas, Pimlico. It is a graceful and interesting sketch, and is not only valuable as an evidence of the amiable writer's really sympathising spirit, but shows how, amid many and serious differences, two minds, both penetrated by real religious earnestness, can coalesce. Apart from this value, the topographical notices of the Sinaitic district have their interest. Mr. Ewbank died in the desert under very sad circumstances, while on the road to Jerusalem.

Mr. Darling has commenced the second part of his 'Cyclopædia Bibliographica.' This is a catalogue of books arranged according to 'subjects,' and promises to be equal in importance and accuracy to the two handsome volumes of the Theological Catalogue, according to 'authors,' which we have already spoken of with warm commendation.

We often have to thank Mr. Brudenell Barter for an honest, outspoken indignation, not only thoroughly characteristic of himself, but very useful to us all. He says, and says very intelligibly, what many of us think, but are too refined, or have too many over-sensitive friends, hearers or readers, or social connexions, among whom the rough and ready style of the rector of Burghclere would cause something worse than ear-tingling. Mr. Barter follows up his warning on the 'Progress of Infidelity' (Masters), and he illustrates its advances by what has happened 'in London during the spring of 1857,' especially by the progress of the Divorce Bill, by the 'Exeter Hall preachments,' and by the countenance given at Lambeth and elsewhere to the Evangelical Alliance. It may be that Mr. Barter has not a very delicate way of saying a thing: but we say it at once, we should like to see some of his faithful and zealous spirit in more influential quarters. Here is a passage, which is at least intelligible:—

'Some few years since I found it to be my duty to examine the teaching 'of Mr. Smith, the high priest of the Mormonites, and of his proselytes 'especially on the subject of Holy Matrimony; and in reading lately the 'debates in our House of Lords, I have been very much struck with the 'similarity of the arguments on this subject, used by Mr. Smith and his 'friends, with the reasoning of the Chancellor of England and the noble 'Lords who have voted with him, including some Bishops, in the matter 'of the Divorce Bill. They attach the same perverted meaning to passages 'from Holy Writ, and they treat with equally arrogant and supercilious 'contempt the authority of Christ's Catholic Church. Let none of these 'men venture to speak lightly of Mr. Smith's talents or success: he 'exercised greater power than any of them ever had, or are likely to have 'on the human mind; he assembled his congregations as nearly as possible 'on Lord Shaftesbury's model; . . . and persuaded them, by the force of his 'eloquence, to give up their relations and friends, and even life itself, in 'order to follow him. Rather let those members of our highest House of 'Parliament who have used the same argum nts with Mr. Smith, and 'manifested the same spirit, take shame to themselves, that whereas he did 'it consistently, professing to teach a new religion of his own, they have 'done it inconsistently, professing at the same time to hold the Catholic 'Faith, and to be members of Christ's Holy Catholic Church.'—Pp. 7, 8.

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We make another extract:—

'The policy of the first King of Israel and of the preachers in Exeter 'Hall, is characterised by the same short-sightedness, the same presumption, or, to use one comprehensive term, by the same irreverence. They 'both violate the customs of God's Church; on this count they are equally 'guilty: the one violates it with regard to the persons who are appointed 'to minister in holy things, the other with respect to the places appointed 'for their ministrations. They both have apparently good intentions, and 'the defence of their transgressions is the same,—namely, the expediency 'or the necessity of the deed: and if such excuses are to be of any weight 'in the matter, it is manifest that on these grounds stronger reasons may be 'advanced in favour of the sacrifice than of the preachments. For Saul 'had apparently no choice, in his utmost need, between offering no sacrifice to God or offering it himself; whereas, the preachers in Exeter Hall, 'however great their conviction of the necessity of those preachments may 'be, have a choice between the aisles of their cathedrals, and the unconsecrated buildings which they have preferred. By giving the preference 'to the latter, they have not only violated the custom of God's Church, 'but they have plainly signified their indifference to the sacred character 'of those holy edifices which were raised by the piety of our forefathers 'for the glory of God and His Christ.'—Pp. 4, 5.

With an eye keenly alive to immediate necessities, Mr. Ridley, of Hambleden, is among the first to ask, and to answer, the question, 'What can we do with our Fellow Subjects in India?' (Mozley). Under this title he has printed a seasonable and practical tract.

We desire to recommend, as quite a model of biblical commentary, the two volumes, 'Plain Commentary on the Psalms,' published by Mr. J. H. Parker. Founded chiefly on St. Augustine, it admirably combines the devotional and practical elements: and, while breathing of ancient piety, such good sense has guided the general construction of the Commentary, that it does not, which is sometimes the case with patristic books, look so much like an antiquarian curiosity as a living manual.

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